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PEOPLE

FROM THE

OTHER WORLD.

BY

HENRY S. OLCOTT,

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED KAPPES, AND T. W. WILLIAMS.

" *We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination.*"—LORD BACON.

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THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS WORK

TO

ALFRED R. WALLACE, F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION," ETC.

AND TO

WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

DISCOVERER OF THE METAL, THALLIUM,

To mark his admiration of the moral courage they have recently displayed, in the investigation of the phenomena called spiritual: a sentiment which he holds in common with many thousands of his fellow-countrymen.

PREFACE.

The volume which is now laid before the reader will be found divided into Two Parts; of which the First is devoted to a detailed description of the strange things seen, heard, and felt by the author at the Eddy Homestead, in the township of Chittenden, Vermont; and the Second, to a report of a series of original investigations made by him in the city of Philadelphia, into the alleged materializations of John and Katie King, under test conditions; to an account of the Compton "transfiguration;" and to a copious Bibliography of the Occult Sciences.

It has been no part of the author's plan to discuss modern Spiritualism in its moral aspect; but, on the contrary, to treat its phenomena only as involving a scientific question which presses upon us for instant attention. It is written neither as a defence of, or attack upon Spiritualism, or Spiritualists. It is a truthful narrative of what befell in the Eddy Homestead, from the latter part of August to the first week in December, 1874. It was observed, by a leading New York journal, of the first, and by no means the most interesting letter written by the author from that place, that it was "as marvelous a story as any to be found in History." Its interest lay in the striking and highly sensational manifestations, of alleged spiritual origin, which it described; the equal of which will be found in every chapter of this book.

Twenty-seven years have elapsed since the Rochester rappings attracted the notice of the world, and we are apparently not much nearer a scientific demonstration of their cause than we were then. Such consideration as men of scientific training have bestowed upon the ever-varying forms of manifestation, has been mainly of a desultory character; and, while numerous converts to the new faith have been made among this class, the great body of their colleagues have held themselves aloof from the subject, as if it were something to be avoided as subversive of the established, and hence respectable, order of things.

As early as 1857, the Faculty of Harvard University pronounced the opinion that "any connection with spiritualistic circles, so called, corrupts the morals, and degrades the intellect;" and they even had the effrontery to say that they deemed it "their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man, and the purity of woman." (!) In 1869. we find so little progress made that Mr. Huxley, one of the first scientific men of England, writes to the London Dialectical Society that he neither has the time to devote to an investigation of the subject, nor does it even interest him. "The only case of 'Spiritualism,'" says Mr. Huxley, "I ever had the opportunity of examining into for myself, was as gross an imposture as ever came under my notice." The average reader will, of course, see the syllogism: Mr. Huxley never saw but one case of 'Spiritualism'; that case proved a gross fraud, and no Spiritualism; therefore, Spiritualism is a fraud! This is given as a fair specimen of the self-complacent disdain with which our scientific men view the question of the day. The American Association devoted hours of its Hartford meeting, last summer, to a discussion upon the social habits of the tumble-bug, and to the important fact that the *Saracenia variolaris* (pitcher-plant) catches bugs; but the members have no time to waste in investigating the astounding phenomenon of "materialization," the demonstration of whose verity would not only prove the immortality of the soul of man, but, as the *Scientific American* recently observed:

> "If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the Nineteenth Century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown, and his name will be written high above any other. . . . If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of Science than their verification."

Mr. Crookes, after completing his first series of experiments with the medium Home, filed his papers with Professor Stokes and Professor Sharpey, the two secretaries of the Royal Society, June 15th, 1871. The behavior of those gentlemen was what might have been expected. The first impulse was to rid themselves of it; the second, to smother it. These proving unavailing, they gave it the cold shoulder in a "Report on Mr. Crookes' Paper," of date August 7th, 1871, in which the writer, Professor Stokes, says:

> "I don't see much use discussing the thing in the sections, crowded as we already are; but if a small number of persons in whom the public would feel confidence, *choose to volunteer* to act as members of a committee for investigating the subject, I don't see any objection to appointing such committee. *I have heard too much of the tricks of Spiritualists* to make me willing to give my time to such a committee myself."

Now this is the Committee that the author of this work had in view when it was begun. His aim has been to gather together into its pages, such a number of facts observed by him at Chittenden and Philadelphia, as may induce a few men 'in whom the public would feel confidence' to volunteer and form a committee to take up a philosophical inquiry into the phenomena, and pursue it until the now occult force behind them shall be discovered and demonstrated. He is not without hope that his object will be attained, for he is in receipt of information going to show that the subject is now the burden of correspondence between professors in certain universities The attention of the scientific body is, for the first time in twenty years, seriously attracted, and we will not have long to wait before the debates of the American and British Associations will be devoted to worthier problems than some that now vex them.

How some of the "crowding in the sections" is caused, may be learned by any one who will look at the Association's volumes of Transactions. These, for instance, among many others of like commanding importance, will be found in the Report for 1871, the most recent volume at hand: A Paper "On the ciliated condition of the inner layer of the blastoderm in the ova of birds," by B. T. Lonne; "The minute anatomy of the stem of the screw pine (*Pandanus utilis*)," by Prof. Dyer; "On the Essential oil of orange peel," by Dr. Wright and C. H. Piesse; "On a fat woman exhibiting in London," by Sir D. Gibb; "On Conservation of bowlders," by E. Milne-Home; "On the contents of a hyena's den, etc.," by Rev. W. S. Symonds.

At the Hartford meeting of our American Association, besides the nonsensical debates upon the fly-catching flower, and the social habits of the tumble-dung beetle, the intellects of the members were taxed to consider how the lobster (*Homarus vulgaris*,—to be entirely respectful), casts its shell; the nature of the generative organs of the shark; a new way of illustrating the vibration of organ-pipes; the wings of Pterodactyls; a notice of a pair of trap-door spiders; how the young birds peck out of the shell; and the wonderful fact that a louse was used, in the Dismal Swamp, as a compass by a surveying-party; that creature, or, at any rate, the one in the Swamp, having the habit of turning its head to the North, under all circumstances.

Nice subjects, these, to be used as excuses for declining to observe and analyze the facts of modern Spiritualism! How much more important to Science to know about lobsters and lice, orange-peel and fat women, blastoderms and hyenas' dens, than to explain how the law of gravity can be temporarily neutralized by some other, and unknown, force; how "death does not kill a man;" how the resurrected spirit can reclothe itself with an evanescent, material form, by the power of its will over the sublimated earth-essences, suspended, invisible, in the air; and what are the occult laws by which the pulse of this shadowy body can be made to beat, the lungs to respire, the lips to speak words thought by the mind within the frail tenement, which waits only the further exercise of its creator's will to redissolve into the impalpable atoms of which it was, a moment before, composed!

Much as the author desires to see this subject inquired into by men of scientific attainments, he could regard it as only a misfortune if they should set out with a disposition to prescribe impossible conditions. Before they reach the point where they would have the right to dictate their own terms, it would be necessary for them to make many observations, collect many data, and inform themselves about many things of which they are necessarily ignorant. They should realize the fact, succintly stated by Mr. Crookes, that Psychology is a branch of science as yet almost entirely unexplored, to the neglect of which is to be attributed the strange fact that not only the spiritual phenomena, but also the nerve or psychic, force, as it has been termed by that gentleman, "has remained untested, unexamined and almost unrecognized."

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, to whose eminent attainments as a scientific man the British Association has paid its hearty tribute, observes, in his pamphlet entitled "A defence of Modern Spiritualism," that:

> "The discussion in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1868, and a considerable private correspondence, indicate that scientific men almost invariably assume that, in this inquiry, they should be permitted, at the very outset, to impose conditions; and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, Nature, not they, determines the essential conditions, without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of Nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws."

The researches of Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, Sergeant Cox, Dr. Guppy, the astronomer Flammarion, and many others, prove that perfect test conditions are attainable; but, at the same time, they show that the occult forces which play a part in the production of these phenomena will not subject themselves to the same identical limitations as chemical experiments, or others with which the scientific world is already familiar. Each has its own laws, and each demands of the student a line of research peculiar to itself.

It has already been remarked that this work was not written from the spiritualistic standpoint. It is intended to show the progressive reflections of a mind (unbiased, of ordinary intelligence, anxious for the truth at any cost of preconceptions or prejudices), which is brought into relations with a series of unfamiliar and striking phenomena. It aims neither to display the trained shrewdness of the juggler, the profundity of the scientific investigator, nor the acuteness of the police detective; but to reflect the careful and patient method of the average layman, whose sole object is to get at the facts, that he may have the means of forming an opinion for himself upon matters for which he finds no explanation at the usual sources of knowledge.

It was the author's intention to embody in Part II the full text of certain remarkable documents, which show the attitude of affairs with respect to the conflict between Religion and Science, as well as the tone of the public press, in this country and Europe, in its discussion of the phenomena of spiritualism. But the limits of the volume were reached sooner than expected, in the arrangement of the original matter, and he was forced to confine himself within narrower bounds. Moreover, just as he was completing the last Chapter of Part I, he received, through the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, an invitation from the Holmes' of Philadelphia, to investigate their mediumship and the so called "Katie King materializations," under test conditions; and the importance of the subject, with the astounding developments which resulted, demanded that every remaining page of space should be devoted to it.

It is safe to say that in whatever light the Holmes affair is viewed, it must be regarded as one of the most sensational stories in history. Whether we consider the perfectness of the supposed materialization, the circumstances under which it occurred, the attendant phenomena, the scientific completeness of the tests given, or the pretended exposure of the alleged fraud, in the interest of Religion and good morals, it will be hard to find a parallel to the case.

Nor will it escape the notice of the intelligent that the Philadelphia tests go far towards corroborating the Chittenden experiences; for, if "materialization" can occur in one place it may in many, and, hence, the supposition that real ghosts were seen at the Eddy house is made to appear only half as improbable. The cheerful alacrity shown by the Holmes' to submit themselves to crucial test conditions, makes the behavior of the Eddy boys appear in a correspondingly unfavorable light. It was alleged, as an excuse at Chittenden, that the author's magnetism was so positive and repellant to the spirits, as to prevent their bearing his near approach; whereas, the fact appears to be that they can allow him to handle them, to gaze into their faces from a distance of six inches, and otherwise to come to closest quarters, without causing them the slightest inconvenience. What a waste of golden opportunity the unfriendly behavior of the Eddy boys has caused!

And yet, if one may judge from a recent letter written by Horatio to a mutual friend, they entertain no personal dislike to the author, but were compelled to act as they did by the "spirit-band" controlling their circle. Horatio remarks that, in this matter, they were the slaves of the powers behind the phenomena, who, having gotten themselves into antagonism with the author, forced him and his brothers and sisters to share that feeling for the moment.

The relation of mediums towards their controlling spirits is perfectly defined in this letter from one of the most noted mediums—they are slaves. While 'under control,' their own will is set aside, and their actions, their speech, and their very consciousness, are directed by that of another. They are as helpless to do, or say, or think, or see what they desire, as the subject of the mesmerist, whose body is a mere machine governed by a will external to and dominant over itself. The 'materializing medium' must even, it appears, lend from the more ethereal portions of his frame, some of the matter that goes to form the evanescent materialized shapes of the departed. The observations of Mr. Crookes indicate that, in some cases at least, an enormous exhaustion of the medium's vital forces is caused by the exercise of his medianic function, and it is one of the problems before us to discover the extent and cause of this exhaustion, and whether any system of diet, exercise, repose and mental regulation will reduce it to a minimum without interfering with the phenomena.

The seers of the Bible, the fakirs of India, the priests of Isis, and the vestals of Rome fasted and prayed, for longer or shorter periods, before entering the ecstatic condition. Should our modern mediums do likewise? And would fasting and prayer insure us against the pranks and deceptions of *poltergeists*, or the malice of returning murderers, suicides, and drunkards?

Since the spiritualistic movement has acquired such force and breadth that it cannot be stayed, how long must we wait for the wise men to tell us how we can enjoy the communion of the saints, and escape the assaults of the powers of darkness? We ask them for light, and they give us no response. Our homes are seemingly invaded by an invisible host of good and evil spirits, and we turn in vain to scientific men for instructions as to how the one class may be detained, and the other expelled. They bend in laboratory and study, over wriggling insects and squirming reptiles, insensible of the glorified beings who stand perhaps, behind them, and blind to the magnificent field of research that lies before them in the direction of the Inner World. They leave us to grope our own way toward the Truth, and if we fall into error, we have the right to hold them accountable, for they are the custodians of knowledge, our teachers, and guides. If they do not help us, we must search for ourselves. We cannot remain ignorant, for we are all urged on by:

> "The wish to know;—th' insatiate thirst
> That e'en by quenching is awaked;
> And that becomes, or blest, or curst,
> As is the fount at which 't is slaked."

H. S. O.

No. 7 Beekman Street,
New York City, *January*, 1875.

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PART I.

THE EDDY MANIFESTATIONS.

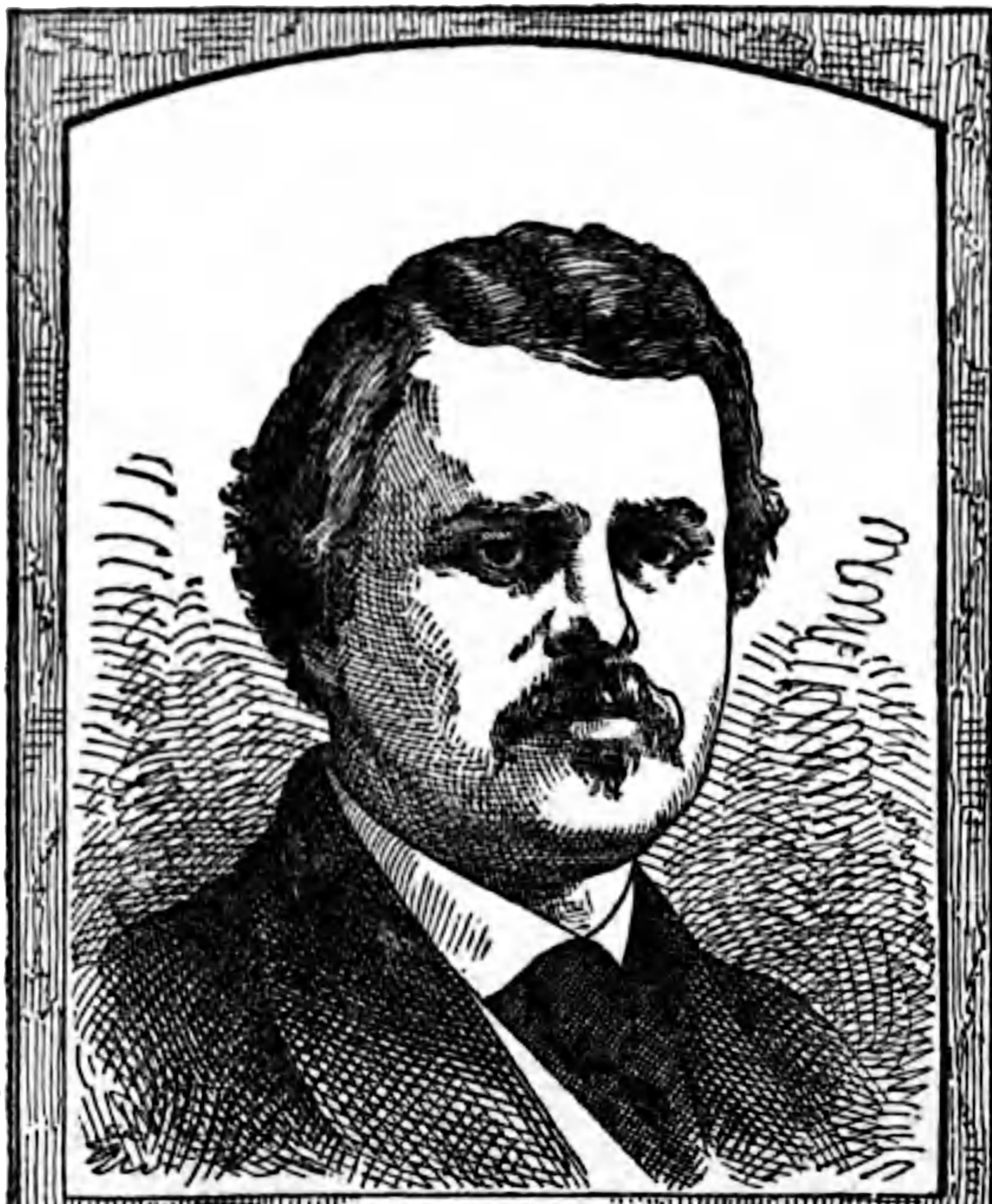
CHAPTER I

THE EDDY FAMILY.

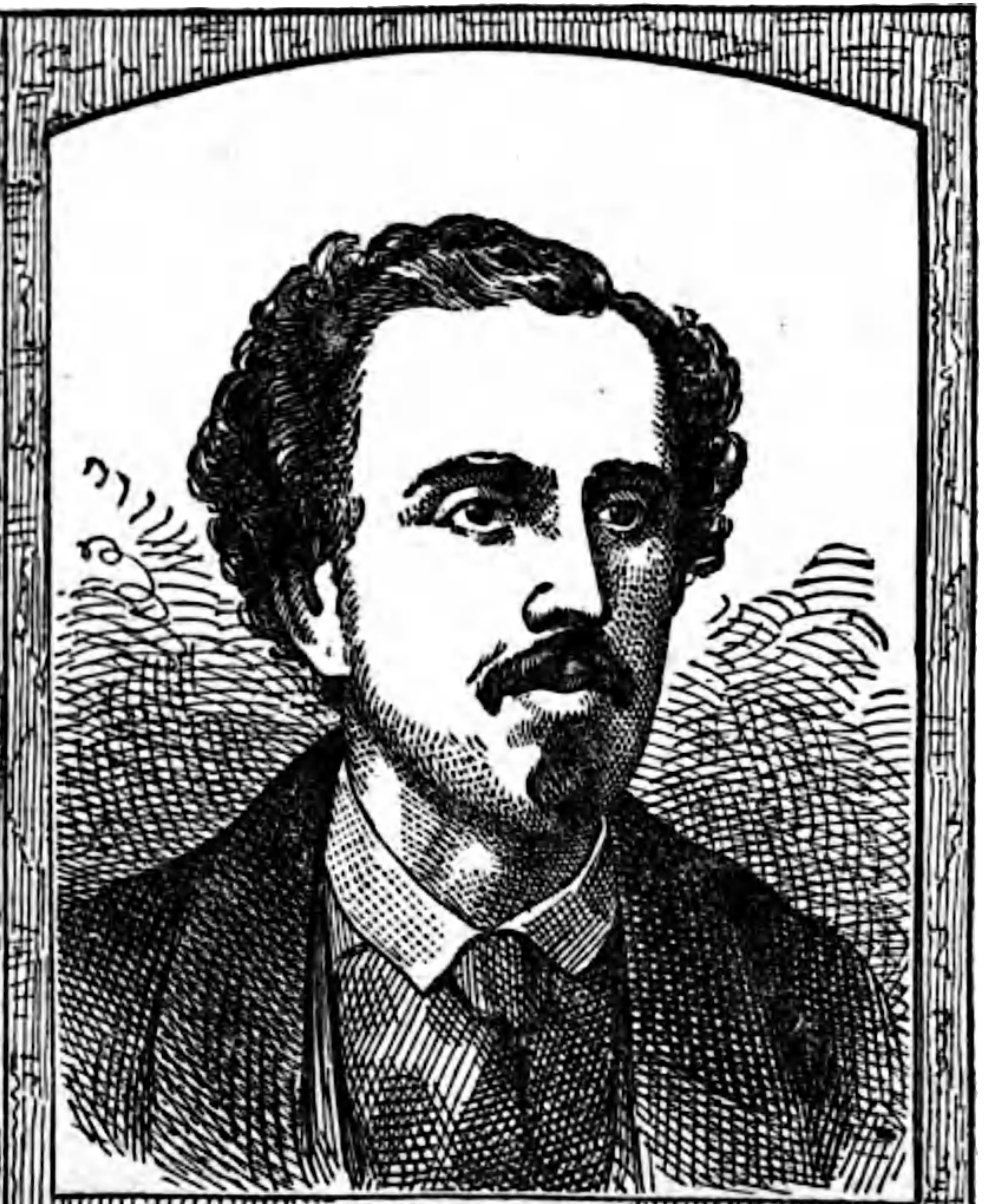
SEVEN miles north from Rutland, in a grassy valley shut in by the slopes of the Green Mountains, lying high above the tide-water, is the little hamlet of Chittenden. There is nothing about it worthy of notice, and its sole claim to notoriety lies in the fact that it is the nearest post-town to the homestead farm of the Eddy family of spiritual mediums, whose fame has spread over the whole country. The people of the vicinage are, apparently with few exceptions, plain, dull, and uninteresting, seeming to know nothing and to care less about the marvellous things that are happening under their very eyes, or even the history of their section. Inhabiting a rugged country which exacts much hard labor for small pecuniary returns, they go the round of their daily duty, and trouble themselves about nothing except to get the usual modicum of food and sleep. Their rare occasions of enjoyment are the days of the county fair, the elections, "raisings," huskings, and like country assemblages. Their religion is intolerant, their sect Methodist; within the pale of which body all persons are good, without which all are bad. The liberalizing influences that in more thickly settled localities have, for the past ten or twenty years, been leavening the whole religious world, seem to be unfelt in this secluded region. Towards the heterodox these people have no yearning bowels of compassion. Their weapons are both spiritual and carnal; and I judge from the sad story of the Eddy children that these zealots, if suddenly driven out of their beloved church, would feel more at home under the wing of Mahomet than elsewhere, for when prayer has failed of conversion they have resorted to fire and the lash to bring the lamb within the fold. I recently visited this place in the interest of the *New York Sun*, and spoke of the relations between the Eddys and their neighbors in the following terms:

> "There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers, look more like hard-working rough farmers than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make newcomers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. * * * They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. * * * They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world." * * *

When I first began to write about these mediums, I became convinced that they had never done anything to deserve the reprobation of their neighbors, for a number of reports reflecting upon their character, upon being sifted, were discovered to be untrue. I could see prejudice so ill concealed by the narrators, and ignorance of the domestic life, to say nothing of the mediumistic



WILLIAM H. EDDY.



HORATIO G. EDDY.

faculty of the members of the family, so plainly revealed, that perhaps I went to unnecessary lengths in my defence of their reputations. But since I began the work of revising my matter for this volume, I have met a former citizen of Chittenden, and a man of good character, now a resident of a distant city, who is knowing to the fact that some seven or eight years ago two of the Eddys gave an exhibition, or exhibitions, of certain of the commoner tricks of mediums, themselves included; and I was furnished with the names of witnesses who can corroborate the statement. It is not surprising, therefore, that a simple-minded people, prejudiced against everything that smacks of diabolism, and looking upon the Eddy ghost-room as a Chamber of Horrors, should hastily adopt the opinion that if they were false in the lesser "phenomena" they must be in all; and conclude that a family who could publicly confess their dishonesty, for pay, had good reason to adopt a forbidding aspect to strangers, especially those who would be likely to discover the trickery which furnishes them a support. I am not, I am happy to say, of that class of pseudo-investigators which rejects the chance of finding truth in these marvels because mediums occasionally cheat. It has often, and justly, been said that the circulation of counterfeit coin is no proof that the genuine does not exist, but the reverse; and the reports of most intelligent writers agree in the statement that nearly all public mediums occasionally simulate their phenomena when, from any cause, they cannot produce the real ones. Judge Edmonds and Mr. Robert Dale Owen both told me some years since that they had detected one of the best physical mediums in the United

States. in trickery, thus corroborating my own experience with the same person; and a well-known artist in Hartford says that he discovered Home, one of the greatest mediums ever known, in acts of deception, both before his departure for Europe, and during a subsequent visit to this country. As to this matter of the Eddy self-exposures, the parties interested tell me that their exposure was a mere pretense, resorted to for the purpose of raising money when they were in a very needy condition. In a word, they cheated the public with a sham exposure when it would not come to see them in their character of mediums. There can be but one opinion of such behavior as this; and, therefore, while my narrative will contain all that can be said on behalf of the remarkable mediumship, or apparent mediumship, of these boys, the reader will find that I shall not rely upon any of their manifestations that could be imitated by them, in working up my conclusions as to the reality of the phenomena. Such a course would be a waste of time and thought.

I separate the medium from the man, considering him beyond a certain point an irresponsible being; that is, if there is any such thing as mediumship. In neglecting this I think most investigators have hitherto erred. If it be true that persons of certain temperaments in this world may be controlled by persons in the other, then the mediums, being *controlled*, are not free agents, but machines. A person of this kind may, therefore, be a very bad man but a very good machine. Furthermore, if the medium's actions while serving as such are beyond his control, he may, unless he be entranced, observe them just as any spectator, and, observing, may learn to imitate, with more or less perfection according to his natural intelligence and endowments.

Thus I observed the Eddys at first in their double capacity, and determined at the outset not to allow anything they might say or do, or any of their surroundings, uncongenial with my own tastes or habits, to bias my verdict upon their claims as spiritual mediums.

When I say that my first reception by the family was most inhospitable; that during my visit of five days I never felt sure that at any moment I might not be requested to leave; that I was made to feel like an intruder whose room was preferable to his company; that I was struggling against all the prejudice one naturally would feel against persons who claimed to be able to summon an army of spirits from the other world; that I sat silent when members of the family made ungracious and threatening speeches against persons who might misrepresent them, clearly meaning me; that for fear my mission might be cut short and my ability to do my duty to my employers destroyed, I breathed not a word of my purpose to write for the newspaper, and left the place without having had a single opportunity to draw out their side of the story from the Eddys, the public has reason to admit that in saying what I did in their favor I was at least actuated by no feelings of partiality.

I was glad, when my second visit was so unexpectedly brought about, that things were just as they had been at the beginning, for I had heard all the evil stories in circulation and sifted them thoroughly, and was in a condition of mind to do justice to people who had not always acted so as to make friends, had few real ones, and fewer opportunities granted to lay their pathetic tale before the world. It was not because I had sympathy with their beliefs, nor that their welfare was a matter of greater personal concern than that of any other decent people, but because, in common with every one else, my good wishes went with the weak and oppressed, and this family had been worried and torn by the spirit of intolerance, as a sheep by wolves. Manhood revolts at the persecutions, cruelties, and indignities they have been called to suffer in consequence of the direful inheritance of mediumship that was bequeathed them in their blood—an inheritance that made their childhood wretched, and, until recently, life itself a heavy burden. To explain my meaning I will give some particulars of the family history as they have been communicated to me by the surviving children.

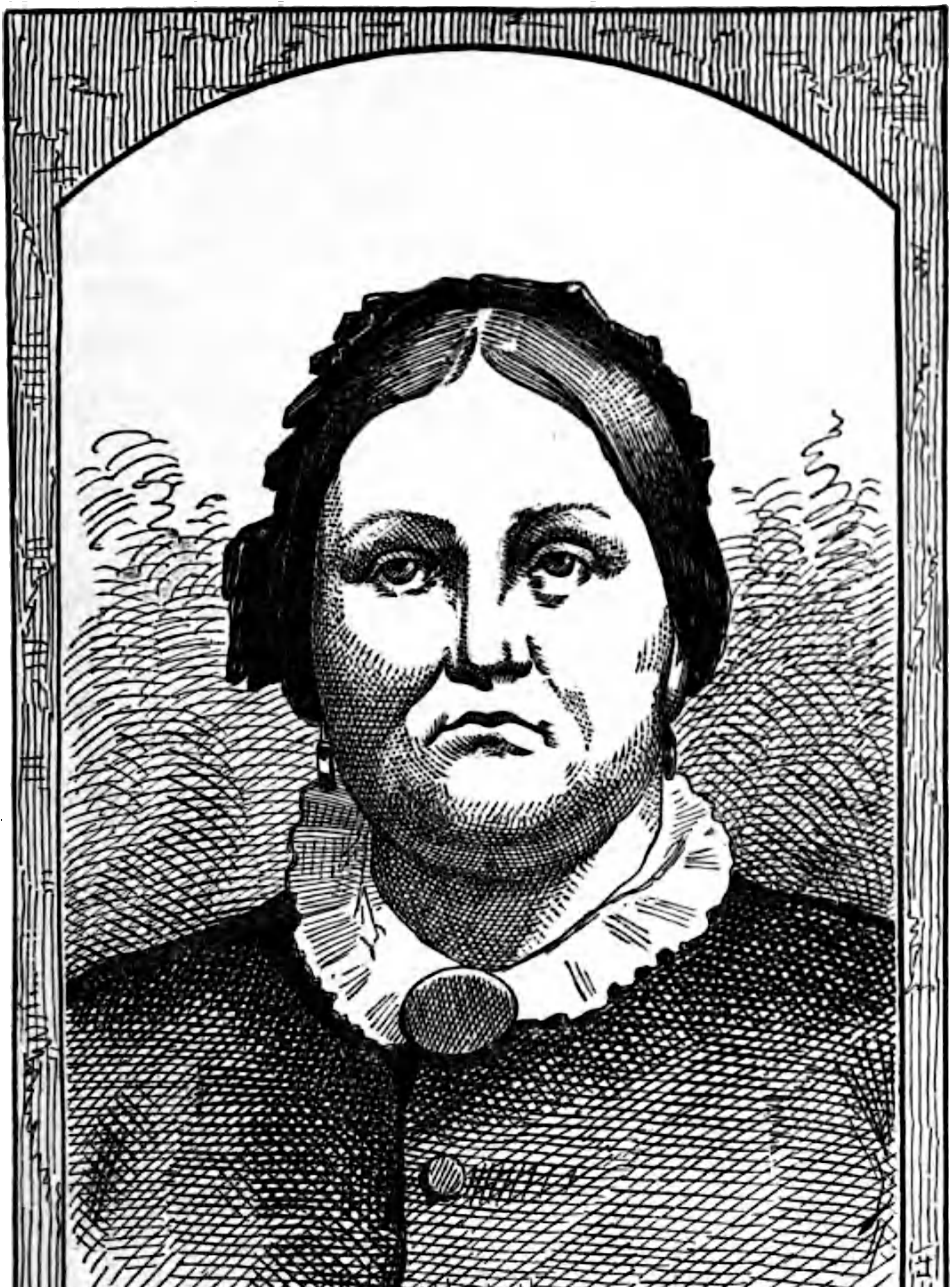
Zephaniah Eddy, a farmer living at Weston, Vt., married one Julia Ann Macombs, a girl of Scotch descent who was born in the same town. She was first cousin to General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, who changed his name to its present form, and was distantly related to a noble Scotch family. About the year 1846 Mr. Eddy sold his farm and removed to the present homestead in the town of Chittenden. Mrs. Eddy inherited from her mother the gift of "foreseeing," as it is called among the Scotch, or more properly "clairvoyance," for she not only had previsions of future events, but also the faculty of seeing the denizens of the mysterious world about us, from whom she claimed to receive visits as commonly as though they were ordinary neighbors.

Not only this, but she could also hold speech with them, hear them address their conversation to the inner self within her, utter warnings of impending calamities, and sometimes bring tidings of joy. Her mother before her possessed the same faculties in degree, and her great-great-great-grandmother was actually tried and sentenced to death at Salem for alleged "witchcraft" in the dark days of 1692, but escaped to Scotland by the aid of friends who rescued her from jail. Zephaniah Eddy was a narrow-minded man, strong in his prejudices, a bigoted religionist, and very little educated.

His new wife instinctively withheld from him all knowledge of her peculiar psychological gifts, and for a time after their marriage she seemed to have lost them. But they returned after the birth of her first child stronger than ever, and from that time until the day of her death they were the source of much misery.

Mr. Eddy at first made light of them, laughed at her prognostications, and forbade her giving way to what he declared was the work of the Evil One himself. He resorted to prayer to abate the nuisance, or, as he styled it, to "cast the devil out of his ungodly wife and children," and, that failing, to coercive measures, that proved equally inefficacious.

The first child that was born had the father's temperament, but each succeeding one the mother's, and each, at a very tender age, developed her idiosyncrasies. Mysterious sounds were heard about their cradles, strange voices called through the rooms they were in, they



THE MOTHER.

would play by the hour with beautiful children, visible only to their eyes and the mother's, who brought them flowers and pet animals, and romped with them; and once in a while, after they were tucked away in bed, their little bodies would be lifted gently and floated through the air by some mysterious power. In vain the father stormed and threatened: the thing went on. He called his pious neighbors together—Harvey Pratt, Rufus Sprague, Sam Parker, Sam Simmons, Charles Powers, and Anson Ladd—and prayed and prayed that this curse might be removed from his house. But the devil was proof against entreaty and expostulation, and the harder they prayed the wickeder the pranks he played. Then the infuriated parent resorted to blows, and, to get the evil spirit out of them, he beat these little girls and boys until he made scars on their backs that they will carry to their graves. It seemed as if the man would go crazy with rage.

By and by, things got so bad that the spirits would "materialize" themselves in the room, right in the father's view, and, not being able to handle them after his usual fashion, his only refuge was to leave the chamber. The children could not go to school, for before long, raps would be heard on the desks and benches, and they would be driven out by the teacher, followed by the hootings and revilings of the scholars. This, it will be remembered, was just what happened to the children of the unfortunates who were hung for witchcraft at Salem, the sins (?) of the parents being cruelly visited upon the children.

One night, when Horatio was four years old, a little creature covered with a white fur suddenly appeared in the room where he and three of the other children were sleeping, jumped upon their bed, sniffed at their faces, and then began growing larger and larger until it turned into a great luminous cloud, that gradually shaped itself into a human form. The children screamed, and the mother running in hastily with a candle, the shape disappeared. So year after year things went on, full of trouble and sorrow for all in the unhappy house. No wonder that I found them "curt," "repellant," and "sensitive," and suspicious and calculated to arouse suspicion. I think I would be likewise under like circumstances.

Poor Mrs. Eddy's misfortunes did not cease with her husband's death in 1860, but followed her even into her grave, as she one day in a prophetic vision told the children it would in the exact manner in which it happened. When her death occurred (January 1st, 1873) it was intended that she should be buried by the Spiritualists, certain of whom had promised to be present, but it so happened that they were detained away, and two Methodist friends of the husband's acted as sole pall-bearers. As they were about to lower the coffin into the grave these two worthies fell into dispute about a lawsuit that they had just had, and one, in his eagerness to get at his antagonist, dropped his rope and *the poor lady was dumped end over end into the pit, and the coffin turned bottom side up.*

One surprising instance of the cruelty begotten by ignorance, is afforded in the means resorted to once to bring William Eddy out of a trance. Pushing, pinching, and blows proving in vain, Anson Ladd, with the father's permission, poured scalding hot water down his back, and, as a last heroic operation, put a blazing ember from the hearth on his head. But the lad slept on, and the only effect of this cruelty was the great scar that he has shown me on his crest.

The father's scruples did not interfere with his willingness to turn a thrifty penny by an exhibition of the diabolical gifts of his progeny, for, after the Rochester knockings of 1847 had ushered in the new dispensation of Spiritualism, he hired three or four of the children out to one showman, who took them to nearly all the principal cities of the United States, and to another who took them to London for a brief season.

The children got all the kicks and he all the ha'pence in this transaction, and a sorry time it was for them. Passed through the merciless hands of scores of "committees of skeptics," bound with cords by "sailors of seven years' experience," and riggers "accustomed to tie knots where human life was at risk," of carpenters with a fancy for other knots than those in their boards, of inventors who knew all sorts of "ropes" in addition to their particular steam-engines or threshing-machines, and suchlike illuminati, their soft young metacarpal bones were squeezed out of shape, and their arms covered with the scars of melted wax, used to make the assurance of the bonds doubly and trebly sure. These wrists and arms are a sight to see. Every girl and boy of them has a marked groove between the ends of the ulna and radius and the articulation of the bones of the hand, and every one of them is scarred by hot sealing-wax. Two of the girls showed me scars where pieces of flesh had been pinched out by handcuffs used by "committees"—fools who seem to have been unable to discover suspected fraud without resort to brutal violence on the persons of children.

And then the mobbings they have passed through! At Lynn, Mass.; South Danvers; West Cleveland, O., where William was ridden on a rail and barely escaped a coat of tar and feathers; at Moravia, N. Y.; at Waltham, Mass., where they had to fly for their lives; at Dunville, Canada—in all which places their "cabinet" (a simple, portable closet, in which they sit for the manifestations) was smashed. They make no account in this catalogue of suffering, of the places where they were stoned, hooted at, and followed to their hotels by angry crowds. At South Danvers they were fired upon by hidden assassins, and William has the scar of a bullet in his ankle and Mary one in her arm to show for their picnic in that tolerant locality! Horatio carries his memento of that place in a stab wound in his leg, and Lynn supplied him with the two tokens of a scar on his forehead, where a brick hit him, and a broken finger, the third, on his right hand.

Ah! these committees are often honorable gentlemen, as may be inferred from the fact that once when applying the "flour-test"—the placing of flour in the medium's hands after his wrists are tied, to detect him if he disengages his hands and plays upon the instruments himself—aquafortis was mixed in the flour, and shockingly burned Horatio's fingers; and once, when the musical instruments, horns, &c., were rubbed with rouge, so that the mediums might be betrayed by their discolored hands if they should touch them, one of the committee, pretending to make a last examination of the knots, *rubbed the hands of both the boys with rouge.* In this instance, however, the base trick availed nothing, for, aware of what had been done, the Eddys called for the audience to look at their hands *before the cabinet doors were closed*, and the culprit was exposed.

The reader will understand, from what I have said of their childhood experiences, that these poor creatures had little or no educational advantages, and their numerous correspondents will not be surprised at the illiteracy shown in their letters. They *will* be surprised, on the other hand, when I say that I have heard words in six foreign tongues spoken, and conversation sustained in the same, by rappings by some of the phantoms whose appearance before me, during my present visit to the Eddy homestead, I shall describe in future chapters of this true story.

The *Daily Graphic* was pleased to say of a letter of mine from this place, that "the story is as marvellous as any to be found in history," an opinion that was reiterated by several of the most respected journals in other cities. I risk nothing in now saying that what I am about to narrate is far more extraordinary in every respect, and I expect to tax the public indulgence as to my veracity to the utmost. But I shall at least take good care to be within the limits of the truth, so that my story may be verified by any future investigator who is willing to scan closely, move cautiously to conclusions, and "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice." I went to Chittenden to discover the truth as to the "Eddy manifestations," and as I find things, so shall I describe them, caring nothing how much my own prejudices are affected by the result.

The sketches that illustrate this chapter represent the Eddy homestead as viewed from the south-east,* rear, and north side. The house is the first frame building erected in Chittenden township, and for many years was a wayside inn. It comprises a main building and a rear extension, or L, of two stories, of which the lower is divided into a dining-room, kitchen, and small cupboard or pantry; and the upper, thrown into one room, is known as the "circle-room," or among the profane, as "the ghost shop." In the rear view, the kitchen door is seen at the hither end of the L part, and the square window in the gable-end gives light into the "cabinet" or narrow closet in which William Eddy sits when the materializations occur.

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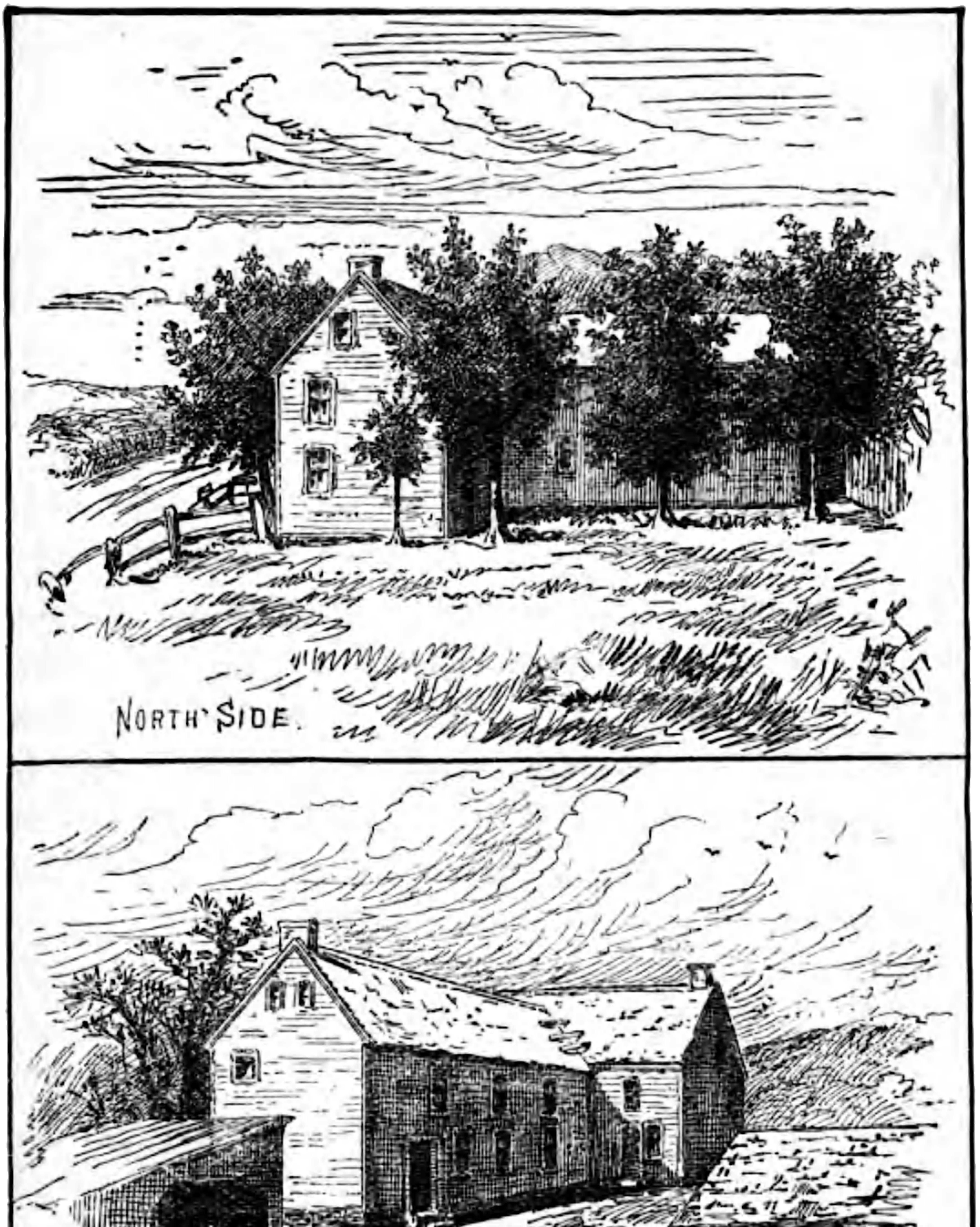
* See Frontispiece.


NORTH' SIDE.
REAR VIEW.

THE HOMESTEAD, (REAR AND SIDE VIEW.)

CHAPTER II.

TREATMENT OF PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

THE story of the persecutions, mobbings, hardships and trials through which the Eddy children were obliged to pass, carries a moral with it, which the intelligent reader can hardly have overlooked. It must have been apparent that we are not dealing with the case of charlatans who have recently taken to the business of trickery for the sake of gain, for these girls and boys seem to have inherited their peculiar temperaments from their ancestry, and the phenomena common to most genuine "mediums" of the present day, attended them in their very cradles. It will scarcely be said that children who, like Elisha, were caught up and conveyed from one place to another, and in whose presence weird forms were materialized as they lay in their trundle-bed, were playing pranks to tax the credulity of an observant public, which was ignorant of their very existence. It will not be seriously urged, I fancy, against youth, whose bodies were scored with the lash, cicatrized by burning wax, by pinching manacles, by the knife, the bullet and by boiling water, who were starved, driven to the woods to save their lives from parental violence; who were forced to travel year after year and exhibit their occult powers for others' gain; who were mobbed and stoned, shot at and reviled; who could not get even an ordinary country-school education like other children, nor enjoy the companionship of boys and girls of their own age; — it will not be urged against such as these that they were in conspiracy to deceive, when they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by abandoning the fraud and being like other folk. The idea is preposterous; and we must infer that, whatever may be the source of the phenomena, they are at least objective and not subjective — the result of some external force, independent of the medium's wishes, and manifesting itself when the penalty of its manifestation was to subject the unfortunates to bodily torture and mental anguish.

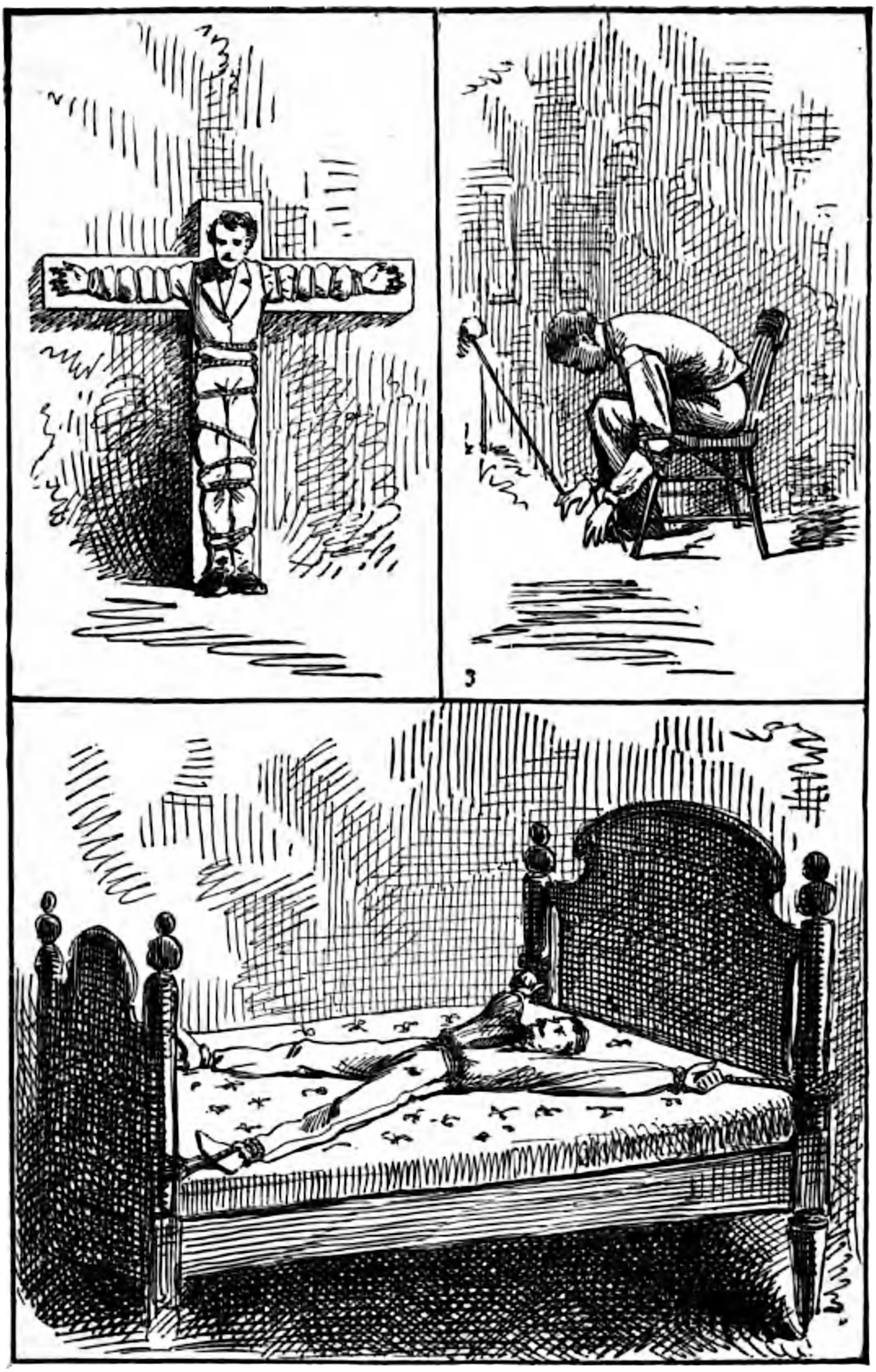
We must turn back to Fox's "Book of Martyrs" if we would catch the diabolical spirit that has been exhibited towards these men during the fifteen years that they travelled the country to exhibit their wonderful gifts; for, while our times are not those of the Eighth Harry's cruel daughter, the feeling of intolerance in the Church towards these latter-day heretics, is substantially the same as that which sent Ridley and Latimer, Bradford and Cranmer to the stake, and caused Calvin to procure the death of his learned fellow-Protestant, Servetus. This is the first time within my knowledge, that this side of the medium question has been discussed, and in the hope that the example may be imitated, I will show some of the barbarities inflicted upon these Eddy boys by "committees."

To understand the matter, persons who have never attended a public spiritist exhibition should be told what the performance is like. In a public hall, upon the platform, is set up a wardrobe, or "cabinet," made of half-inch walnut, seven feet high, six feet wide, two feet deep, and resting on trestles eighteen inches high, to permit a full view under the cabinet and satisfy the spectator that there is no communication through traps with its interior. The front is composed of three doors, the side ones swinging to right and left respectively, and the centre one to right. At each end inside is a narrow board seat, supported on cleats, and one of like width runs the width of the cabinet against the back wall. In the upper half of the centre door is a diamond-shaped opening, behind which hangs a black velvet curtain. The mediums enter, and, seating themselves on the end seats, are firmly bound hand and foot by a committee selected by the audience, the cords being passed through auger-holes in the bench. Various musical instruments are placed within, beyond reach of the bound mediums, and, the doors being closed, a variety of curious phenomena occur. The instruments are vigorously played upon, loud percussive noises are heard, hands are thrust out of the opening, and other exhibitions occur that a strange force is at work. The cabinet doors, self-unbolted, suddenly open, and the two mediums are discovered sitting as before, with not a single knot disturbed.

The committees selected by vote of the audience, usually embrace men who are supposed to be unusually acute, such as detectives; skilful knot-tiers, such as sailors and riggers; and those whose education and intelligence are likely to make them competent to fathom the philosophical mystery. In looking over the scrapbooks of the Eddys, I find the newspapers, as a rule, reporting such choice of committeemen, and I also find there the evidences of the unnecessary cruelties practised in the interest of "science," "religion," "fair-play," and particularly of what these gentry are pleased to call "the truth."

The reader will please observe that I have not relied upon the diaries or verbal statements of the Eddys themselves in making these strictures, but solely upon the testimony of the editorial descriptions of the whole press, for the journals of nearly every section are represented in this modern Book of Martyrs. Such details of the handcuffings and ligatures, the blisterings and acid corrosions, the torture of constrained positions, of mouth-gags and halter-nooses, as the newspapers did not supply, I have filled in after getting the necessary explanations from the mediums, and the drawings were made from life.

I cannot refrain from making a single quotation from Horatio's diary, under date of November, 1867, for it shows the patient, uncomplaining spirit that possessed the poor farmer-boy under his sufferings. It seems the most appropriate introduction I could make to these sketches. He says: "This day we suffered very much by severe tying and abuse from those who professed to be Spiritualists. But we like martyrs, bore our pain with fortitude. We thanked the Divine Power for preserving us from the gross treatment of our enemies. No mortal



TESTS BY COMMITTEES.

knows what brutish tying we submitted ourselves to. It would have made mother's heart bleed if she had known what her children were passing through in Canastota."

How they were treated by the Canastota committee sketch No. 4 will show.

Horatio was kept with one hand tied to his neck and the other to his manacled feet for three-quarters of an hour, the cord around his neck being so tight as to half choke him.

The Little Falls, N. Y., investigators tried the pretty device shown in sketch No. 1.

The medium is tied to a wooden T cross, by whip-cord passing through holes bored for the purpose. He was kept so for the space of an hour, until, owing to the tightness of the ligatures at the wrists, *the blood trickled from under his finger-nails.*

Sketch No. 3 will recall a scene of rope-tying, to the minds of the good people of Albany, N. Y., who attended a seance at the house of John McClure; a certain Doctor Perkins being the operator. Here the medium is tied down by his fingers to the floor, the tapes being secured to the latter by tacks, and another tape leading to the door-knob. The worthy Doctor kept this patient in this position some two hours, and it is not surprising that his wrists were so swollen in consequence that he was kept in pain several days thereafter.

Sketch No. 2 shows a common device of the wily committeemen of Moriah, N. Y., and numerous other places, and the drawing requires no word of comment.

Moriah, N. Y. (perhaps I do not get the name just right, but the Eddys cannot help me), is also responsible for the cheerful "bucking" antidote, against charlatanry, seen in sketch No. 6, in which attitude the victim was obliged to stay two mortal hours, the spirits refusing to manifest themselves under such disturbed conditions, and the committee, with astonishing cruelty, declaring they would keep him there until they did. This happened at the house of Esak Colvin.

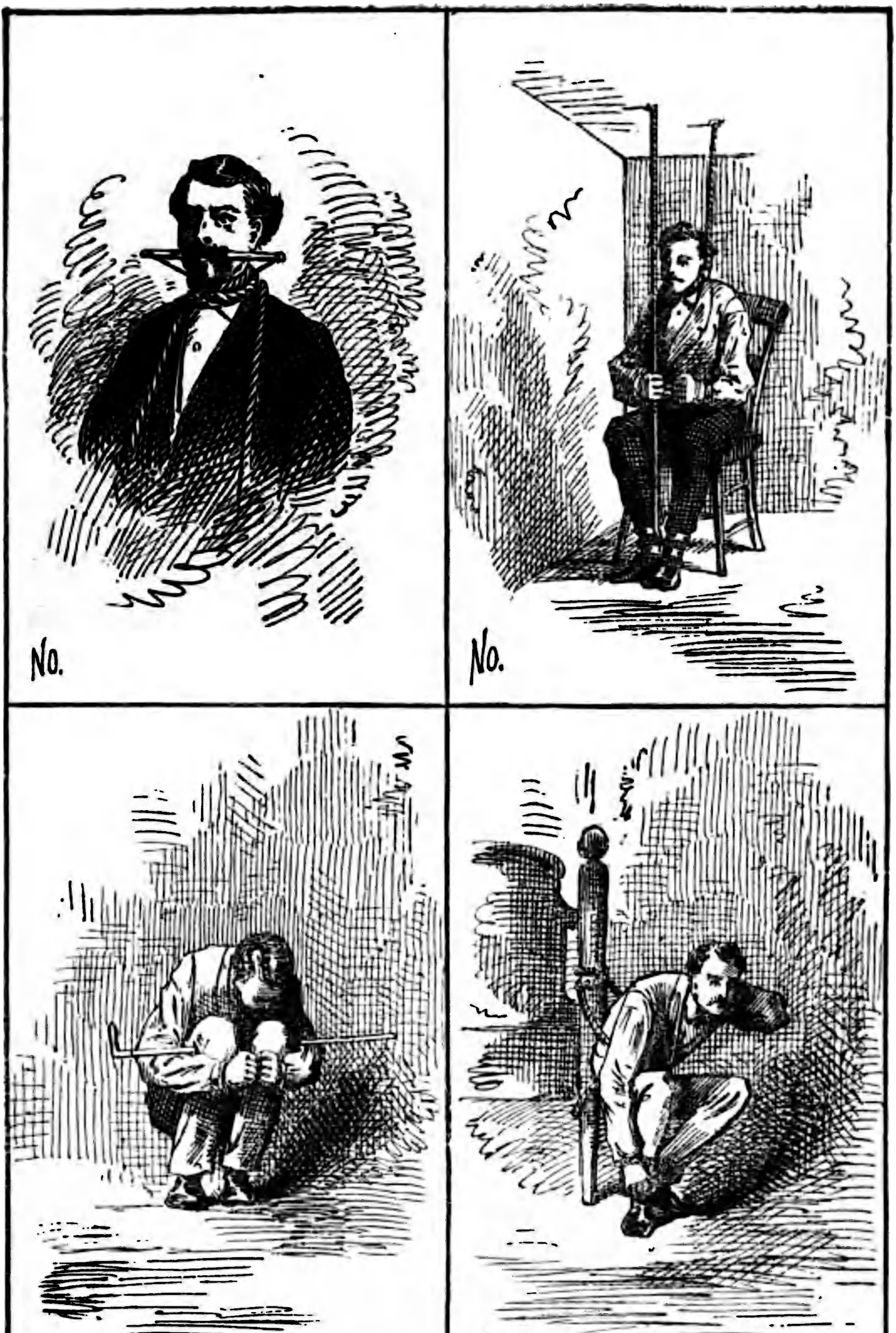
In sketch No. 5 we have an illustration of ingenious barbarity worthy of the palmy days of the Inquisition:

Two pairs of handcuffs each, on the wrists and ankles, a rope running through the links of each and passing out of the cabinet at top and bottom, and a halter-noose around the neck, drawn just tight enough to choke without quite strangling, made an applauding public feel secure against "humbug." Bristol, Conn., richly deserves the credit for this apparatus, and the additional statement that it was applied for the space of nearly two and a half hours.

Here, finally, in sketch No. 7, we have an effectual device to prevent the exercise of ventriloquial powers in imitation of spirit-voices, which has been tried in so many places (not to mention Sing Sing and other penitentiary establishments) that I forbear to recount them, lest I might weary.

And now let us drop this disagreeable part of our subject.

It matters little to me how the skeptical may undertake to account for these Chittenden mysteries—that concerns themselves alone. They may attribute them to electricity, but if so, they will have to encounter scientists like Varley, the electrician of the Atlantic cable, who,



SUFFERINGS OF MEDIUMS.

after testing them by every electrical apparatus, with twenty-six years' experience to guide him, declares that that subtle agent has nothing whatever to do with their production; of the late Professor Hare, who made the same statement after two years of careful inquiry; of Elliotson, Puysegur, Crookes, Bell, Collier, Gully, the French Academicians, and the London Dialectical Society. If they say it is " animal magnetism "they must face an army of specialists who have exhausted every endeavor to explain away the phenomena as coming under this category. The knee-pan, toe-joint and knuckle worthies, as a class, die a natural death as soon as we get beyond the mere Rochester rappings of 1847, and I feel confident that if Professors Huxley and Tyndall would spend a fortnight at Chittenden, they would see their protoplasms and such like scientific soothing-syrups flying out of the window upon the entry of the first materialized ghost from William Eddy's closet.

It is scarcely exaggeration to say that this family of mediums, if we may believe their story, is the most remarkable as to psychological endowments of which mention is made in the history of European races. Perhaps among the Chinese, and certain tribes of India (the Yogiswaras, for instance) and of Egypt, parallel cases may be found, but such have not met my eye in the course of a somewhat extensive reading in this branch of literature.

The Eddys represent about every phase of mediumship and seership:—rappings; the disturbance of material objects from a state of rest; painting in oil and water-colors under influence; prophecy, the speaking of strange tongues; the healing gift; the discernment of spirits; levitation, or the floating of the body in free air; the phenomena of instrument playing and the show of hands; the writing of messages on paper upborne in mid-air, by pencils held by detached hands; psychometry, or the reading of character and view of distant persons upon touching sealed letters; clairvoyance; clair-audience, or the hearing of spirit-voices; and, lastly, and most miraculous of all, the production of materialized phantom forms, that become visible, tangible, and often audible by all persons present.

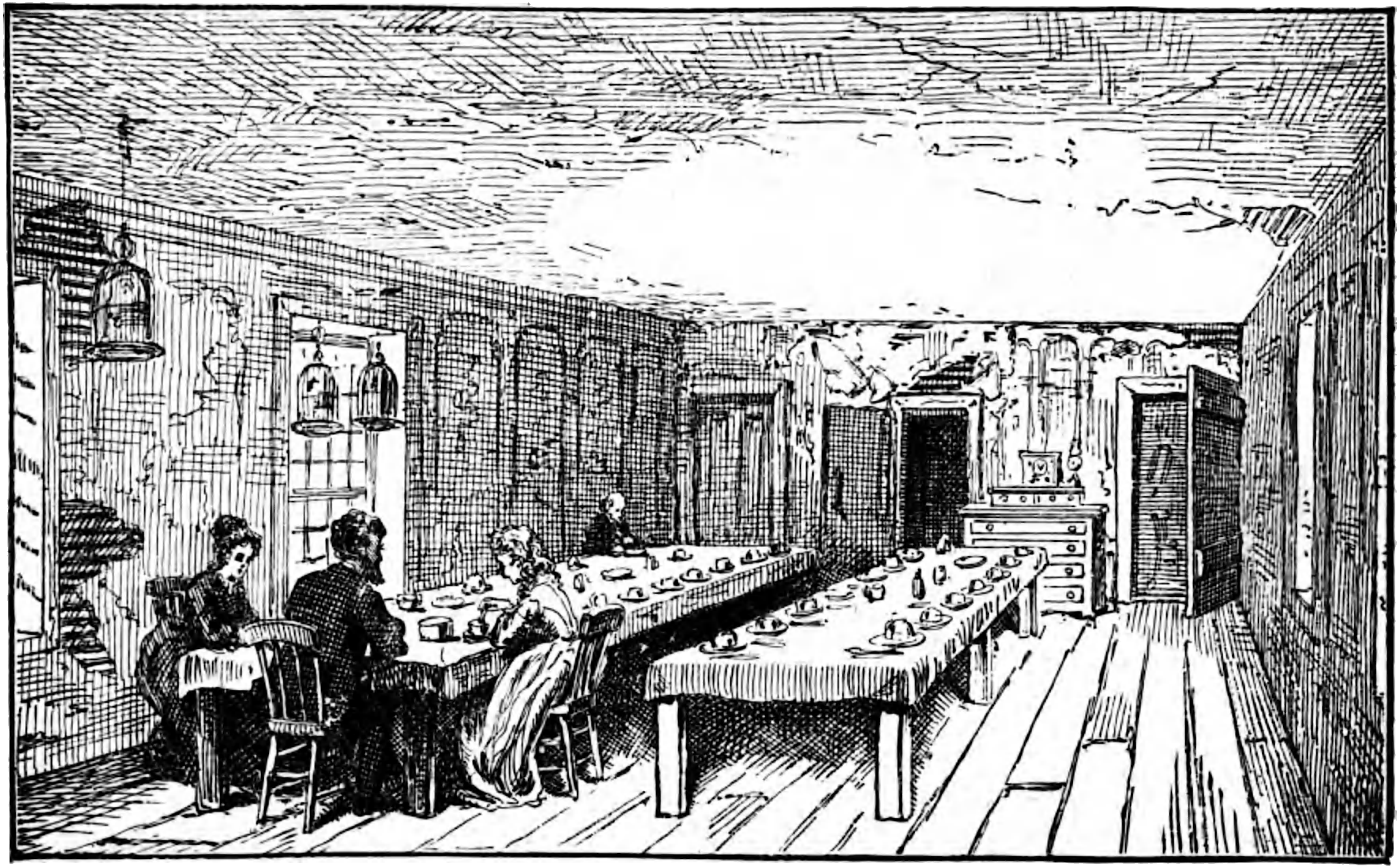
Much account has been made of the story told by Lord Dunraven and Lord Adair (and, I may mention, confirmed to me personally by the latter gentleman), of Mr. Home's having been "floated" out of one third-story window at Ashley House and into another; but what will be thought of Horatio Eddy having been carried, one summer night, when he was but six years old, a distance of three miles to a mountain top, and left to find his way home next day as best he could; of his youngest brother Webster, when a grown man, being carried out of a window and over the top of a house from the presence of three witnesses (from two of whom I have the story), and landed in a ditch a quarter of a mile off; of William being carried to a distant wood and kept there unconscious for three days, and then carried back again; of Horatio being "levitated" twenty-six evenings in succession, in Buffalo, in the Lyceum Hall, when fast bound in a chair, and hung by the back of the chair to a chandelier hook in the ceiling, and then safely lowered again to his former place on the floor? Of Mary Eddy being raised to the ceiling of Hope Chapel, in New York city, where she wrote her name? Of her little boy, Warren, five years old, who is floated in dark-circles, screaming to be let down all the while? Of a little son of Stephen Baird, of Chittenden, a neighbor of theirs, who has been handled in the same way?

Mr. Home is not the only one besides the Eddys who has been thus transported through mid-air, for, since 1347, authenticated reports will be found in the books of a like thing happening to Edward Irving, Margaret Rule, St. Philip of Neri, St. Catharine of Columbina, Loyola, Savonarola, Jennie Lord, Madame Hauffe, and many others whose names I do not at present recall, and in the absence of a library cannot transcribe.

Does any one care to ask me what I think? I answer, Nothing; I watch and wait and report, holding myself open to conviction in the spirit which the great Arago describes in an old article on Mesmerism: "The man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word 'impossible,' is wanting in prudence."

I make no apology for having now devoted two preliminary chapters to personal details respecting the Eddy family history; for the intelligent reader, before he could give credence to the miraculous events that I shall describe as occurring in their presence, would of necessity ask what sort of people they are—whether they were of suspicious antecedents, whether they had amassed a fortune by their exhibitions, whether they are making money by them now, or what motive impels them to continue in their present public relation? I stated above that they travelled for the profit of others; by which I meant to say that when William, Horatio, and Mary were young children, their father, having failed to cowhide their demons out of them, hired them out to a showman for four years, they receiving nothing but their bare expenses; and that at the expiration of that time they were hired by various other speculators, and during the ensuing eleven years received an average of under ten dollars a month apiece. I mean, furthermore, to say that their house and farm would not sell for $3,500, all told; that they do all their housework themselves; that half their visitors are poor and sponge on them for board, and, the other half paying eight dollars per week, the family have saved enough to put some necessary repairs on the house; and finally that they unite in saying that the greatest good fortune that could befall them would be to have their mediumship cease, so that they might work like other farmers and enjoy life like them. They are the galley-slaves of the invisible powers back of the "manifestations," who not only obsess them at their caprice by day while about household duties, and in the evening during the regular circles, but pursue them in the silent watches of the night, playing the pranks of the old-time *poltergeists*, and making it uncertain whether or no they will wake in bed or in the crotch of some tree on the summit of an adjacent mountain.

The sketches which accompany this chapter represent with fidelity the appearance of the dining-room, kitchen, and pantry, or buttery, over which extends the one large room where the nightly circles are held. They are intended to show that no trap-doors afford to confederates the opportunity of communication from below.

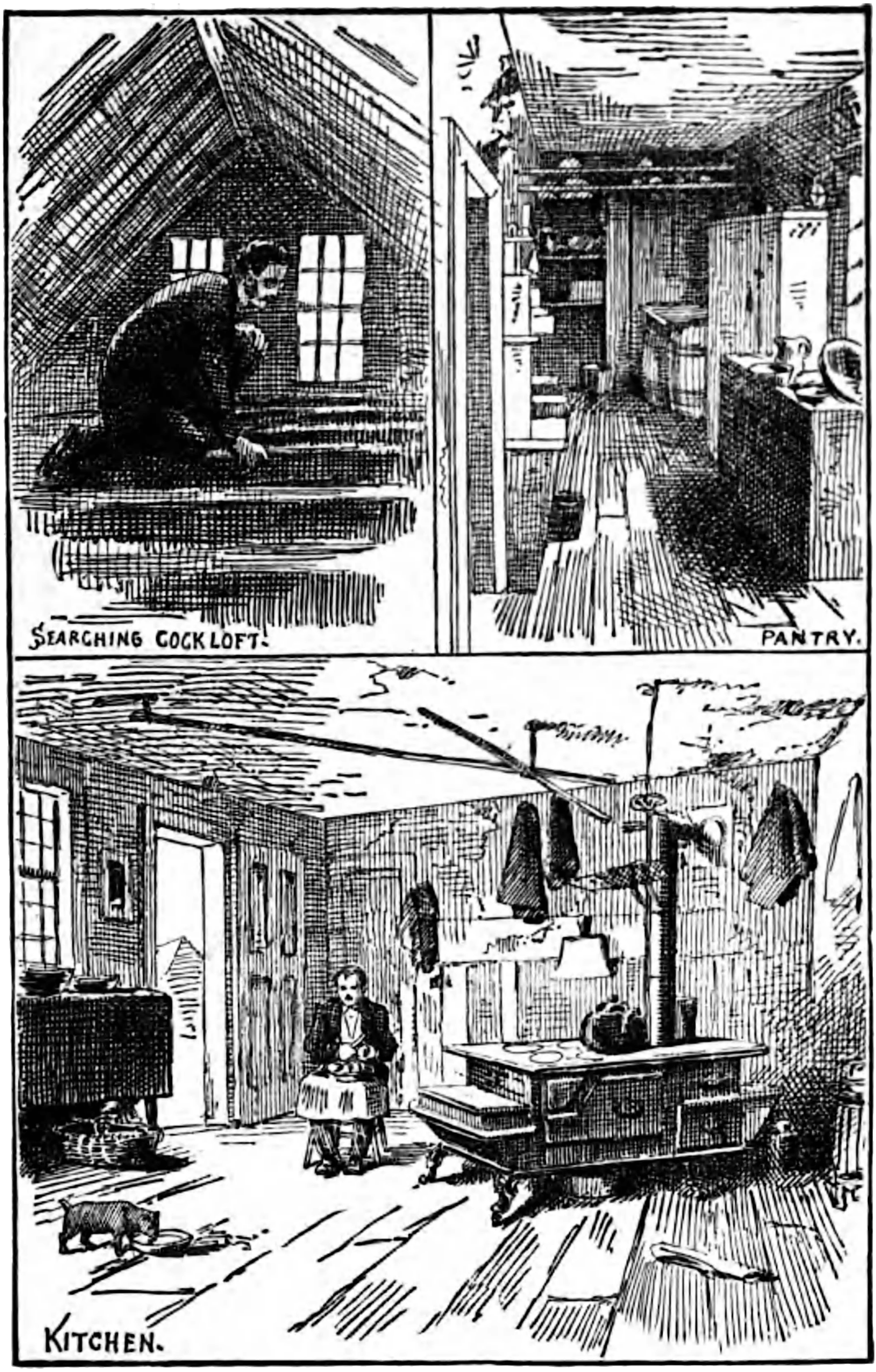


THE DINING-ROOM.

The dining-room communicates directly with a large apartment in the main part of the house, now used for a general sitting and reception room, but which, until the new hall was built, was the circle-room. The kitchen and pantry are side by side, beyond the dining-room, and separated from it by a lathed and plastered partition, with doors joining from each into it. There is also a door which gives communication from the kitchen to the pantry through their dividing longitudinal partition. The ceilings of kitchen and pantry are lathed and plastered. The kitchen is an odd, dingy little place with smoky walls and a worn floor, but it affords a retreat for the family when the house is crowded with visitors; and such of the latter as at such times are privileged to sit with "the boys" about the cooking-stove, and smoke a pipe, and chat upon the day's topics, are regarded with much of the same envy as the favorite at Court, who is passed by obsequious lackeys into the presence, while the rest cool their heels in the corridor.

I have had my days of favor, like the courtier, and passed many a pleasant hour in this little kitchen, in an atmosphere so dense with pipe-smoke that we could barely see each other across the room. I have sung my songs and told my comic stories, and heard Horatio sing his songs, and William tell, in his own pathetic way, of the cruelties he suffered in boyhood, and I really fancied that by keeping on my good behavior, I might be allowed to do my work pleasantly and thoroughly. But—however, I will not anticipate.

If the reader will turn to the rear view of the Eddy homestead, he will observe in the gable of the L extension, just over the square window of William's cabinet, two other windows. These light a cock-loft over the circle-room. I confess that it never occurred to me to go up there and see what sort of place it might be, as after careful inspection of the room itself I was satisfied that no communication existed between the two; but one afternoon a lady visitor, subject to trance obsessions, and professing to be influenced by a spirit at the time, called my attention to the fact that, with all my shrewdness, I had overlooked this cock-loft. Though I could not imagine how spirit or mortal could detect the omission in the pencilled notes in my pocket diary, I nevertheless went up a ladder in the adjoining vestibule, and, creeping through ancient cobwebs, from rafter to rafter, I saw that there was nothing worth coming to see. The mystery could not be solved there.


SEARCHING COCKLOFT.
PANTRY.
KITCHEN.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

CHAPTER III.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

I take it for granted that the conductors of two of the great New York dailies would not have successively engaged me to investigate and describe the phenomena at the Eddy homestead, if they had supposed me either of unsound mind, credulous, partial, dishonest, or incompetent; and I, therefore, beg the numerous company of correspondents who have addressed me upon the subject, to spare themselves the trouble, and me the annoyance, of their letters.

"Proffered advice stinks," sayeth an old Arabian proverb more notable for strength than refinement. I know what I am about, and mean to tell just what I saw and how I saw it. To the impertinent people, of many localities, whom I never laid eyes upon, who ask of me to have secret writings read, lucky lottery numbers disclosed, and to write theses upon Spiritualism, to remove their skepticism, I have nothing to say except that their letters go into the nearest grate. I certainly do not care the value of a brass farthing what they believe or disbelieve. If I truthfully report the facts, each has the same chance as myself to make his theory to fit them.

Imagine an Indiana physician sending a dirty package, stitched by a sewing machine, and coolly asking me, a perfect stranger, to furnish him the ammunition to blow up either himself or the Spiritualists, in the following terms, which I give verbatim :

> I have read all the subtile arguments of the Spiritualistic professors, am pretty well posted in all their talk of "conditions," &c., &c., but I want a real material "sign," — a test that will be palpable and beyond dispute.
>
> I hereby enclose to you a test that "will convince the Jews," if it can be unravelled. Here are several envelopes, each fastened by a different process, and all of different shape, that cannot be opened without my knowing it. In the centre one are some words written in a peculiar manner.
>
> Now I would like to have this same envelope returned to me, as it is, and with it also a description of the written words just as they are written. This will convince me that there is an intelligence beyond earthly intelligence in existence, and I shall find no difficulty in ascribing this intelligence to disembodied spirits. If the kind spirit will tell the number of envelopes and describe each, — tell from what kind of a slip the paper was cut upon which the words are written — it would of course make the matter more interesting.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Why do I write you? I will tell you. You appear to be like myself, not yet convinced, yet interested enough to take some trouble to test the matter further.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> I am now engaged upon an article on the subject of Spiritualism, in which I shall explain — or attempt to explain — the whole matter under three heads: First, Juglary; second, Superstition; and third, Insanity.
>
> I shall wait a reasonable time to hear from you before I continue it, as a solution of this test will spoil all my arguments, speculations, and sophisms.

And a St. Louis person asking to be told what lottery ticket to buy, thus:

> * * * Believing, if the manifestations are genuine, that

they have the power to foretell coming events, &c., and seeing no reasons why I may not ask a question through you and this letter, I would especially beg to be informed of the number that will draw the capital prize in the Louisville lottery, next November.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, sir, yours truly.

Here is an Illinois damsel who seems to have more affection for the neighbor who visited the gypsy camp than for Lindley Murray:

Being very anxious to know something of the future, thought I would write you and tell you what I wanted to know, and that if you charged me anything, to tell me so in your answer, and I would willingly pay you. Will you please tell me what year and day in the month myself and my sister next oldest to me will be married. Also give us a description of our future husbands and what their occupation will be in life.

And will you please tell me how long it will be before my mother will be married, she being a widdow lady. Also have a half-brother who is owing a debt in another State; would like to know if he will ever pay that debt up.

Also there is a gentleman, near neighbor, visited camp of gypsies; would like to know if he had his fortune told while there; also please describe the lady he will marry.

One more example will suffice. This comes from Alabama:

I would like to learn the history or genealogy for my family. All I know is that one of my progenitors was a stewart [steward?] in some lord's family in Europe, and ran off and married the said lord's daughter. I don't know the name of my progenitor (the given name), or the name of the lord or his daughter. Please try to learn what each of their names were, when married and where, and where the lord resided, the names of his children and grandchildren down to my father, what my father's name was and when he died, in fact, all that can be gained in regard to the genealogy of my family. If you will do so, I will be under lasting obligations to you, although a stranger.

If, upon a revision of my MSS. for this work, I preserve these communications for permanent reference, it is in the hope that I may be passed over by that great company of idle persons, who employ the time that hangs heavy upon their hands to persecute those of their fellow-men who are temporarily thrust before the view of the public. I do not, for one moment, admit the right of those who have never fitted themselves for discussing profound subjects, to intrude their crude notions and inconsequential personalities upon the busy privacy of men engaged in the serious concerns of life.

The Eddys get such letters as these by the score, often as many as forty or fifty by every mail, and I might make this volume more humorous, if not more interesting, by quoting examples; but I spare the reader.

I have been greatly impressed by this evidence of the wide interest in the subject of Spiritualism; as I have also of the publicity that any novel or exciting story gains by re-publication in the newspapers. I recollect that Bayard Taylor told me once, that at the foot of the Himalayas, in a garrison library, he encountered some of his own works, and described the deep impression then made upon his mind of the responsibility devolving upon a person who writes for the press. I trust I shall bear the lesson in mind in all that is written for these pages.

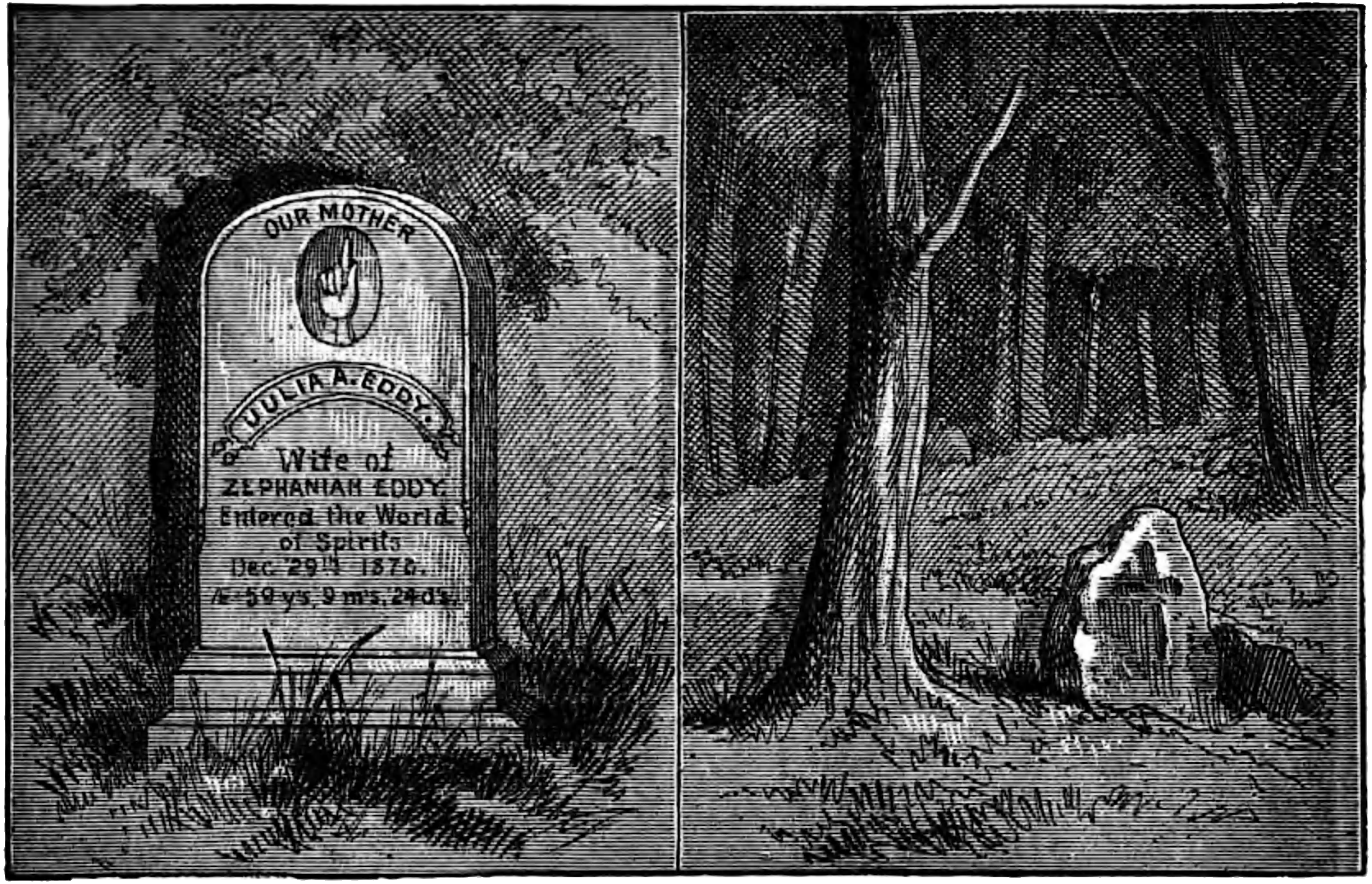
CHAPTER IV.

MOONLIGHT MATERIALIZATIONS.

RUDE and uninviting as is the Eddy house itself, its surrounding landscape is truly charming. Lying in a valley, it affords from every window the view of grassy slopes, backed by mountain peaks that catch the drifting clouds on days of storm, and on those of sunshine take on rich tints of purple and blue. Just back of the house stretches a bottom pasture land, whose sod is so bright a green that I have wished a score of times that one of the Harts, or Smillie, or McEntee, or some other of our landscapists could transfer it with its grazing herd and noble background to canvas. The woods are just beginning to clothe themselves in their royal autumn hues; and from mountain foot to summit, crimson and gold mix with the prevailing mass of green, like jewels embroidered on nature's robe of state. But there appears to be slight evidence that this scenery has exercised an ennobling effect upon the inhabitants. They are usually a prosaic set, and I have vainly watched for any responsive glow when I have called their attention to the natural beauties around us. The Eddys themselves form rather an exception to the rule. True, they waste no enthusiasm upon their familiar hills and valley, but the tenderness of their hearts is shown in the gathering of pet pigeons, dogs, parrots, ducks, and chickens, about them, and their innate refinement, by the hours snatched from menial toil, to water and trim their plants and flowers. The neighboring graveyard is a neglected plot of weeds, but their family enclosure is bordered by maples, and the graves are tended by loving hands. The headstone over poor Mrs. Eddy is so characteristic of the altered view of the change called death that a belief in Spiritualism begets, that I give a sketch of it.

English visitors to this place would find abundant relaxation in long walks or mountain climbing, but we Americans avail ourselves little of the privilege. In the depths of the woods the black bear stills prowls; foxes abound; sables, mink, raccoons, hedgehogs, and occasionally panthers, await the pursuit of the hunter; and speckled trout throng the cold mountain streams to a sufficient extent to afford sport to the votaries of the rod and fly. But the minds of the people who come from far and near to this Vermont homestead, are so bent upon the pursuit of the marvellous, that all day long they sit and talk of last night's circle and past wonderful personal experiences, until one fairly gets a surfeit of the subject.

They are a motley crowd, in sooth. Ladies and gentlemen; editors, lawyers, divines and ex-divines; inventors, architects, farmers; pedlers of magnetic salves and mysterious nostrums; long-haired men and short-haired women; the "crowing hens" of Fowler, and the cackling cocks, their fitting mates; women with an idea, and plenty of men


OUR MOTHER
JULIA A. EDDY.
Wife of
ZEPHANIAH EDDY.
Entered the World
of Spirits
Dec. 29th 1872.
Æ 59 ys. 9 m's. 24 d's.

GRAVES OF MRS. EDDY AND SANTUM.

and women without any to speak of; people of sense and people of nonsense; sickly dreamers who prate of "interiors ' and "conditions" and "spheres" as intelligently as a learned pig or a chattering magpie; clairvoyants and "healers," real and bogus; phrenologists, who read bumps without feeling them, under "spirit direction"; mediums for tipping, rapping, and every imaginable form of modern spiritual phenomena; "apostles" with one and two arms; people from the most distant and widely-separated localities; nice, clever people whom one is glad to meet and sorry to part from; and people who shed a magnetism as disagreeable as dirty water or the perfume of the *Fetis-Americanus*. They come and go, singly and otherwise; some after a day's stay, convinced that they have been cheated, but the vast majority astounded and perplexed beyond expression by what their eyes have seen and their ears heard.

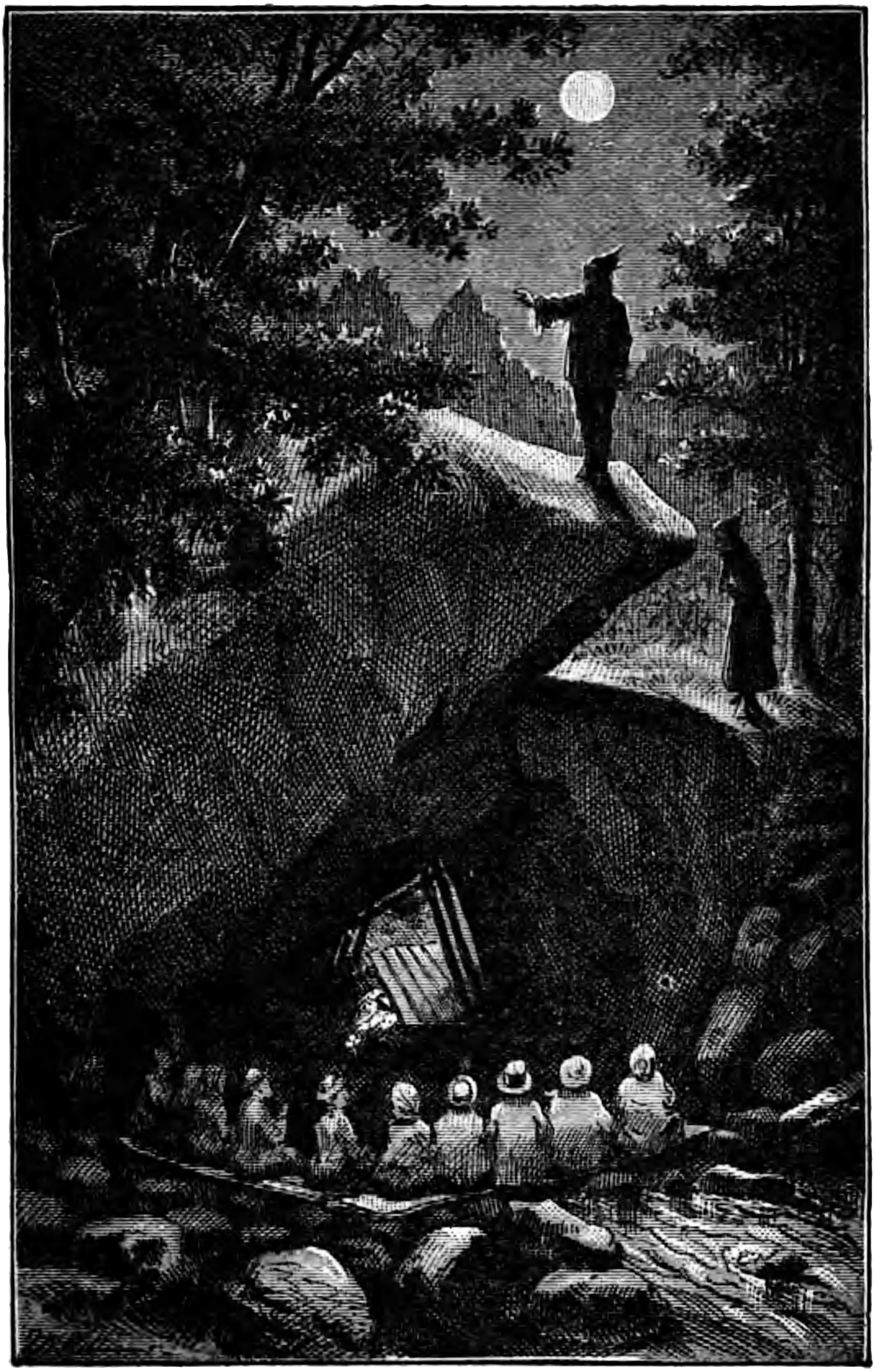
Through all, the family jog on in the even tenor of their unsystematic way, receiving new-comers with distrust, and letting life slide after a happy-go-lucky fashion. Those who stay longest with them have the most confidence in their mediumship, for they discover that their external misanthropy and curtness are the outcome of years of sorrow and injustice, the result of poor education and bad training. More than any man I ever met, William Eddy lives an interior life; and to be in relation, or supposed relation, with the people of the Silent Land, seems as natural to him as it ever was to the ecstatics of the early centuries or the recluses of Brahma.

Among the few favorite localities of the neighborhood are "Honto's cave" and Santum's grave, of both of which the artist has supplied illustrations from sketches taken on the spot.

The term cave is a misnomer in this instance, for the rude apartment by which the sprightly squaw's memory will be perpetuated is, like the "Cave" in Central Park, formed by the leaning of one great fragment of rock against another. It lies in dense shadow at the bottom of a ravine, so shrouded in foliage that the cheerful sunlight scarcely penetrates the spot even at high noon. A clear mountain brook running through it ceaselessly awakens its tiny echoes, and the surface of its rocky walls is scarred in so curious a manner as to convey the impression that the furrows are the half-effaced inscriptions of some pre-historic people. A path, scarcely practicable for a wider foot than that of the chamois or the mountain goat, runs along one of the steep banks, and the wood resounds with the bubble of the streamlet.

The sketch of the cave was drawn by Mr. Kappes from nature, the figures only being supplied from a published account of a spiritual seance held there on the 24th of May 1874, and the descriptions of eye-witnesses. There were present on the occasion in question, among others the following persons, who may be referred to in corroboration of my story; Mr. Andrew Beebe, Ludlow, Mass.; Charles Wakefield, Boston; James Little, Lake George, N. Y.; Mrs. Caroline Goss, Hudson, Wisconsin (West Conson, Horatio wrote it; and perhaps "Hudson" means Madison); Mary E. Jewett and Albert Frost, Rutland, Vt.; and the Eddy family.

The night was warm, and a full moon rode high in the heavens. The company assembled at an early hour, and *seated them*selves on benches, formed by laying boards



HONTO'S CAVE.

on convenient bowlders. In the arched mouth of the cave, Messrs. Saley and Frost had constructed a rude framework of joists, to support a curtain of shawls; green branches were piled in the farther end, so as to form a backing; and boards, loosely laid across the little brook, made a platform upon which the medium might sit on a camp-stool. In composing his sketch, the artist has been obliged to omit the curtain and most of the bough backing, so as to permit the light to shine through, and show the arrangement of the platform and framing.

The spectators at this weird gathering sat silent for awhile, and the stillness of the forest was broken only by the noise of the brook, the chirp of insects, and the rustle of the leaves as they stirred in the warm wind of spring. Suddenly the curtain was pushed aside, and the form of an Indian, fully accoutred, came out, stepped into the stream, and, stooping, made the motion of drinking some water from his hand. All eyes were riveted upon him, when some one suddenly exclaimed: "See! —up there—on the rock!" and high overhead appeared the giant spirit form of Santum in bold relief against the moonlit sky. Presently an Indian squaw was seen upon the verge of the rocky ledge to the right, peering down upon the startled group. Thus, at one time, three ghostly visitors were in sight, and while the audience gazed, all three disappeared. Then successively appeared at the cave's mouth, Honto, who knelt and made as if drinking from the brook, and several other red squaws and chiefs, each dressed after his or her own fashion, with plumes and beads, and the other braveries these simple aborigines love so well; William Eddy, meanwhile, talking within the cave so as to be heard by all.

A spirit-voice presently called out that they had been there long enough, and if they would go to the old Indian camp-ground hard by, more wonders would be shown them. The spot indicated is a level plateau not far from the Eddy house, and bears the traces of former councils in a circle of ancient hearths, where, beneath the sod, are to be found the vestiges of fires long since extinguished. Great maples, beeches, and here and there an oak, stand about the camping ground; giant sentinels, beneath whose shade, within the memory of men now living, the relics of once powerful tribes were accustomed to gather from time to time to celebrate their feasts. At one side a flat bowlder set on end, marks the spot where Santum (or, perhaps, in view of his frequent appearance before my eyes in his spiritual form, I should say his body) was buried. He might, if one familiar with the classics should suggest it, say to me upon some occasion when we should meet in presence of the right kind of a medium, what Socrates did to his friend Crito, when asked by the latter where and how they should bury him. "Bury me in any way you please, if you can catch *me* to bury. . . . Say, rather, Crito, say if you love me, where shall you bury my body."

Santum's tumulus has almost disappeared under the wash of a thousand rains, and a large maple, whose trunk at four feet from the ground measures four feet seven inches in girth, has sent its roots into the chieftain's dust, and, for aught I know, may have incorporated it in the cells and fibres of its own heart. Upon the sketch will be noticed a rude cross chiselled in the stone by one of the Eddy boys.

But, to resume our story:

Our wonder-seekers having reached the place indicated by the spirit-voice, hastily improvised a "cabinet" by pinning some shawls around the trunks of three trees, and William entered it. After a brief interval, the phantom shape of Achsa Sprague, a mediumistic speaker of some note among the Spiritists, emerged, and in a natural voice, addressed her hearers upon the one absorbing topic for about fifteen minutes; her form and the very play of her features being clearly revealed in the bright moonlight. She was followed by Mrs. Goss' brother, who walked some twenty feet from the "cabinet;" and next by an Indian, who ventured a like distance away from his medium, and then swung himself up on the branch of a tree and vanished.

The evening's wonders closed with the appearance of the spirit of the late William White, editor of the *Banner of Light*, the principal organ to the new creed. Mr. White was dressed in black broad-cloth, and had on a white shirt with studs in the bosom, whereas William wore his usual rough working suit, and brown check shirt without collar or cuffs. In his hand the spirit held a copy of the journal he once edited, which he opened, and showed the characteristic heading that the publication of thirty-five successive volumes has made familiar to thousands of persons.

The next morning Messrs. Saley and Swift revisited the cave to search for foot-prints in the soft earth, at the places where any mortal climbing the rocks would, of necessity, have trodden, but there were none to be seen. *The spectres had materialized themselves on the spots where they had respectively been seen.*

CHAPTER V.

PORTENTS AND MARVELS.

IF a competent person were to collect and arrange in picturesque form all the psychological experiences of the Eddy family, as related by them, the result would be a book of as romantic interest as the story of Zschokke's life. But I hardly think that the mere gift of clairvoyance, to say nothing of absolute mediumship can be esteemed a great personal blessing. I doubt if man's relations to his own world are not so exacting as to make it the reverse of beneficial, at least to himself, to be in constant and close sympathy with the other. The visions of the *lucide* are beatific, but do they not make him less satisfied to pursue his homely round of duty upon re-awakening? If one goes from bright sunshine into a cellar his eye feels the darkness more dense than it really is. The place has not changed since he last left it, only his iris is contracted.

This question forces itself upon the thoughtful observer at Chittenden in a peculiar manner. Seeing and hearing so many marvels in connection with this family and its history, the *cui bono* query will intrude in spite of oneself. Granted that all these foreseeings, portents, apparitions, levitations, obsessions, physical phenomena, and materializations have occurred, in what respect have they profited the seers and mediums? What good have they reaped from them? And if the answer is none, then why should they be made the victims of the visits of good angels or the pranks of evil spirits? These are questions easily asked—any child might ask them—but who can answer?

Except—and perhaps this is the true solution—that if there is such a thing as a Spirit World; and that that world can get into relations with us; and that it is the complement and fruit, the outcome and essence, the last distillation of all things and forms and potencies that we know of; and it is essential for man's progress that he should be assured of immortality—then, in such case, people constituted like these Eddys are necessary to the general welfare, and must be content to suffer and even die in the interest of the race. It requires a rare elevation of character to cheerfully endure martyrdom; and if William and Horatio and Mary and Delia and Webster, have grown sensitive, fretful, and morose in the course of all these leaden-footed, sorrow-burdened years, I, for one, cannot blame them. I am just selfish enough to ask Heaven to preserve me from the like experience!

Now if any of my valued friends among the men of science, here and abroad, should feel disposed to stop reading just at this point, because I seriously discuss these psychological phenomena as objective and not subjective, it will be a pity; for if they went to this homestead on a vacation visit, and set to work without fear or favor to observe, classify, analyze, and describe what they heard, saw, and felt, they, too, might find themselves flinging their pre-conceived notions behind the grate, and calling things by their right names.

The case-hardened skeptic, driven like me, from his first position of ascribing all these Eddy phenomena to trickery, and anxious to believe anything or everything rather than admit them to be spiritualistic, will ask me to try if they are not electrical, magnetic, mesmeric or odic in their character. Failing all these, he, who probably never before allowed the idea of a personal devil to be mentioned without rebuke, may, as a Rutland editor did the other day in a conversation we held together, say, it is all the work of the Father of Lies himself. This is good sound Catholic doctrine, and an impregnable refuge. Does not Chrysostom say: *Quod est in terra in terra maneat, si non a diabolo exfossum?* Having this in view, did not Bishop Viviers, in a pastoral letter published in the *Roman Catholic Guardian* in 1868, remark: "Doubtless there are relations between the intelligence of men and the supernatural world of spirits, * * * but they (*i. e.* the faithful) should not less certainly be convinced that these experiments are one of the thousand *ruses* of Satan to cause souls to perish?"

Now, as to the matter of electricity, that, as I have before observed, has long since been settled in the negative by Professor Hare, Mr. Varley, Mr. Crookes, and others; while the Committee of the London Dialectical Society cover the whole ground by saying that: "No philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived at." As to animal magnetism, the Society's sub-committee No. 2

report that they "have not discovered any conditions identical with those ordinarily deemed necessary to the production of the so-called electro-biological or mesmeric phenomena—but often the reverse." And as to their being the *product* of odic anterior causes, the great discoverer of *Od* himself ought to be good authority.

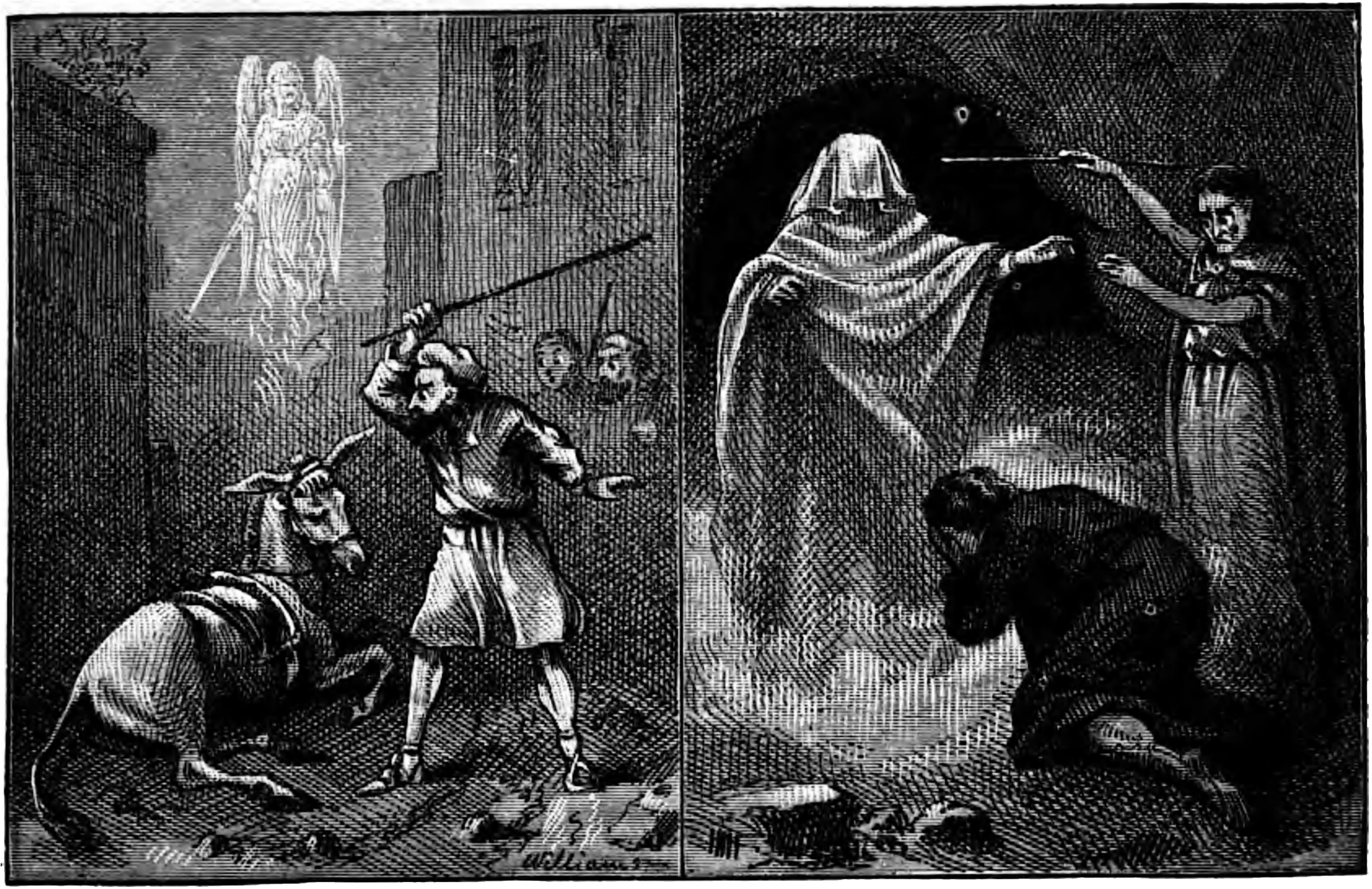
Baron von Reichenbach attended a circle in London, the striking incidents of which he has described; and he adds that he regards "the great influences of *Od* upon the human spirit as the mere physical side of the matter —the roots by which it adheres firmly to the ground;" and he is thankful to see the day when all his former discoveries show themselves as the portal through which it is possible for him "to go forward into the spiritual department." (Epes Sargent's "Planchette," p. 241.)

Where will we land, then, but in the camp of the enemy—in the arms of the Spiritists? Well, if, like Saul of Tarsus, we are to be knocked off our high horses of prejudice and unbelief, and blinded by the great new light that is to pour upon us from the "gates ajar," let us at least console ourselves that we are only getting back to where our ancestors and the ancestors of the whole race stood from the remotest ages. The Hindoo Vedas, Puranas, Bhagavat-Gita, and Ramayanas; the Chinese Confucian writings; the Koran; the discourses of the Roman and Grecian sages; the Egyptian records; the Persian Zend-Avesta; the Jewish Kabbala; and, lastly, the Christian Bible, attest that a belief in the ministration of good and evil spirits prevailed among all peoples, in all times. These Eddys hear spirit-voices calling to them in the night-watches, and I myself have heard them in the circle-room singing, whispering, and delivering discourses upon their spirit-life. This is strange, no doubt, and hard to believe, but it is no new experience.

Herodotus mentions an Egyptian monarch who returned to earth some time after his physical death and talked to his people; the famous statue of Memnon at Thebes, which gave forth melodious sounds when first struck by the sun's morning rays, was so haunted by the invisibles, that spirit-voices and spirit-music were heard issuing from it for ages. Strabo, Ælius Gallus, Demetrius, and others attest this fact.

J. M. Peebles, tells in his scholarly book, of the man Agrippa, of the XVth Century, who was not more remarkable for his knowledge of languages and wide range of scholarship than for his spiritual gifts. When at the Court of John George, Elector of Saxony, with the great Erasmus, he was solicited to call up the spirit of Tully. Arranging his audience (as these Eddys arrange theirs), he caused Tully to appear upon the rostrum, where he repeated his oration for Roscius "with such astonishing animation, exaltation of spirit, and soul-stirring gestures, that all present, like the Romans of old, were ready to pronounce his client innocent of every charge brought against him."

The mere quotation of Bible passages narrating the visits of talking and dumb spirits to men, would make a chapter by itself; so I will merely refer to a few that I find enumerated in a stray volume (Peebles' "Seers of the Ages") loaned me from a neighboring house, at the time these lines were written. They are: Genesis xix., 1; xviii., 1–2; xxxii., xvi., 7; Ex. iii.; 1 Kings,



INDISPUTABLE MATERIALIZATIONS.

xix., 5; Num. xxii., 31; 1 Sam. xxviii., 14; Job iv., 14–17; Dan. ix., 21; x., 9–10; x., 18; viii., 15–16; Acts vii., 35; Ezekiel viii., 2; xi., 1. I have recently read over again with singular interest, the passage in 1 Samuel, above cited, as it so well describes the process of "materialization" of which I have seen so many examples at the Eddys'.

The experiences of these wonderful Eddys, duplicate those of ancient mediums to so minute a degree, that even their dumb animals have been made to speak after the fashion of Balaam's ass. They killed, a while ago, by accident, an old goose which used to get under the windows, some stormy night and say, in sepulchral tones, "God save my poor goslings!" and "Oh, dear! what shall I do?" and sometimes cry out "Murder!" Horatio Eddy, in telling me this tough yarn, said that of course he did not believe that the bird's organs of speech were so changed that it could utter words like a Christian, but that "George Dix" or some other jovial spirit "materialized" a voice close to the creature's mouth. William Eddy and several other witnesses assure me that the story is no lie, they having heard the voice not once, but frequently.

My friend, Richard A. Proctor, in one of his astronomical lectures, told us that so far from the expanse of heaven being the abode of peace and quiet, it was the scene of terrific commotion and violence — thus destroying many pretty conceits of the poets. In like manner our notions of the future life are rudely disturbed by the Eddy phenomena and others of like character. It is no longer a Valley of Shadows and repose, but a busy scene of domestic occupation; while the singing and talking phantoms call upon Longfellow to re-write his "Song of the Silent Land," for it seems a land of speech and song, of music and poetry

> "O Land! O Land!
> For all the broken-hearted,
> The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
> Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
> To lead us with a gentle hand
> Into the land of the great Departed;
> Into the Silent Land."

I have to laugh when I recall Proctor's owly wisdom (see his "Borderland of Science") in explaining away all ghosts, by the discovery that the supposed shade of a certain dear one at his bedside, resolved itself into a student gown and rowing-belt. He is a jolly companion and an honorable fellow, and if he could stop at Chittenden one week with me, I warrant he would not only take a more cheerful view of the other life, but write a new volume; perhaps, with the title "Another World than Ours." And my most valued correspondent, Mr. Charles W. Upham, author of the noble work on Salem Witchcraft, who so complacently argues away all supernatural causes for the phenomena of 1692 by crediting Tituba, Ann Proctor, and the other "Afflicted Children" with a thaumaturgic deftness that would entitle them to rank with the greatest of Chinese jugglers—how amazed would he not be to sit beside me and see not only living materialized spirits, but even evanescent animals and flowers produced!

This is a bad place for materialists in general, and if Tyndall should come to this country again he had best avoid Chittenden. We had three of the kind there within a week—a lawyer, an artist, and an inventor. When they first came they were as spry with their arguments as though fresh from the reading of Vogt, Moleschott, or Feuerbach; denying, as Epes Sargent expresses it, with the asperity of partisanship, all evidences of a psychical nature in man, and seeming to take it as a personal affront if credited with immortal souls.

But when these intelligent men sat evening after evening and saw an average of a dozen ghosts a night stand in their presence, and show delight at being recognized by their personal friends, and actually heard some of them speak in clear, natural voices, their discomfiture was comical to behold. Tied to the anchorage of years of skepticism, unable to drift away into the open sea that suddenly lay before them—an Atlantic of thought with unknown countries beyond it—their little shallops fell to rocking and pitching them about, until they seemed in direful plight. One, the toughest customer of the three, the inventor, saw several of his family connection and was converted from unbelief; the second, the lawyer, and a man of fine intellectual powers, departed, big with essays against all religions, and halting between two opinions; the artist is still thinking.

It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to see men able to put two grammatical sentences together, writing crude criticisms and propagating falsehoods about the Eddy manifestations, miles away from the place. They must concede some shrewdness and common-sense to others, and conceive the possibility that it may be as hard to humbug me as themselves.

I have already said that there are things about the mediums, their antecedents, and their phenomena, to arouse distrust. But let any fair man stay there a week or two, take time to hear both sides of every story, and watch what occurs, and, my word for it, he will carry away food for reflection to last him the rest of his natural life.

It is difficult to understand the hostility of the Church, whose aggressive side is so well shown in the behavior of the Methodist neighbors of the Eddys, to Spiritism, for is it not its keenest and strongest weapon of offence against the materialists? Against a class of profound thinkers, who exclude Faith and demand sensuous proofs of the future existence of man, what argument can be adduced but the fact that our friends actually re-visit us after death and talk to us face to face? Is not the spread of materialism the direct consequence of the exclusion of facts which, if true, this modern Spiritism has re-verified, from religious creeds and scientific consideration?

In the early days of the Church the ministration of spirits was unhesitatingly believed by the Fathers, and the Catholic body holds to it to this day. Protestantism apparently made its fatal mistake when it scouted it, and it might have been better for Calvin and Luther if they had honestly confessed that their own personal experiences in this direction were something else than the work of the devil. If modern Spiritualism should prove true, their followers would be in the condition well-defined by Beattie:

> "So fares the system-building sage,
> Who, plodding on from youth to age,

Has proved all other reasoners fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour
When injured Truth exerts her power
Some *new phenomenon to raise*,
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground,
Proves the whole edifice unsound."

But let us leave polemics to the doctors and return to our story.

Writers upon the subject that we are now discussing, offer various hypotheses to account for the production of visible spectral forms, by the beings of the other world. Some contend that they are created out of the subtle particles existing in the atmosphere, and have a positive, if evanescent, material existence; while others deny their actuality and attribute their being seen to psychological control of our natural senses of sight, hearing, and touch; in like manner as the mesmerist obliges his patient to see, hear, taste, and feel whatsoever he may call up in his own mind. In my opinion, of course supposing that the tales are not bald fiction, the phenomena may be grouped into two classes—apparitions seen only by one or more sensitives or *lucides*, and those visible to all without regard to their lucidity; and they should be separately considered.

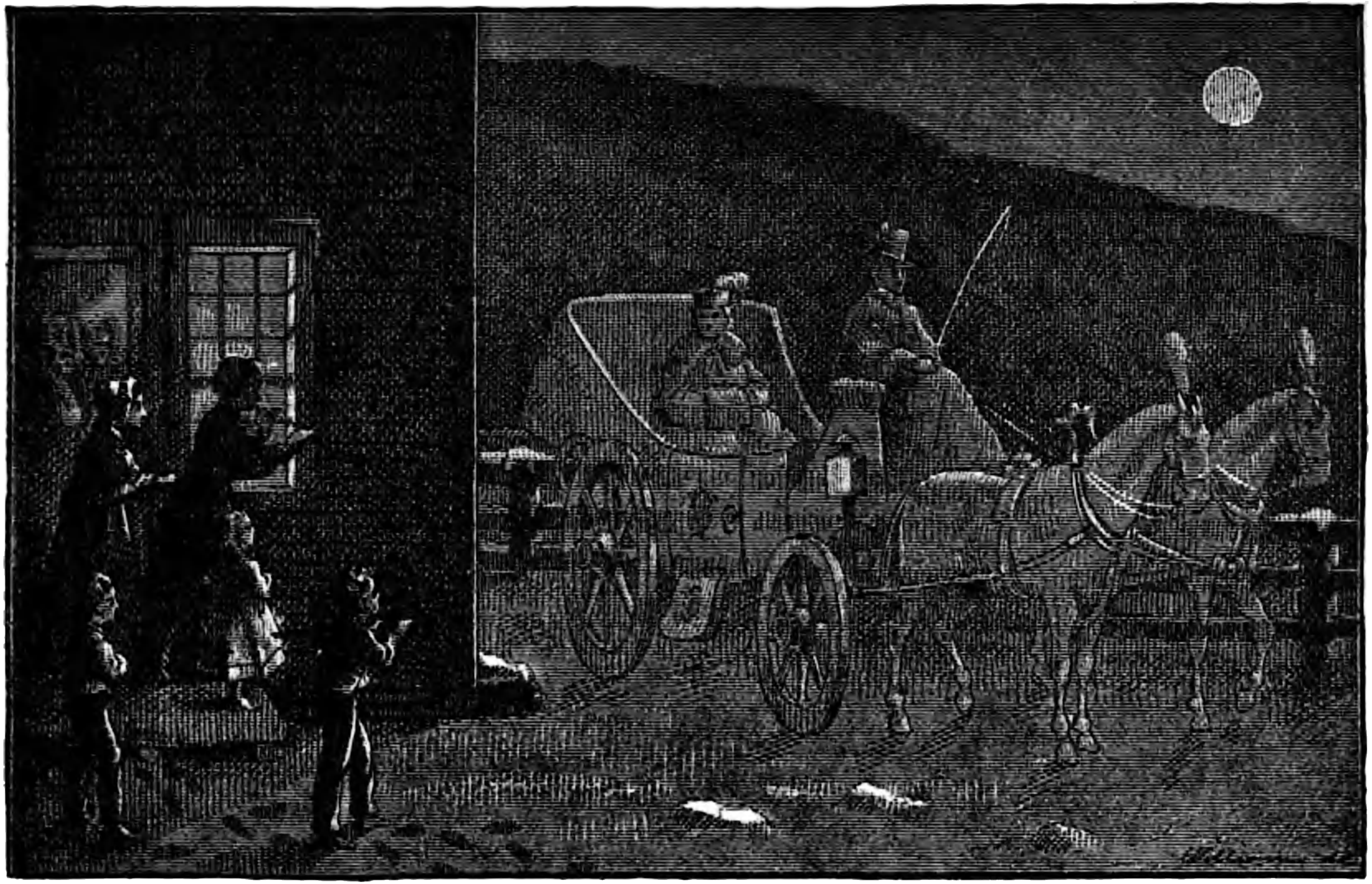
The experiences of the Eddys are of both kinds. Sometimes a phantom has been seen only by the sick or dying; sometimes by those in health, as forerunners of disaster impending over themselves or others; and sometimes in the materialized condition, so that everybody in the house, believers as well as unbelievers, perceived them equally well. The occurrence illustrated in the sketch of the phantom carriage was of this character. On a cold winter night, just before bed-time, the family were gathered in the sitting-room, when they heard the noise of a carriage coming rapidly along the road from the northward. The circumstance was so strange, the ground being covered with snow which would prevent the noise of wheels being heard, that all went to the front windows to look. A full moon,

> "* * * shining bright on the new-fallen snow,
> Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;"

—and they saw an old-fashioned, open carriage, drawn by a pair of white horses with plumes on their heads, turn rapidly into the yard and stop.

Rushing to the back door and flinging it open, there stood the equipage before their astonished eyes. On the back seat was a lady, dressed in Scotch plaid and furs, with a feather in her bonnet. She looked kindly at them and bowed, but said nothing. On his high box sat the driver, a thistle cockade in his hat and a capacious coat with a standing collar muffling him to his chin. Every buckle and trapping of the harness was plainly revealed by the moonlight, and even the ornamental scroll-work on the coach-panels.

The family, with characteristic rustic bashfulness, said nothing, waiting for the grand lady to manifest her pleasure. No one doubted for an instant the reality of what they saw, and even the skeptical and hard-hearted father moved to the door so as to be ready to do what might be required for the belated traveler.



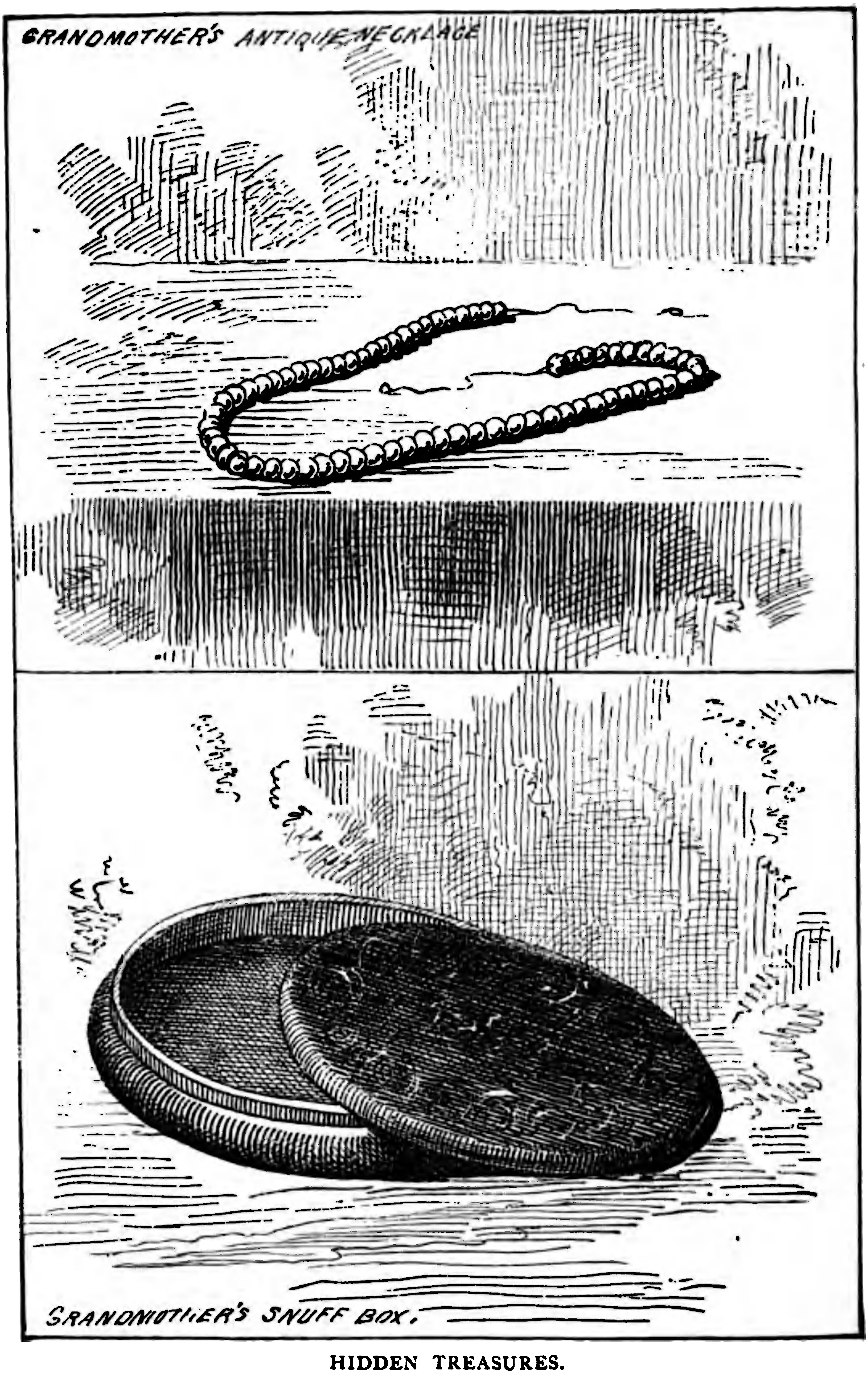
THE SPECTRE CARRIAGE.

But, as all eyes were fixed upon her, she and her equipage began to fade. The garden fence and other objects, previously concealed behind the opaque bodies of the carriage and horses, began to show through, and in a moment the whole thing vanished into the air, leaving the spectators lost in amazement. Old Mr. Eddy at once exclaimed that his wife and her mother had been up to some of their devilish witchcraft again; but they knew that it was a portent of somebody's death. The boys, then only ten or twelve years old, ran for the lantern and searched all over the road and yard for wheel-tracks, but their quest was fruitless. The phantoms had disappeared, without leaving the slightest impression on the snow. Two months later the grandmother died.

Although I dislike to break the sequence of my narrative, I will state, that in a circle one night I held a conversation about this apparition with a spirit-voice, which informed me that the phantom lady was a Scotch ancestress of Mrs. Eddy, who came to warn them of old Mrs. MacComb's death. And since then, at another seance, Mrs. Eddy herself confirmed the fact.

Portents have occurred before the death of each member of the family, but always entirely different in character from the predecessors, and happening unexpectedly. Mrs. Eddy, the mother of these children, deceased in 1873 after a lingering illness. During the whole time she lay in bed, manifestations of the presence of the departed were frequent. When the surviving children were wearied out with watching, Mrs. Eddy would send them to bed under the pretence that she needed quiet, and they, watching secretly, would see their dead sister Miranda's spirit in materialized form, doing the necessary offices for the invalid. They would hear her talking with their mother, and when it was necessary to turn her, the spirit, with the help of other spirits, would do it.

One day, as they sat at dinner, soft strains of music came through the open door, and going outside, they heard sweet airs played at the corner of the house, by an invisible harp and flute, the sound gradually receding and dying away on the air. A week before she breathed her last, her own dead mother, to warn whom the phantom lady came in her unsubstantial coach, appeared in materialized form to them all, bearing a basket of white roses in her hand. She told them that Mrs. Eddy would soon come "over the river" to her, and she was waiting to welcome her on the farther shore. The old lady wore the same dress as in life — a brown woolen frock, a round calico cape, a check apron, and a cap on her head; her scissors hung as usual at her side, and no detail was lacking to make her identification complete. She left a message for Horatio, to the effect that many years before, when about starting on a journey, she had hidden a string of gold beads in a snuff-box in the cellar wall; and directed him to find it and give the necklace to his youngest sister to wear for her sake. Search was made, off and on, for several months, and finally the box and contents were discovered by Horatio behind a stone in the north side of the cellar wall. The artist has sketched them, and they accompany this chapter.


GRANDMOTHER'S ANTIQUE NECKLACE
GRANDMOTHER'S SNUFF BOX.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

Horatio, just before his mother's decease, was absent from home, and at her request was sent for. Delia went to the table and wrote the letter of recall; and, leaving it open while searching for an envelope in another room, she found upon her return *that a postscript had been added by the spirit of Miranda, and signed with her familiar autograph.* The good lady finally closed her eyes upon the scene of so much misery and suffering; but she did not go far away, for before the funeral she "materialized" in Delia's presence, and directed her to remove the crape they had hung on the door, there being, she said, occasion for rejoicing rather than for mourning.

How she looked on this occasion I can perfectly understand, for I have seen her "materialized" on several occasions, and heard her speak, as I will more fully describe in a future chapter.

Mr. Owen relates, at pages 328 and 329 of his "Debatable Land," three cases of ghostly wagons and carriages being heard in England and the United States, but they were not precursors of death. Neither was the frightful apparition, related by Mrs. Crowe, in her "Night Side of Nature," page 413, of the horse and cart at Haverhill, Mass., with its fierce-looking driver and the fearful gray-haired woman lashed to the cart, writhing and struggling to get free.

Nor the "Wild Troop of Rodenstein," a spectral robber band, that at certain times swept along the road between the castles of Rodenstein and Schnellert; invisible, but making the ground shake and the air resound with the noise of their phantom horses and carriages, and barking dogs and cracking whips. Nor the herds of ghostly beasts, driven by a spectral herdsman accompanied by his long-haired, black dog, that cross the country in another part of Germany.

These instances serve to show that something, call it spirits or what we will, has the power to call into a temporary but altogether deceptive existence, the forms of animals, carriages and men; and my object in referring to them is to divest the phantom-carriage incident, in the Eddy family history, of much of the air of improbability that it would have if suffered to stand alone without the citation of similar phenomena happening elsewhere.

The discovery of the law by which these things can be made to occur, is among the most interesting of the results that promise to reward the labors of the scientific investigator. When it is demonstrated how motion can be conveyed to the phantasmal imitations of inanimate objects, like a wagon, and life be temporarily imparted to the ghostly shapes of animals, it will evidently be necessary for us to reconstruct our present beliefs as to the nature of force, and the limits of its manifestation.

'CHAPTER VI.

MORE PROPHETIC WARNING.

MY narrative, being in fact a narrative, not a mere report of researches in the phenomena of Spiritualism, will embrace things personally experienced, and things reported to me by credible witnesses. Thus three of my chapters have told the story of the outer life of the Eddys, and, including this one, two have been devoted to their inner life, which in their case is the more pleasant and important of the two. "In their case" did I say?—why not in every case? This inner life, with its hidden mysteries, its undiscovered laws, its unmeasured possibilities! Why, look at the mere matter of the memory. When I was last in England, Professor F. Crace Calvert, F. R. S., the well-known carbolic-acid exploiter, told me a curious bit of personal history that occurs to me just at this juncture. He was born in England, but when he had reached the age of eleven, his father took up his residence in France, and for twelve years the boy never spoke or heard spoken a work of English. Then he married an English girl and returned home. At this time, when he was at work with grammar and dictionary re-learning his mother-tongue, of which he had wholly lost the use, he *talked nothing but English in his sleep*; and his wife says he talked a good deal of it.

Coleridge mentions a somewhat similar case in his "Biographia Literaria," that of an ignorant girl, who "during a fever talked incessantly in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and who, it was afterwards discovered, had lived with a learned man who was a great Hebraist." Coleridge says of the wonderful power of memory, as suggested by this case, that "*this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded.*"

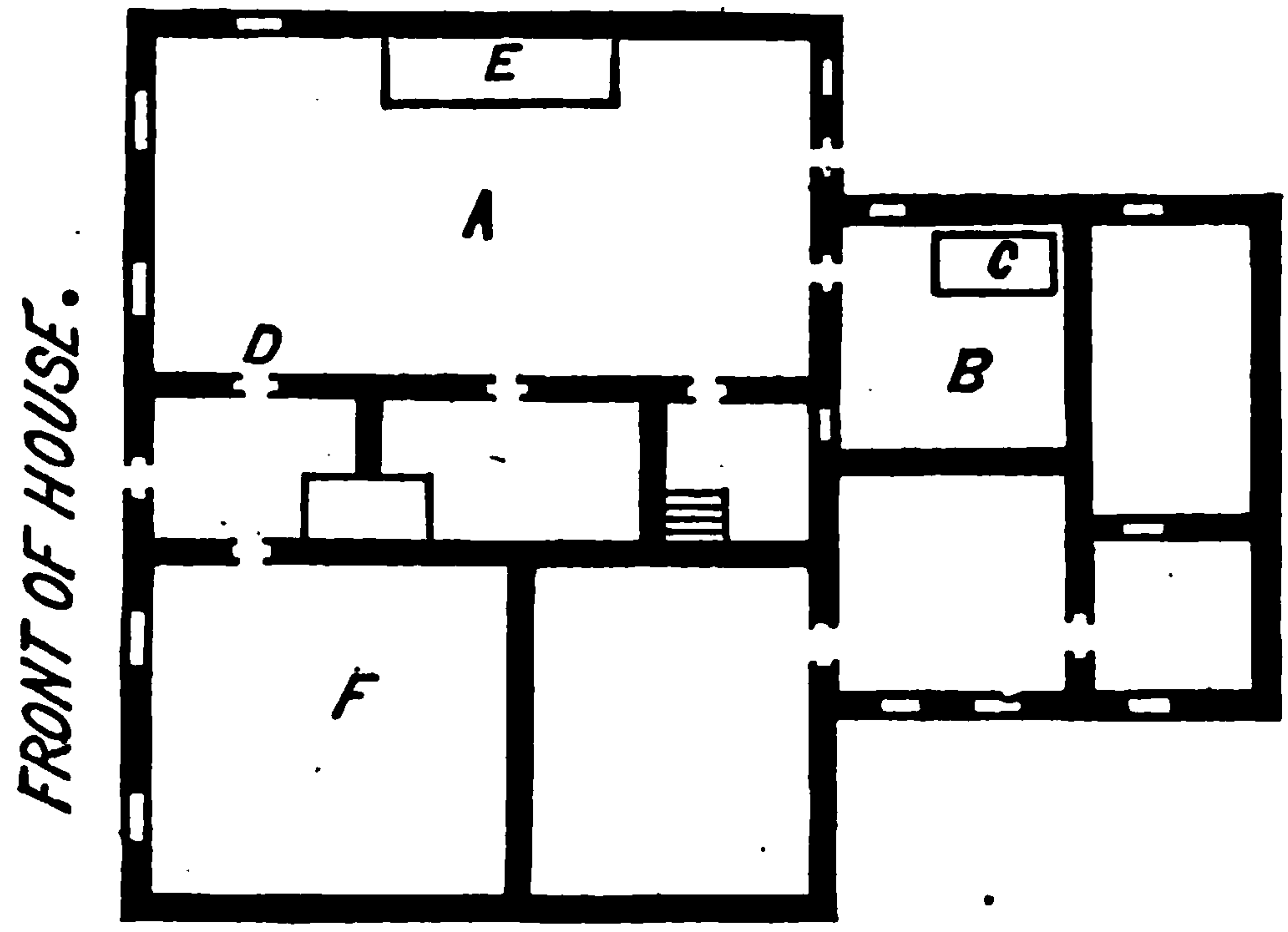
The Eddys, we may say, live three distinct lives:—one external; and one conscious and one unconscious internal life The first is the common lot of us all; in the second they see spiritual things while otherwise in their normal condition, and remember what they see; the third is the state of deep trance, into which William invariably enters when sitting for the "materializations;" and into which Horatio and the others fall when obsessed by other spirits who communicate orally to their personal friends, or when levitated, or when sitting for powerful physical manifestations in the light or dark.

Upon recovering from this latter condition, the medium seems to remember nothing that has befallen him, except upon those rare occasions when William, like the ancient Epimenides and Corfidius, has left his body dead and wandered in the supernal spheres, bringing back accounts of what he had seen and heard among the immortals.

I am well aware that the materialization of spirits, is what the public is most anxious to hear about, but I cannot take up that phase of the subject, before at least skimming the surface of this family history for the other marvellous experiences to which its members have been subjected. It would be like Columbus returning from his gold hunt in the new country with no account of its geography, fauna, flora, or human inhabitants. The stories I am recording were not gathered at appointed sittings, at which the narrator might have been tempted to stretch fancy to help make literary sensations; but in general social conversation, over our pipes around the evening fire, as the discussion of varied topics drew them out. And in every case they have been attested by more than one witness. For the present we will occupy ourselves with more familiar phases of the mediumship. There will be abundant opportunity for me to present the materialization question in its most novel and interesting aspects.

We were upon the subject of portents fore-running death, and in my last chapter I described some that befell, before Mrs. Eddy, the mother, left this world for the other. About a year before the father died, he retired one night, in his usual health to his sleeping-room in the L part, leaving the family in the sitting-room. In a few moments they were startled by seeing him, or what seemed himself, standing in the door leading into the front hall, with his outer clothing removed. The following diagram will show that it was impossible for him to have reached the place without passing directly through the room they were in, and so account for their alarm:

A is the sitting-room; B Mr. Eddy's sleeping-room; C his bed; D the door where he was seen; E fire-place.



From the room A he could be seen by the family lying in his bed, and yet, there, he or his second self stood at the hall-door! Mrs. Eddy called to him and he answered from his bed, scolding them for disturbing him. The silent figure was then nothing less than his "double" or wraith.

The son James died of diphtheria in 1862 in the north room (marked F on the diagram). A week before the event he asked his mother who the lady was who came every day on the white horse to visit him. She thought his mind wandered, and set to pacifying him, saying that there was no lady nor any white horse, and he must not disturb his mind with such fancies. He insisted that there was a lady, and that she rode up every day at a certain hour, tied her horse to the hitching-post and came and sat in his room, waiting, as she said, for him to come with her. The mother then said it must be a spirit, but he declared that it was no spirit, but a living person. At this very time Dr. Ross, of Rutland, the attendant physician, prophesied his recovery, but the mother recognized the phantom rider as a warning, and her fears were justified a few days later. The night he died he appeared to his brother William, then a lad working in the dairy on Warren Leland's farm in Westchester County, N. Y., and who started for home before the next dawn. He reached the door of his home weeping bitterly, and anticipated the evil tidings by saying he knew all about it and had come home to the funeral.

How vividly this incident recalls the case of the two illustrious friends, Michael Mercatus and Marcellinus Ficinus, as related by Baronius:

> After a long discourse upon the immortality of the soul, they mutually pledged their word that whoever should die first would appear to the survivor. Shortly after, Mercatus being one morning deeply engaged in study, heard the noise of a horse galloping in the street, which presently stopped at his door, and the voice of Ficinus called to him, "Oh, Michael! oh, Michael! *vera sunt illa*—those things are true!" Rushing to the window and flinging open the casement, he plainly saw his friend *on a white steed.* He called after him, but without another word he galloped out of sight. Thereupon he sent immediately to Florence to inquire concerning his friend's health, and learned that he died about that hour he called to him.

Mrs. Crowe tells of an Edinburgh citizen who, riding gently up Corstorphine hill one day, observed an intimate friend of his own, on horseback also, immediately behind him. He slackened his pace to give him time to come up, but presently was amazed to find no one in sight, although there was no side road by which his friend could have departed. Perplexed in mind at the strange circumstance, he returned home to find that during his absence his friend had been killed by his horse falling in Candlemaker's Row.

Again, a Yorkshire farmer's wife, away from home, was suddenly seen to ride into the farm yard on horseback and then disappear, and she was afterward found to have died at that precise time.

One day, before Miranda Eddy's death, the family were sitting at dinner, when suddenly a heavy bell tolled one, in the air, right over their heads, and the reverberations of the peal died away while they listened for the stroke to be repeated. Miranda saw James and Francis in the spirit and gave orders for her own tombstone. She ordered the inscription — "Not dead but risen. Why seek ye the living among the dead?" — to be placed upon it. The survivors declare that she was the greatest medium in the whole family. An old woman of the neighborhood, who has the same passion for laying out corpses that a famous New York thief, nicknamed "The Chief Mourner," had for attending funerals, was counting upon the pleasant job Miranda was soon to furnish her, but the dying girl said the miserable creature should never close her eyes. She made her mother promise that no one but she should touch her body, and then calmly awaited the end. As the ebb of life interfered with her breathing, Mrs. Stephen Baird, a friendly neighbor, supported her in her arms. The last minute arrived, the wrist was pulseless, and the last gasp was being taken, *when the dead right arm raised itself, and the dead hand closed the glazed eyes.* Here is Mrs. Baird's own certificate:

CHITTENDEN, October 5th, 1874.—I certify that I was present on the occasion of Miranda Eddy's death; that I held her up at the last moment; and that, just at her last gasp, her arm rose and her right hand closed her eyes." MARY BAIRD.

Miranda wrote her own obituary verses, which, at the family's request, I quote:

" There's a silence in parlor and chamber,
There's a sadness in every room;
Tho' we know 't was the Father who claimed her,
Yet everything 's burdened with gloom.
But we will not be comfortless mourners,
For we know where the angels have borne her,
And soon we shall see her again."

Francis Lightfoot Eddy was Orderly Sergeant of Company G, 5th Vermont Volunteers, in the late war. He contracted a heavy cold in the army that soon ran into quick consumption, and the poor fellow came home to die. He lay sick three months, but three days before the end approached, he wrote in the family Bible, the exact day and hour of his death. A fortnight previous to this, the family heard a wagon drive up to the front door, one evening, the latch lifted and the button turned, and they saw two soldiers bring in a coffin and place it in the entry, and then retire and drive off without saying a word. On the coffin was a plate with a name upon it, which not being able to read in the obscurity, they went for a candle; but upon its being brought, the coffin had vanished like its mysterious bearers. When Francis died they sent to Rutland by a neighbor for his coffin, and when that was brought, it was the counterpart of its spectral double, to the very plate and nails.

Francis also dictated the style of his tombstone and wished it to bear the inscription, "passed into the world of spirits," instead of the usual formula, "died." He also wanted a flag carved on the stone, surmounted by the legend; "Freedom at last." But old Mr. Eddy was bound to have his own way in this as in everything else, and set up a stone to suit himself. This enraged the boy's spirit so much that he came back in materialized and unmaterialized form, and annoyed them until they replaced the obnoxious marble with one according with his dying request.

In the spring of 1863 the child of Sophia Eddy, wife of Sylvester Chase, of Bennington, Vt., lay sick at the old Eddy homestead, of lung fever. Her death was expected by all, and Delia ironed a white dress and skirt for the little girl and laid them away in the mother's trunk. One evening Horatio went out to the penstock for water, and, looking up, he saw his own room in the second story lighted up and two strange old women walking about, shaking the invalid's dresses and busying themselves in other preparations, apparently for the coming death. He ran up-stairs, and, opening his door, found a table set in the middle of the floor, covered with a sheet taken from the bed and on it the child's clothes, which had been removed from the trunk in another room. The smoking wicks of two candles showed the source of the light he had observed. Knowing by experience what this sort of thing meant, he came down and told the watchers that the child would die, The mother at once fell into a violent convulsion, which ended in a dead faint. Meanwhile Horatio had gone to the door and stood watching the re-lighting of the candles and the moving about of the ghostly women, when, just as Mrs. Chase had fainted, the light was extinguished, there was a rush of invisible feet down the stairs and into the chamber, and the child soon began to mend in the arms of William, who tended the little one with affectionate care. They were afterwards told that it was fully expected that she would die, and spirit friends had gathered there to receive her, but the mother's alarming condition induced them to unite their efforts to keep alive the flickering spark of life.

Now, please bear in mind that all these portents have had their prototypes in various countries at various times. The books are full of them, and unless we choose to reject corroborative testimony of a character and to a degree that would substantiate any other facts in any court of justice, we have no right to whistle these psychological phenomena down the wind. If they have occurred more frequently than might be wished in the presence of illiterate and plain people who were incapacitated to observe and study them to the best advantage, it is only the louder call upon men of science to take up the inquiry and set our minds at rest. Says Mr. Crookes in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for July, 1871:

> "It argues ill for the boasted freedom of opinion among scientific men, that they have so long refused to institute a scientific investigation into the existence and nature of facts asserted by so many competent and credible witnesses, and which they are freely invited to examine when and where they please. For my own part I too much value the pursuit of truth, and the discovery of any new fact in nature, to avoid inquiry because it appears to clash with prevailing opinions."

These are noble words, and worthy of consideration by every scientist who would not be considered an obstructionist in this time of progress. He adds in the same article:

> "I confess I am surprised and pained at the timidity or apathy shown by scientific men in reference to this subject. Some little time ago, when an opportunity for examination was first presented to me, I invited the co-operation of some scientific friends in a systematic investigation; but I soon found that to obtain a scientific committee for the investigation of this class of facts was out of the question, and that I must be content to rely on my own endeavors, aided by the co-operation from time to time of a few scientific and learned friends who were willing to join in the inquiry."

When Mr. Crookes announced in 1870 his intention to take up this new branch of scientific inquiry, his determination was applauded by the most influential journals in Europe. "Now," they said, "we shall have the facts, for now a truly great student of nature is set about finding it all out." But when he found it out and announced, like the honest and brave man he is, that his researches warranted the belief that spiritual intercourse was a demonstrable truth, he was abused and vilified to such a degree as to make it apparent that *what he was expected to discover was something that would not run counter to popular prejudice.*

I have said that the Eddy portents have their prototypes. The frequency of this class of phenomena, led the German psychologists to adopt the doctrine of guardian spirits—"a doctrine," says Mrs. Crowe, "which has prevailed more or less in all ages, and has been considered by many theologians to be supported by the Bible."

The literal accuracy of the sketch of "The Phantom Carriage" has been endorsed on three separate occasions since its appearance in the *Daily Graphic*, by what claimed to be spirits, who addressed me in audible voice—one of the three Mrs. Eddy herself—and all three assert that the apparition was sent by a guardian spirit. I know the full value of words, and I mean to say unequivocally that a woman—a breathing, walking, palpable woman, as palpable as any other woman in the room, recognized not only by her sons and daughters, but also by neighbors present, as Mrs. Zephaniah Eddy, deceased December 29th, 1872—on the evening of October 2d, 1874, walked out of a cabinet where there was only one mortal, and where, under ascertained circumstances, only this one man could have been at the time, and spoke to me personally in audible voice. And nineteen other persons saw her at the same time, and heard her discourse.

The records teem with instances of warnings being conveyed by supernatural agency, to persons in temporary danger, as well as to those about to die. Among the most interesting is that of the white-robed child *Immanuel*, who attended Frau Jung Stilling from 1799 to her death. He would forewarn her of dangers, attended her when travelling, and hovered near at all times and seasons. He addressed her in a language of his own, which, though unintelligible to others, she somehow understood. When she asked the spirit to show himself to her husband he refused, alleging that to do so would make him ill and cause his death. "Few persons," he explained, "are able to see such things."

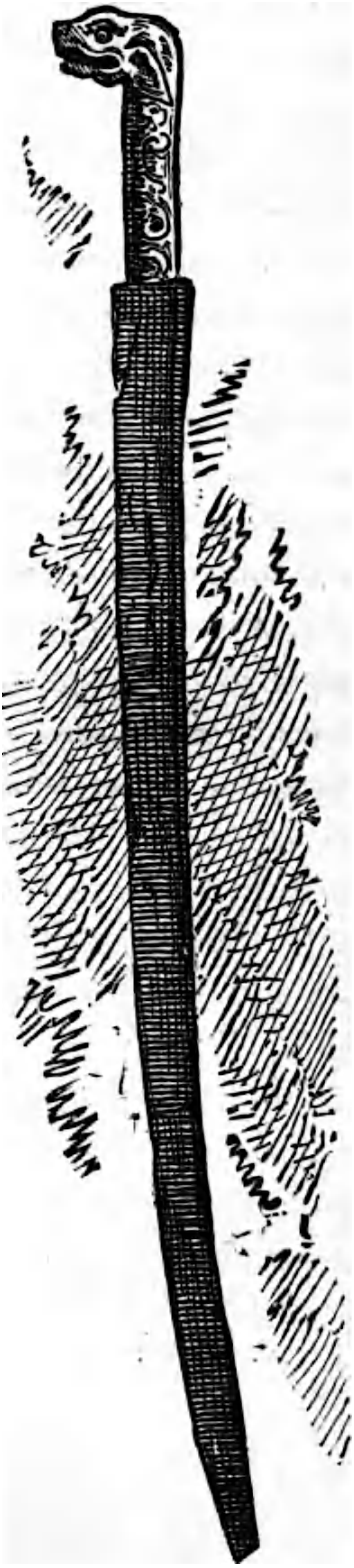
After the death of Dante, it was discovered that the thirteenth canto of the "Paradiso" was missing, and all search for it proved unavailing. But after some months the dead poet appeared to his son Pietro Alighieri, and told him that if he removed a certain panel near the window of the room in which the poem was written, the missing canto would be found. And it was found, much mildewed but legible.

The story I told of Horatio Eddy's finding his grandmother's snuff-box and gold necklace, has its counterpart in the case of Madame von Militz (related by Mrs. Crowe), who, being about to sell her ancestral home, was instructed by a voice to go to the cellar and open a certain part of the wall. She did so, and found a goblet in which was a small gold ring, on which was engraven the name *Anna von Militz.*

A Scotch gentleman, who was passing the night in the Manse of Strachur, Argyleshire, was visited during the night by an apparition, which said: "I come to tell you that this day twelvemonth you will be with your father." By a most curious concatenation of circumstances, he lost his life at the very time indicated, in a storm.

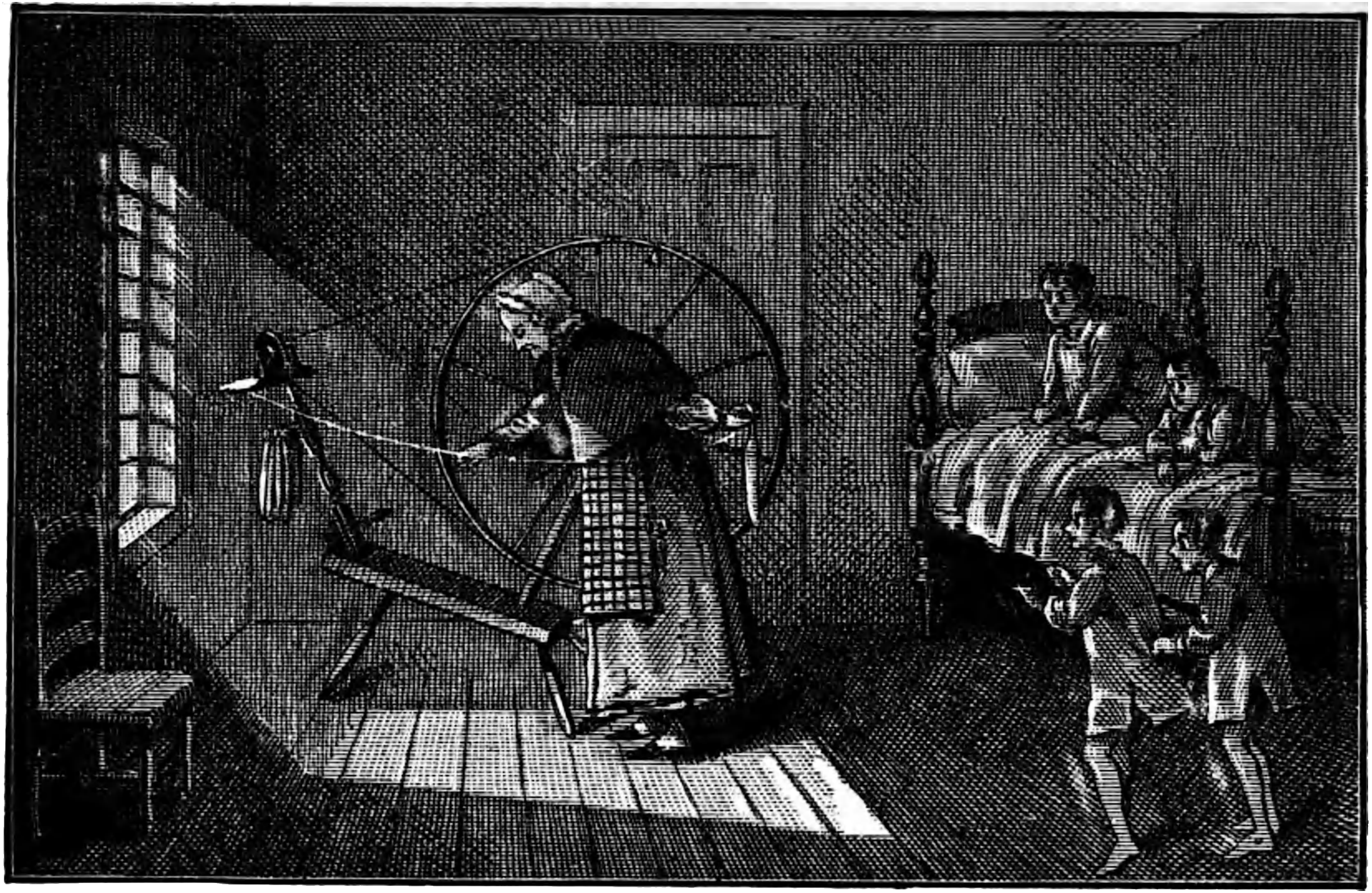
I have mentioned the appearance of James Eddy to his brother William at the moment of his death, and if I had space, could cite twenty similar cases from familiar authors. One will suffice for the present. Lord Balcarres was confined in the castle of Edinburgh on a charge of Jacobitism, and one night, saw his friend Viscount Dundee open the curtains of his bed and look in upon him; and then walk to the mantel-piece, lean upon it a moment, and go out of the room. At the same hour, as it subsequently appeared, the Viscount had died.

When it is known that William Eddy never had a month's schooling in his life, and that he is almost illiterate, it will readily be imagined that he never even heard of Lord Balcarres.



The curious weapon of which the artist has furnished a sketch was dug out of the ground, from a depth of four feet below the surface, by Horatio Eddy, near Batavia, N. Y., where he happened to be exhibiting, some years ago. His information as to its locality, was obtained, he says, from a spirit. The shape of the weapon, and the quaint ornamentation of the bronze handle, will interest the antiquary.

The sketch of the Spinning Ghost tells the story of a curious family experience, attested to me by every member of the Eddy connection that I have seen. After old Mrs. Macomb's death, she was for years in the habit of returning to the north room on the second floor and turning her spinning-wheel. Four of the boys slept there, and the wheel stood in the south-east corner, behind the door. The children were greatly frightened at first to hear the buzz and see no one, but they soon grew familiar with the thing, and finally, to be sure that grandmother would awaken them, they hung a little bell on the wheel. The phenomenon, which had frightened them at first so that they hid their little faces beneath the bed-covering, had become a nightly diversion. After awhile the spirit materialized herself, feebly at first but stronger by degrees, until she would come looking exactly as when alive. The sketch represents the scene with absolute accuracy, and it is worth while to call attention to the fact that, except for the title, no one would suspect that the woman was not of this world. It was intended that it should be just so, for I can assure the reader, that, so far from the materialized spirits who appear in the Eddy "circle-room" seeming ghostlike, they are as substantial in every respect as any of us who gaze at the weird phalanx of the dead-alive.



THE SPINNING GHOST.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHAPTER OF FEET AND INCHES.

I ASSUME it to be a fundamental principle that, in making scientific researches, results must be self-sufficient; requiring neither excuse nor charity of construction, but carrying conviction in themselves. To deserve admission into the field of science, they must, be arrived at under circumstances that absolutely exclude the chance of error. They must, moreover, be capable of re-production at any time, under exactly the same circumstances, by any capable scientist, in any part of the world. I admit, also, that in view of the multitudinous liabilities to self-deception by trusting to the senses, their evidence should be largely excluded. To think I see a body rise in opposition to the law of gravity, as now understood, is to the student of science no evidence that I did see the phenomenon. He says that it is more reasonable to believe my eyesight at fault, or that, if I did see the body rise, trickery was involved, than that the universal law of gravity was disturbed in this particular instance. But if the lifting of the weight can be indicated on an instrument, which having neither eyes nor psychological idiosyncrasies, cannot be deceived, then a new fact is gained for science, and our whole domain of knowledge has to be re-measured.

Applying these rules to my own case, in what attitude do I stand towards the scientific world? The answer is readily given. The collector of a few facts and observer of certain phenomena, which others must classify and analyze: the gatherer of a few of the pebbles on the strand; gazing over the whole ocean that lies there, inviting the keel of the bold and skillful navigator; but which I cannot explore. As William Morton the common sailor, pushing ahead of his companions, looked out upon the Open Polar Sea that had been the dream of geographical science for ages, and, humble as he was, pointed the way for all future Arctic explorers, so, I trust, that in reporting what is to be seen at the Vermont House of Wonders, this outpost upon the borders of the world known, and gateway of the world unknown, I may at least lighten the labors of those more learned and scientific than I, who are to come this way with the clew of the labyrinth in their hands.

If I am so fortunate as to observe any one thing so carefully that it commands the thoughtful attention of one trained investigator, and so ultimately leads to the discovery of an occult force, I should be most thankful; while if I should discover, or assist others to prove the Eddy marvels to be nothing but chicane, the public will be the gainer and I shall deserve well of it.

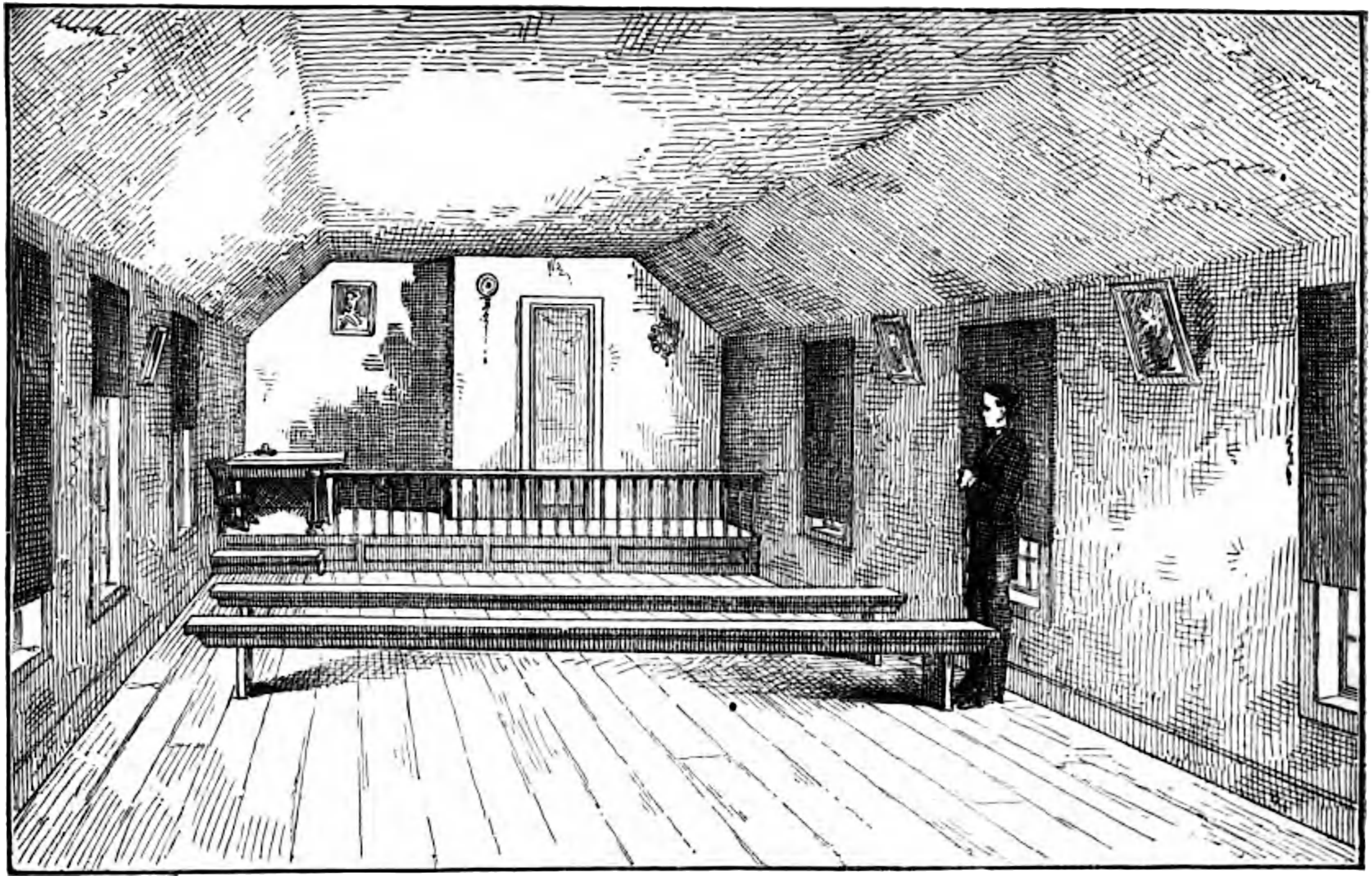
I am led to make these remarks, by various criticisms and suggestions received by me from sources worthy of respect. It is proper that I should define my position beyond mistake, and declare that, if I misrepresent what I see, hear, and feel, it will be through lack of trained powers of observation, and the consequent deception of my senses, and no other cause. Of course there is danger of this very thing, for I am not capable of doing the work of the man of science, any more than that of the dentist or cabinet-maker. But perhaps I am as competent as the average of laymen, and so we will let it pass at that.

There were one or two pseudo-*investigators* at the Eddys' during my visit, skipping in for a day or so, and skipping off again, ready to avow that all of William's "materialized spirits" were William in disguise, and all of Horatio's surprising manifestations, the easy tricks of a travelling conjuror. If one tells them of babies being carried in from the cabinet by women; of young girls with lithe forms, yellow hair, and short stature; of old women and men standing in full sight and speaking to us; of half-grown children seen, two at a time, simultaneously with another form; of costumes of different makes; of bald heads, gray hair, black, shocky heads of hair, curly hair; of ghosts instantly recognized by friends and ghosts speaking audibly in a foreign language of which the medium is ignorant—their equanimity is not disturbed for an instant. One sound and sufficient rule is applied: exclude everything troublesome, and explain away the rest as fraud. Let the world wag as it will, they are omniscient and infallible; and, with Sir Oracle, say:

> "When I ope my mouth, let no dog bark."

The credulity of some scientific men, too, is boundless—they would rather believe that a baby could lift a mountain without levers, than that a spirit could lift an ounce. Alfred Wallace, of London, told a friend of mine that if a new fact were presented to Tyndall he would smell it, look at it, taste it, turn it over, handle it, bite it,—and then wouldn't believe. This is an extreme illustration of scientific skepticism, but after all it fairly illustrates the habit which, properly moderated, protects the world from false teaching. At the same time it must be admitted, that this spirit clogs the wheels of Progress, and obliges discoverers to win their just renown at the price of suffering and persecution. The other day a visitor at the Eddys' offered to bet me $1,000 to $100 that he could personate every one of the ghosts he saw that night, with a few dollars' worth of stage properties, and do every "trick" of Horatio's light circle after a day's preparation. All I could say was, that in such case he need not hunt for gold mines, for he had one in his head and fingers.

The phenomena publicly exhibited at the Eddy homestead are of the following character: 1. The so-called materialization of spirit-forms, which occur in a "circle-room" in the second story of the L part of the house. 2. The showing of materialized hands; the "ring test;" writing of names of deceased persons upon cards, by detached hands; and playing on instruments in the light; which usually happen in a circle held at the conclusion of the materialization circle. 3. The playing of musical instruments; voices; the sound of heavy dancing; the moving of ponderous bodies; the floating of musical instruments through the air; the noise of struggles and sword combats between two



THE CIRCLE-ROOM.

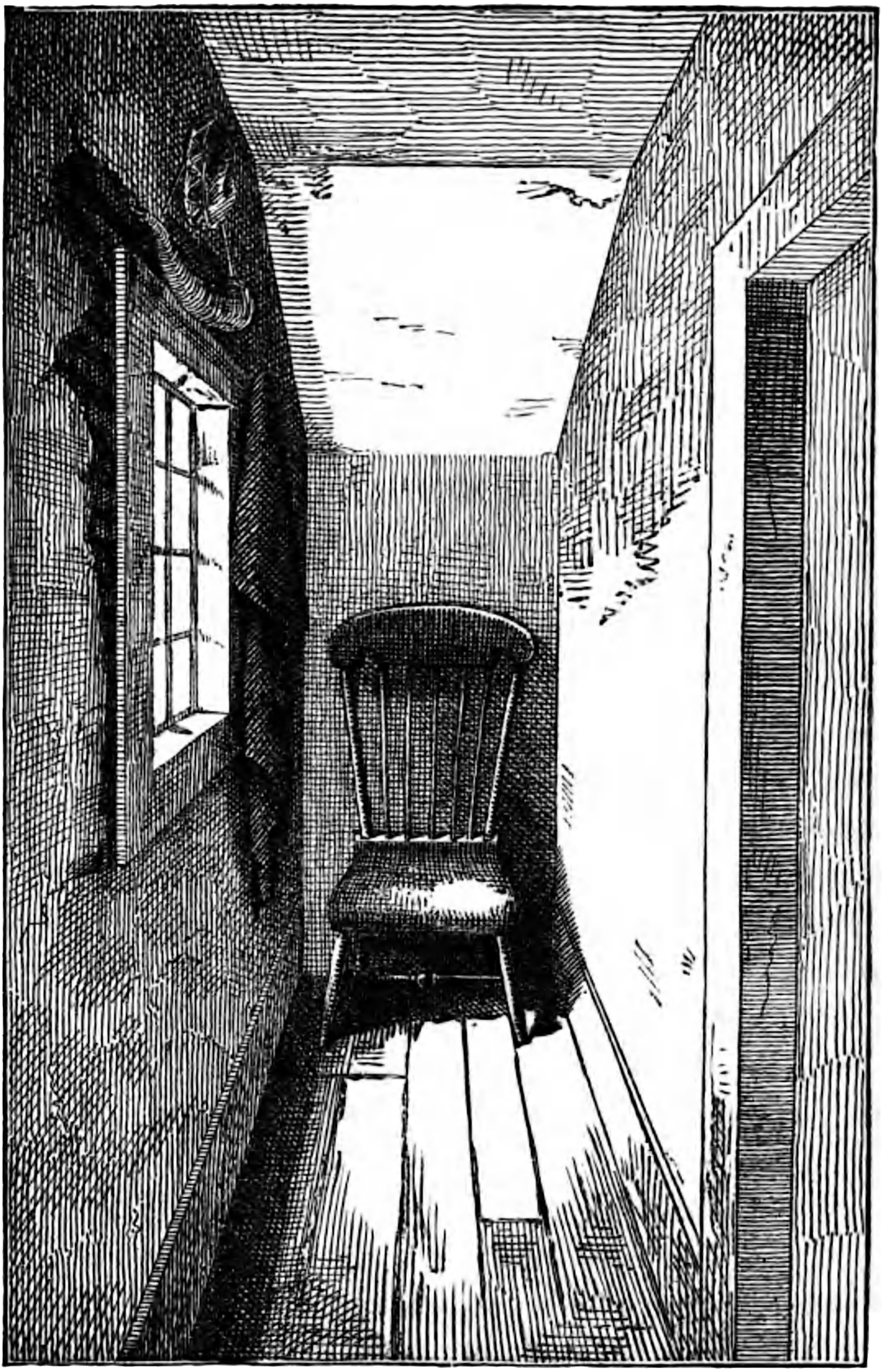
combatants; the flashing of phosphorescent lights; the touching and patting of our persons by supposed spirit-hands; a concert of musical instruments, numerous enough to require the aid of at least four performers; solo-playing on the harmonicon, accordeon, violin, flute, guitar, or concertina; the improvisation of rhymes by a voice, upon a subject named by any person present; whistling; the imitation of a storm at sea, with the whistling and roaring of the gale, the force of waves, the sucking pumps, &c., &c.—these in a totally darkened room. All these forms of manifestation I have seen, heard, or felt, and each many times.

My first problem was whether the manifestations were produced with the help of confederates, and I will state the physical conditions surrounding the performers. The room is, as I observed, in a new extension, or L. Its windows are 13 feet 9 inches from the ground. No ladder is owned on the premises. For the use of carpenters engaged in making some small repairs, one was borrowed in the neighborhood. There is but one door of entrance, and this at the end of the room next to the main part of the house. The room is 37 feet 6 inches long and 17 feet wide, with a ceiling 9 feet 2 inches high in the centre, and 6 feet 11 inches at the sides. At the farther or west end is the kitchen chimney, 2 feet 7 inches by 3 feet 4 inches, in the centre of the gable. To the right of the chimney is a closet of the same depth — 2 feet 7 inches — and a length of 7 feet, with a window in it, 2 feet 6 inches from the floor, and having a 2 feet 2 inch by 2 feet 3 inch opening. The door to the closet or "cabinet" (for this is where the medium, William H. Eddy, sits) is 5 feet 9 7-8 inches high by 2 feet wide. The ceiling of the cabinet at the chimney end is 7 feet 2 inches, and 5 feet at the other end, where the roof slopes. Three sides of the closet are lath and plaster; the fourth the solid brick wall of the chimney. There are no panels to slide, no loose boards in the floor to lift. Every inch is tight and solid. Outside the cabinet a platform as long as the width of the room, and 6 feet 7 inches wide in its widest part, is elevated 23 1-4 inches above the general floor level. Along its outer edge runs a balustrade or handrail, 2 feet 6 inches high, making the height from the floor of the room to the top of the rail, 4 feet 5 1-4 inches. The outside measurements of the L, correspond with those of the circle-room.

For six months after the hall was built, there was no window in the cabinet, but one evening during the excessively hot weather of last July, the medium fainted upon coming out of the stifling place, and the window was cut through.

This window, in consequence of insinuations of its possible use for the introduction of costumes and confederates, I obtained permission to effectually seal up, which I did by tacking a fine mosquito netting over the frame outside, and sealing it with wax stamped with my signet.

This precaution made no difference in what occurred inside. I examined the netting every day until I left the place, about three weeks afterward, and found it just as I left it, with the exception that one night a violent gale and rain-storm made a slight rent, which I



INSIDE OF CABINET.

immediately repaired. Before this covering was put on, the window was watched from the outside, during a seance, and no confederacy was discovered.

The audience occupy the two benches and the chairs shown on the diagram. The circles being held by night, such feeble illumination as there is, comes from a kerosene lamp placed at the south side of the room, at the point indicated in the ground plan. My own post of observation is also shown.

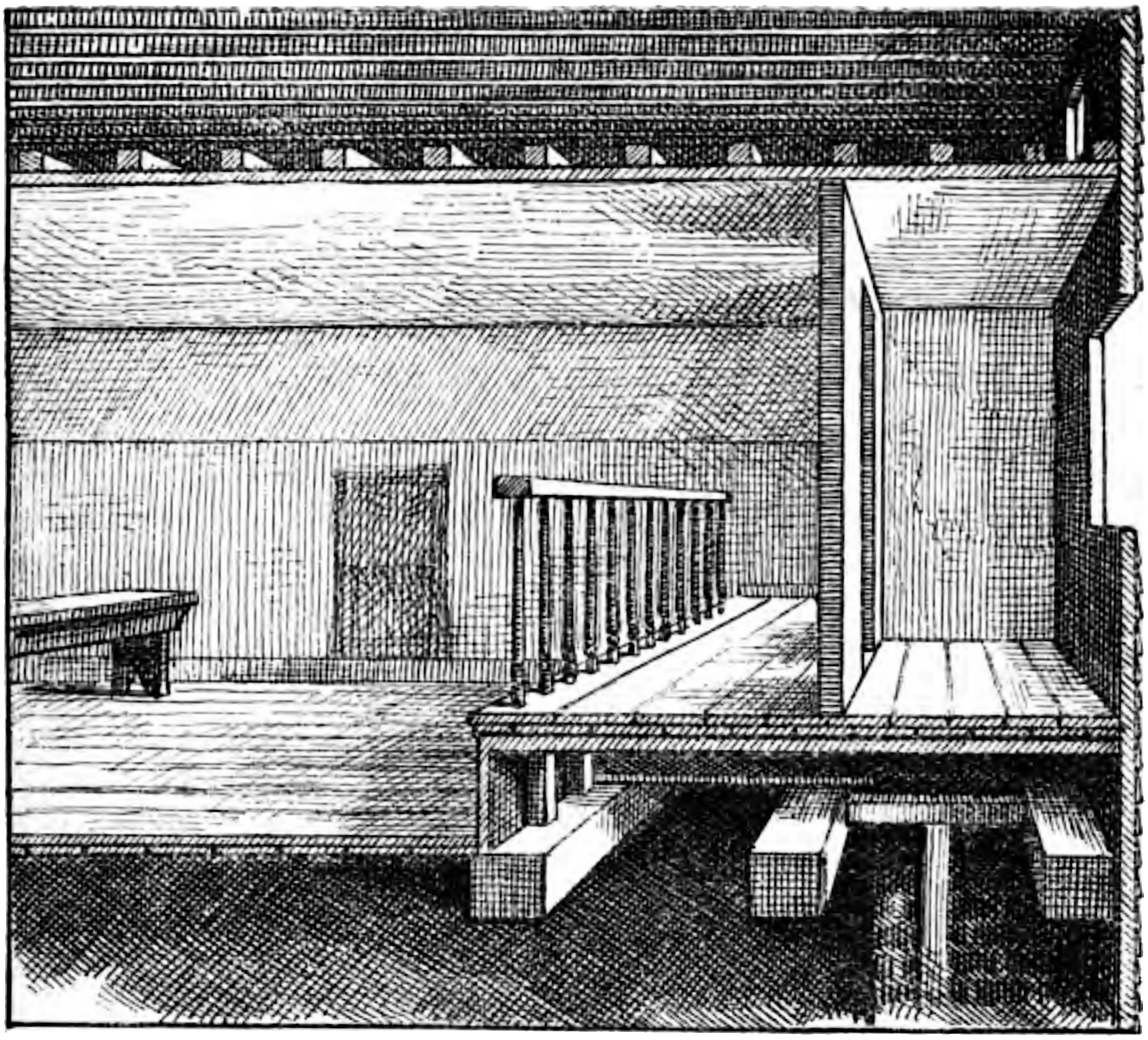
It will be remembered that beneath the circle-room are the dining-room, a small kitchen, and smaller buttery, all of which were illustrated in Chapter II. The ceilings of the rooms beneath, are the old lathed and plastered ceilings that have been there for many years. The new story was only added last spring, before which time the circles were held in a large sitting or reception room in the main house. The new circle-room floor is supported on beams of 6 by 4 inch stuff running across the L, and comprises two layers of boards; one rough, laid with open joints, and the upper one of planed, but not tongued-and grooved, lumber. This is the common fashion in this section of the country, as I ascertained by examining a new house in course of completion a short distance from the Eddy homestead, There is no floor below the platform floor, but the outer edge of the platform rests upon a stout timber, and its floor, laid like the rest in two layers, is nailed to transverse ribs framed into the cross-timber and the outside plate. By going with a candle into the two little dark pantries opening out from the kitchen and buttery respectively, the whole carpentery of the platform and cabinet can be easily seen. One of the cuts gives a sectional view of the same.

I have made two careful examinations of this matter — once with the artist, and once with a Massachusetts inventor, who was good enough to give me the following certificate :

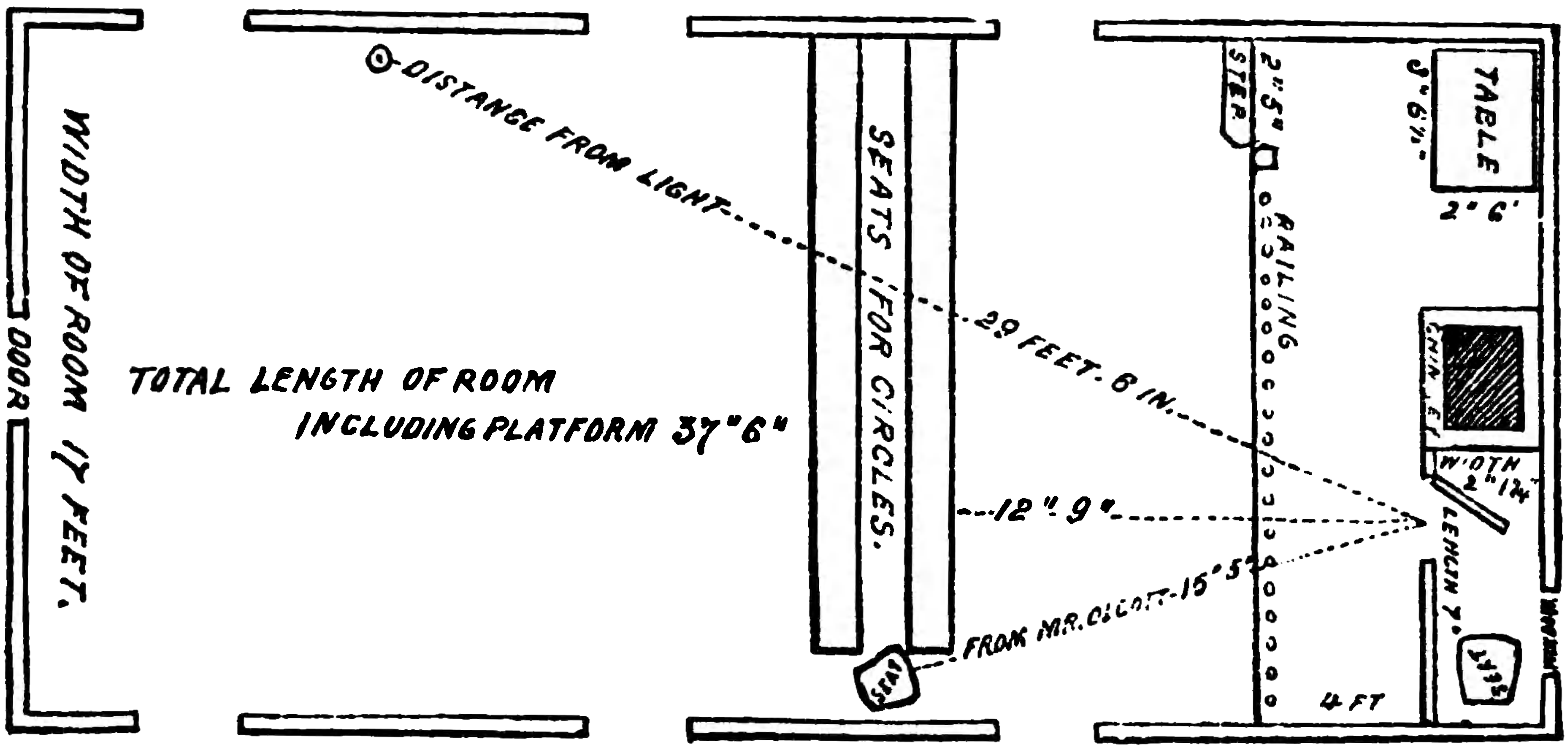
> CHITTENDEN, Vt., September 26th, 1874.—The undersigned, an inventor of many years' experience, a mechanician, and the grantee of twenty-three patents by the United States Government, hereby certifies that, at the request of and in company with Mr. H. S. Olcott, he has thoroughly examined the walls, window, ceiling and floor of William H. Eddy's "cabinet," and the floor of the platform upon which it opens, and that there is no possible means by which confederates could be introduced into the said cabinet, except through the open door, in full face of the audience ; nor any place where costumes or apparatus could be stowed. Furthermore, that after witnessing numerous materializations by alleged spirits, he is perfectly satisfied that the phenomena, whatever may be their origin, are not produced by jugglery, the personation of characters by Wm. H. Eddy, or chemical or mechanical device. As to their being spiritual appearances, he has not become perfectly satisfied, for his previously entertained opinions as to a future state, have not been of a nature to allow him to concede the possibility of visits by the inhabitants of another world to this.
>
> O. F. MORRILL, Chelsea, Mass.

A glance at the ground plan of the circle-room will show that, not only can no one get to the medium, after he goes into the cabinet, by entering the door of the circle-room, without detection, but no one can leave the circle to assist. The light, although very dim, is still quite sufficient to make the movements of every person in the room visible.

Stress has been laid upon the fact that members of the Eddy family, sit with the spectators and usually in the front row. But, in the first place, there are times when neither of the family, except William, is in the



SECTIONAL VIEW OF CABINET.



DISTANCE FROM LIGHT
29 FEET. 6 IN.
SEATS FOR CIRCLES.
12" 9"
FROM MR. OLCOTT-15' 5"
WIDTH OF ROOM 17 FEET.
DOOR
TOTAL LENGTH OF ROOM INCLUDING PLATFORM 37" 6"
STEP
2" 5"
RAILING
TABLE
3" 6½"
2" 6'
CHIMNEY
WIDTH 2" 1¼"
LENGTH 7.
4 FT

GROUND PLAN OF THE CIRCLE ROOM.,

VIEW AND PLAN OF CABINET.

room; secondly, they as often sit behind the last bench as on the front one; and in the third place, it makes no difference where they sit, for no one could move a foot away from his place without being seen by every one else in the room.

Over the circle-room there is nothing but an unfloored cock-loft, in which a man cannot stand upright. Between the braces, the lathing and plaster of the ceiling of the room below are exposed to view, and there is no sign of trap or opening. Moreover, when I examined the place, the old cobwebs stretched from rafter to rafter, showed that no one had preceded me that way, for a long time at least.

I now claim that I have demonstrated the inaccessibility of the cabinet to evil-disposed persons, and so eliminated one most important source of deception. The question is therefore narrowed down to the following point: Granted that certain forms, apparently differing in sizes, colors, costumes, sex, and age, present themselves on the platform, they must be either, (1) deceptive personations by one man, or (2) the manifestations of an occult force. There is no escape from the syllogism. The battle must be fought out at that cabinet door. I realized this the first day I came; I realize it tenfold now. The weeks I spent there, were weeks of as hard mental labor as I ever gave to any subject in my whole life. I passed through every degree of incredulity and distrust. I was ever on the watch lest I might miss some new circumstance calculated to overturn my formed opinion, and ever ready to confess myself a dupe of impostors if the fact could be demonstrated to me. But I finally reached the same point with Mr. Morrill — that whatever might be thought of the cause of the phenomena, they were not due to charlatanry or prestidigitation. And yet better men than I have been deceived before, and how am I better entitled than they to the public confidence, for the stories I tell? Why should I expect sober-minded men and women to believe there is no fraud in all this, until they have the same opportunities as myself to see all and ponder on all? And how, especially, can I ask men of exact science, trained to accept nothing, absolutely nothing, without full and complete demonstration — mathematical demonstration? I do not; and, therefore, my office is to first tell my tale as clearly, succinctly, candidly as lies within my power, and let it carry conviction as far as it will, in its perfect integrity of statement.

CHAPTER VIII.

MATERIALIZATION.

UNQUESTIONABLY my first chapter about the materialization of spirit-forms at Chittenden, should be prefaced by some notice of the chronology of this phase of manifestation. But with the meagre facilities at my command when the major part of this work was written, I can only glance at the subject. A sparsely settled rural district, far removed from libraries, is a bad place for the collection of historical data, so I must mainly rely upon my memory of many books read in the course of many years.

If I were to refer to ancient times, I might easily cite a host of instances of the alleged re-appearance of materialized spirits upon the scene of their pre-mortem activity. I have already alluded in former chapters to a few of the authors in whose writings the diligent student may satisfy his curiosity upon the subject. It suffices to repeat that the sacred writings of most nations, the classics, and the architectural remains of primitive races, afford proofs that the congenital aspirations of the human family for immortal existence, have not gone hungry for lack of sustenance.

Our modern materialists may reason themselves into a comfortable reliance upon protoplasms and final molecules, and glibly set aside the claims of their opponents by endowing pure matter with the promise and potency of every form and quality of life; but, after all, as the London *Times* truly says:

> "Theology is apparently slain only to revive. Professor Tyndall does not solve, and it is obvious that his method cannot enable him to solve, the riddle of the universe. There is, too, another difficulty which he is the first to confess. His analysis of the world's history leaves out one-half of man, and he finds it impossible to deny to this other side of man's nature a reality as absolute as that which he claims for his physical faculties and for his understanding. The strain of reason and the emotions of his spiritual nature will not rest unrecognized, and when the end of the professor's address is reached, we echo his own thought if we say, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy.'"

I venture to say, that of those who have given any serious thought to the subject, fifty persons would prefer to have my researches end in indubitable proof that the manifestations are genuine, to one who would like to have me discover fraud beneath the surface. Says Guizot, in his "Meditations upon the Religious Questions of the Day": "Belief in the supernatural is a fact natural, primitive, universal, and constant in the life and history of the human race. Unbelief in the supernatural begets materialism, materialism sensuality, sensuality social convulsions, amid whose storms man again learns to believe and pray."

The great address of Tyndall at Belfast opened with the following majestic prelude:

> "An impulse inherent in primeval man turned his thoughts and questionings betimes toward the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from

experience, we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and, doubtless, we might add, our pre-historic) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the weft and woof of their theories, were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them, the observation of men. Their theories accordingly took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, 'however potent and invisible, were nothing but species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,' were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena. Tested by observation and reflection, these early notions failed in the long run to satisfy the more penetrating intellects of our race. Far in the depths of history we find men of exceptional power differentiating themselves from the crowd, rejecting these anthropomorphic notions, and seeking to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles.

"But long prior to these purer efforts of the understanding the merchant had been abroad, and rendered the philosopher possible; commerce had been developed, wealth amassed, leisure for travel and for speculation secured, while races educated under different conditions, and therefore differently informed and endowed, had been stimulated and sharpened by mutual contact. In those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its Eastern neighbors, the sciences were born, being nurtured and developed by free-thinking and courageous men. The state of things to be displaced, may be gathered from a passage of Euripides quoted by Hume. 'There is nothing in the world; no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion, mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, from our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more worship and reverence.' Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew with the growth of scientific notions, a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselves. The problem which had been previously approached from above, was now attacked from below; theoretic effort passed from the super to the sub-sensible. It was felt that to construct the universe in idea, it was necessary to have some notion of its constituent parts—of what Lucretius subsequently called the 'First Beginnings.' Abstracting again from experience, the leaders of scientific speculation reached at length the pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules, the latest developments of which were set forth with such power and clearness at the last meeting of the British Association."

But, if I may humbly criticize one of so lofty an intellect, it appears to me that the course of scientific inquiry has led our modern philosophers too far towards the opposite extreme from that of Euripides. To disabuse the world of the notion that the powers of nature are not subject to the domination of gods and demons, which was a common belief so late as the XVIIth Century, and upon which the persecutions for witchcraft were based, it is not necessary to deny the existence of these invisible beings to whom the ancients applied the terms quoted, but whom we classify as developed and undeveloped spirits.

To prove the potentiality of the ultimate of matter, it is not necessary that we should ignore the existence of spirit. To demonstrate the organic and inorganic constituents of the human body, does not involve the denial of the existence of the soul. If Tyndall and his associates would but once admit that there may be forms of matter and essences so subtle as to escape the test of their crucibles and scales, they would be at a point whence a whole new universe of research would open before them, inviting them to reach out for richer rewards of fame than ever before repaid the study and labor of philosopher or chemist.

In looking back to the early days of American history, I cannot now recall any stories of "materialization" prior to the close of the seventeenth century, when the storm of fanaticism arose that cost many worthy people their lives on the charge of witchcraft. In Mr. Upham's "History of Salem Witchcraft" will be found many instances of persons being taken hold of by visible supernatural forms, of persons being sat upon by spectres while lying in their beds, of animals suddenly entering rooms in a mysterious manner and as suddenly disappearing, to say nothing of levitations (such as that of Margaret Rule), rappings, the throwing about of heavy articles, and the hearing of spirit-voices by many witnesses. True, Mr. Upham ascribes the whole thing to trickery, assuming that by practice (acquired in the course of a single winter with the help of a half-breed Barbadoes slave-woman!) a few ignorant girls had "become wonderful adepts in the art of jugglery, and probably of ventriloquism;" but does this explanation satisfy any really candid inquirer? Especially, does it satisfy any person who, in the presence of our modern mediums, has seen the same things repeated?

It was the prevalent belief among the learned of all professions, at the epoch in question, that the North American Indians had migrated hither, by way of Behrings Straits, under a compact with the Devil to transfer allegiance from God to him; receiving in return certain occult powers, by which they were enabled, not only to injure their fellow men, but also exercise more or less control over the elements. Witches were persons who had entered into a secret treaty with the Evil One through his allies, the Indians, and Cotton Mather, Sam. Parris, and other theologians of influence in the infant colony inculcated the doctrine that the execution of these unfortunates would find favor in the sight of God, and proportionately distress and cripple the power of the Arch Enemy of mankind.

The Salem witchcraft tragedies were followed by such a reaction, that tardy justice was done to the families of the victims of the popular frenzy, and nothing was said about supernaturalism—at least nothing, I think, that aroused general interest—until the present dispensation was ushered in at the little cabin of Michael Weekman, in 1847, where, in the family of John D. Fox, its then lessee, there bubbled up the tiny spring that is now so great a river. The raps and poundings which will always be known as the "Rochester Knockings" and forever perpetuate the memory of Kate and Margaret Fox, were followed by many other and more wonderful forms of manifestation, such as the lifting of heavy bodies, the phenomenal increase and diminution of their normal weight (the lightest articles acquiring marvellous ponderosity and the heaviest equally notable levity), the ringing of bells, the playing by unseen performers on instruments, and, finally, by the materialization of spirit-hands, faces, and full forms.

At the same time, however, that these things were going on and the attention of the civilized world was arrested by them, similar phenomena were happening in other private families. The Davenports, of Buffalo, N. Y., were having some slight premonitions of the future career they were destined for, but the physical manifestations did not occur in their presence until February, 1855. A year before this the Koons family, of Athens County, Ohio, had instrumental and vocal concerts by the spirits, and materialized hands wrote communications.

But the Eddys tell me that they had been seeing materialized spirit-forms from their childhood, and their mother before them, and, in the absence of conflicting evidence, I suppose that the credit will have to be awarded to them of witnessing the first instances of this highest form of physical manifestation, occurring in our time. And yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the additional one, that no family so gifted in these rare psychological traits is to be found in history, their names are not even mentioned in Epes Sargent's "Planchette," one of the most scholarly works on Spiritualism in our language. It should be remarked, however, in explanation of this fact, that Mr. Sargent informs me that he applied to the Eddys for permission to visit their home, and was refused by Horatio; who probably answered his letter in haste, not recognizing the name as that of so able an author and so enlightened a Spiritualist.

One evening, in March, 1872, the Eddy family were sitting about the fire, when an event occurred that ushered in the series of materializations that have culminated in the public seances now given nightly. William had cut his foot very badly with an axe, and was confined to his bed in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without warning, the grandmother's spirit in full materialized form appeared at the threshold, and gave instruction for some salves to apply to the wound, and a cooling draught to abate the fever that had set in; after which she disappeared. Shortly after this, when Delia Eddy was engaged in reducing some maple-sugar over the kitchen fire, the spirit of a man of short stature suddenly materialized himself, frightening her so that she dropped a pan of sugar she was carrying. The spirits then told the family that William was to be developed as the greatest medium of the age, and that he must no longer sit for the instrument-playing exhibitions, as he had been doing for a number of years, but must go into the cabinet or closet alone and take no bells or instruments with him.

These instructions being obeyed, spirit-faces soon began to appear, and finally Santum, the giant Winnebago chief, whom my readers will recollect my mentioning in connection with the seance at Honto's cave, stalked out in full form. For a long while no other spirit came, but finally they made their appearance. "Electa," a light-complexioned squaw, about seventeen years of age, who always brings her pet robin with her, and who forms one of the spirit-band who perform instrumental music at the dark circles, (many of which I have attended, and which will be described in due time), was among the earliest visitors. Then the deceased members of their own family appeared—among them Miranda, who came hand in hand with a young man, named Griffin Grinnell, to whom she had been betrothed. The lovers, parted for a while by death, were reunited beyond the grave.

Francis and James, their deceased brothers, came too. Then, as people began to flock to the old farmhouse, their personal friends manifested their presence, the first, or nearly the first (for the family cannot definitely decide the point), being a Mrs. Anny Barker, wife of G. Barker, of Hubbellton, Vt. One evening, a young lady visitor saw the shade of her father, the late Captain Johnson, United States Navy, who came in citizen's clothes. The daughter mentally requested him to appear to her in his uniform, whereupon he retired for a moment and then returned in full naval dress, with sword and epaulettes.

This is one instance among many of the doing of something by the apparitions in response to mental requests made by spectators. The thing has occurred to me several times, as will be seen further on. It should also be noted that this supposed spirit re-appeared in the uniform of his rank, and it is hardly credible that William Eddy, in addition to all the other costumes uninformed skeptics imagine his wardrobe to contain, should have a full assortment of army and navy uniforms, for officers and privates.

What tender memories in many minds cling about this rude apartment, where so many can say:

" Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
  Dance upon the parlor wall;
Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST SEANCE.

THE now famous circle-room was built last December, and opened to the public on the evening of January 1st, 1874, on which occasion the exercises began with a dark-circle, at which the spirit, or what is claimed to be the spirit, of a sailor, named George Dix, made a lengthy dedicatory address. He declared, among other things, that the apartment was to be used solely for spiritual seances, with the occasional exception of a quiet dance. After the dark-circle, one of the usual kind for materializing was held, and addresses and prayers were spoken by the spirits of Mrs. Eddy; "Mrs. Eaton" (an old lady from New York State, who made her first appearance here in October, 1872, during her granddaughter's visit, and has acted as assistant directress of seances ever since); a Mrs. Wheeler, late of Utica; Doctor Horton, also late of Utica, who brought his two baby children in his arms and addressed his widow; and the elder of these two children, little Minna, who spoke some words of comfort to her weeping mother.

Since that eventful evening, William has held a materialization circle every evening, Sundays excepted; a circumstance that, in view of the usual serious exhaustion felt by mediums, is very remarkable. Mr. Crookes says of David Home, the famous medium, that the psychic force by which the phenomena are produced, is attended by an expenditure of his vital force or nervous energy, proportionate to the degree of its activity of manifestation. Its flow through Mr. Home's system "varies enormously," says Mr. Crookes, "not only from week to week, but from hour to hour; on some occasions the force is inappreciable by my tests for an hour or more, and then suddenly re-appears in great strength." He testifies to "witnessing the painful state of nervous and bodily prostration in which some of these experiments have left Mr. Home"—to "seeing him lying in an almost fainting condition on the floor, pale and speechless"—and yet I, myself, having attended at about fifty of William Eddy's materializations, can certify that, beyond a slight appearance of fatigue immediately after emerging from the cabinet, he seems as well as usual. He goes about his daily avocations, takes no rest to speak of, says he has eaten nothing for weeks but a little fruit, and yet, after as many as eighteen ghosts have appeared in a single evening, his pulse is regular, and he resumes the pipe that he laid down at the moment of entering the circle-room.

If his materializations were nothing but trickery, this might easily be accounted for, but I have satisfied myself, and hope to satisfy the public beyond reasonable doubt, that this is not the case. A pseudo-scientist has recently spent one evening here, and is getting ready to publish in a book his conviction that both I and the hundreds of other lay spectators have been deceived. Has spent *one evening*, I say, and nevertheless writes me that he is convinced, and requires "no more evidence to convince the scientific world," that it is all fraud. How different from the late Professor Hare, who devoted years to the subject of spiritual intercourse, and did not give his adherence to the doctrine until he had completed a long series of scientific tests and experiments; and from Mr. Crookes, one of the first scientific men in Great Britain, who spent three years in the inquiry before he avowed himself satisfied!

I reached Chittenden on my present mission, September 17th, 1874, and attended a circle the same evening. Outside a violent gale of wind was blowing, the clouds hung low, the rain fell, and the atmospheric conditions would in almost any other locality have been considered unfavorable. A company of twenty-five persons assembled in the circle-room, among them several who, like myself, had arrived that day. Shortly after seven o'clock William entered the cabinet, and we waited expectantly for our weird visitors. To promote harmony of feeling among the persons present, vocal and instrumental music was resorted to, continuity of sound and rapidity of time seeming to be more necessary than quality of execution.

I will say here that I have failed to get from Spiritualists any very satisfactory explanation of the part that music plays in these manifestations, and for lack of a better will suggest one of my own. Pre-supposing that there is such a thing in the human system as the force mistermed "magnetic," sometimes "odic," and more recently "psychic," which has its polarites, its positive and negative qualities; and that persons may be classed among the positives and negatives respectively, the effect of music, by concentrating attention upon itself, is to reduce the positives to passivity, and by nervous stimulation exalt the negatives to something of an equality of condition with their more forceful neighbors. The result is equilibrium between the two extremes, and consequent receptivity: then, going so far as to concede that there are such things as spirits, and that they can exert an appreciable magnetic, odic, psychic (or whatever we choose to call it) influence upon us, it is not difficult to see that they are placed in such a positive attitude towards their medium and his circle, as to enable them to force their power upon us to the degree of producing the several phases of manifestations.

The logician will say, that much is taken for granted in this proposition, and so I will leave him to first note the features of these phenomena wherever occurring, and then at his leisure construct a better theory than mine.

So much for the psychological aspect of the case, and to this extent some enlightened Spiritualists precede me. But why should the spirits demand quick tunes—jigs, waltzes, reels, and compositions of like character, in which the constant repetition of the same notes occurs in presto or prestissimo measure? May the answer not be suggested by two of Professor Tyndall's lectures at the Royal Institution, in one of which he demonstrated that a ray of light was allowed to traverse a strip of glass every time he caused it to set up a musical sound; the glass being held in a vice, and the light from an electric lamp polarized upon it; and in the other, upon "The Rhythm of Flames," in which he showed that a flame twenty inches in height would fall down to eight on the slightest tap on an anvil. It responded to the tinkle of a bunch of keys or a few pence shaken together, the creaking of boots, the rustling of a silk dress or a piece of paper; while certain intonations of the voice threw it into violent commotion. (Epes Sargent's "Planchette," p. 379). If we put ourselves for the purposes of this inquiry into the position of the Spiritualists, we might reasonably demand that men of science, investigating the subject, should not overlook the fact, that much light may be gained upon the nature and properties of this new occult force, by experiments in this direction. I have heard this call for rapid music, so often made, that I have come to the conclusion that equal, constant, and rapid vibrations of the atmosphere, play an important part in the production of the phenomenon of materialization.

I am also satisfied that careful experiments in the matter of the intensity and quality of the light used, would result in unexpected and great discoveries. May it not be, that the yellow ray bears some such relation to spirit-materializations as it does to photography?

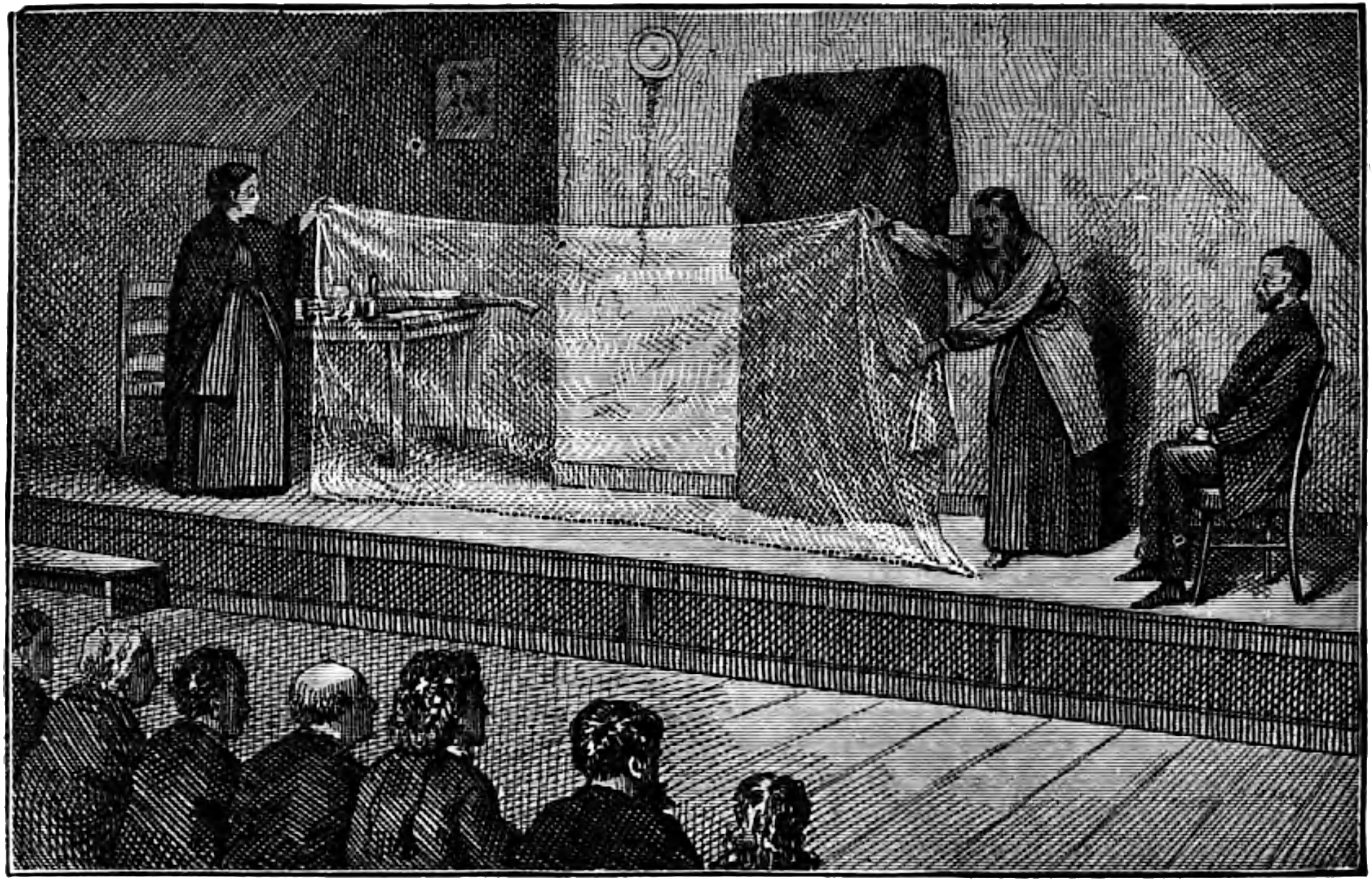
Doctor H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, writes me that, while he thinks that if we understood this law, the materializations might be better, in his opinion it is more important to have a good medium and good circle. He has known instances, where a circle containing rude and uncongenial persons, got nothing satisfactory; while one following it, on the same evening, obtained everything that could be desired.

We had not sat many minutes in our first "circle" before a voice—the piping treble of an old woman—addressed to us some remarks from behind the curtain that hung over the open door of the cabinet, to the effect that this was a bad night for manifestations, and none but the strongest spirits could show themselves. I may as well at once admit, that this voice had such peculiarities of accent and provincial expressions, as to excite the suspicion that it was William speaking in falsetto. So I crossed that off, in my note-book as a fact of no value to the Spiritualists; but since then, having seen the woman herself—Mrs. Eaton—and heard her address me personally from a distance of not more than ten feet, in the self-same voice, I re-entered the fact and transcribe it here.

The curtain presently stirred, and the Indian woman named Honto, stepped on the platform. She appears young, dark complexioned, of marked Indian features, lithe and springy in movement, full of fun, natural in manner, and full of inquisitiveness. She measures 5 feet 3 inches in height, against a painted scale I had placed beside the cabinet door. To William Eddy she bears not the slightest resemblance in any particular, all assertions of any superficial observer to the contrary, notwithstanding. I have seen her about thirty times, and have necessarily enjoyed ample opportunities to compare her with William in every particular. Nevertheless, the first two times I saw her, I was so deceived by the dull light as to fancy her the same as William in height and bulk. In this circle-room, one's eye must be educated, as it must at sea, to judge of distances, or in a mountainous region, to estimate the height and distance of the various peaks. Let any one try even so simple an experiment, as to judge how high a man's hat will come against the wall when set upon the floor, and some idea will be attained of the optical difficulties to be overcome, before one can form a correct impression of the relative heights of the spirits who present themselves.

She changes her dress frequently, sometimes appearing in a dark skirt with light overdress, shaped like the garment called a polonaise; sometimes with these shades reversed; sometimes with light clothing throughout and a sash around her waist, or bands crossed over her bosom; sometimes with a cap, and at others bareheaded; sometimes with her black hair a yard or more in length, flowing over her shoulders, and again with it braided in a single rope down her back. A remarkable fact is, that at times her hair is very long, and at others not longer than the artist has represented it in the picture. I have seen her with what seemed to be buckskin leggins, and a short dress reaching a little below the knee; and again, with high moccasins trimmed about the top with what looked like fur. Others tell me that they have seen her in a dress upon which were two rows of phosphorescent buttons gleaming in the obscure light like great diamonds, that ran from each shoulder in curved lines to the bottom of her skirt, but I have not seen the costume myself.

The sketch represents one of the phenomena attending the appearance of this spirit-girl, and is what I witnessed on the evening in question. Honto steps either to the wall or to one of the two persons—Mrs. R. Cleveland and Mr. E. V. Pritchard, of Albany, N. Y.—who usually



HONTO MAKING SHAWLS AND BLANKETS.

occupy chairs on the platform, and suddenly produces a knitted shawl or a long piece of gauzy fabric, apparently from the air itself, and exhibits it to the audience. The light in the room is so very bad—about as strong as that in the parlor when we sit before the dying embers " 'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk" before the lamps are lighted —that it is impossible to see the features of Honto or the pattern of her shawl; but the sketch shows the latter as it appeared to us. She threw the slender fabric over the railing, and so gave us an opportunity to see that its strands were perfectly opaque.* Then throwing it over her head as a Spanish woman wears her mantilla, she produced another, woolen, black and apparently striped; and then passed both behind the curtain.

Somebody in the audience then asked if she would allow Mrs. Cleveland to feel the beating of her heart; whereupon she opened her dress and Mrs. Cleveland laid her hand upon the bare flesh. It felt cold and moist, not like that of a living person. The breast was a woman's, and the heart beat feebly but rhythmically. The same pulsation was felt in the wrist. Honto's hand was hard and of medium size, her fingers broad but not stumpy, its color dark—in a word, the hand of an Indian.

After Honto retired, various other spirits of Indians and Whites (among the latter two little children) appeared before us, but I must reserve further description for another chapter.

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* The platform-railing has been omitted in this and other full-page pictures, because of the in artistic effect of so many straight lines, and the additional fact that they interfere with the view of the groups. This railing is a nuisance, at any rate, and should be removed, Its only conceivable use, that I can see, is to deter rude spectators from rushing forward to grasp the phantoms.

CHAPTER X.

MANY PHANTOM VISITORS.

THE next materialized spirit to make its appearance after Honto, was that of a dark-faced squaw, who calls herself "Bright Star." She is shapely, tall, well-proportioned, and of a dignified carriage. She dresses in dark clothing, trimmed with bands of white that look to us like broad tape in the dim light, but that Mr. Pritchard says are beads. On her head she wears a sort of frontlet, in the centre of which is a jewel or luminous spot, that gives out a phosphorescent gleam, shining in the obscurity like the diamond in a rajah's turban. I have seen this spirit six times to the present writing, and she always appears dressed alike.

Next came "Daybreak," another squaw, dressed in dark costume, who danced to the playing of the violin, and then suddenly passed into the cabinet. As I shall have frequent occasion to refer to the dancing of spirits, especially Honto, who invariably indulges in this amusement, I may as well say that William Eddy's movements in the dance are as different from those of any of the former as possible. Several times we had dancing in the hall for an hour or so before the organization of the circle, and I noticed that William's motions are devoid of suppleness and agility. Though he thoroughly enjoys himself and shows no reserve, he holds his arms somewhat akimbo, his head back and to one side, and his stomach projected; while Honto's body sways like that of a Zingala or an Oriental almeh —lithe and graceful. William was evidently cut out for a great medium, but not for a dancer.

"Daybreak" gone, then came "Santum," whose appearance as regards stature and bulk is calculated to excite surprise. He measures 6 feet 3 inches, full half a foot more than the medium. His dress appears to be a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, striped perpendicularly and fringed at the seams, leggings of the same and fringed the same, a feather in his head, and sometimes he wears a powder-horn slung by a belt across his shoulder. This horn is a real one, presented to the spirit some time ago by a visitor, who also gave Honto an embroidered cap that she sometimes wears.

After Santum came two other Indian men, and then several whites made their bow to the audience. The first of these was William H. Reynolds, late of the shoe-manufacturing firm of Reynolds Brothers, Utica, N. Y. During the war he was Colonel of the 14th N. Y. Artillery, attached to the 9th Army Corps, and died May 6th, 1874, of fever, contracted in the service. He was dressed in black and wore a full beard. As well as I could distinguish, he was a square-shouldered, gentlemanly appearing man. His shirt was white, and

I could see the collar distinctly. William Eddy wore, as he always does, a brown checked-gingham shirt, without collar or cuffs.

This spirit was followed by his brother, John E. Reynolds, who died in New York State, Nov. 15th, 1860. He wore a dark suit, and no beard on his face except a moustache. He graduated at Harvard University, but I am not informed as to the year. His shoulders sloped quite differently from William's, and he was quite another looking person.

Then Mr. George A. Reynolds, the surviving brother, recognized his nephew, Stephen R. Hopkins, a lad of fifteen, with light, curly hair. Mr. Reynolds asked "Mrs. Eaton," the spirit directress, if she would answer a mental question, and her voice immediately replied: "Don't give yourself any anxiety about that; you are a medium fast enough already;" which, the interrogator informed me, was what he desired to know.

We were next favored with the appearance in the closet-door, of the tall figure of the late William Brown, of York, Pa. He is the father of Edward Brown, who married Delia Eddy a few months ago, and he makes his salutation to the audience nearly every evening. He is six feet, one inch, in stature, has white hair, no beard, and dresses in a black suit of the Quaker cut.

His son sat in Mrs. Andrews' circle, at Moravia, N. Y., twice a day for a whole year without seeing any of his friends, and the same bad luck followed him here for four or five weeks, at the expiration of which time his father presented himself. For a while he could not speak at all; then he uttered a few simple greetings in a faint whisper; and at length he conversed in a strong, full, natural voice, saying whatsoever he pleased with as great ease apparently, as in life. Except at one seance in London, in 1870, with a noted lady medium, I had never heard a spirit-voice before, and confess that I was amazed to hear Mr. Brown's, issue from his lips as though a living man stood before me and not a being from the other world, clothed for a brief moment in a body like my own. I leave theorists to settle the vexed question, whether spirits actually employ the organs of speech to articulate sounds, or by their will-power cause certain vibrations of the air outside of and independent of lips, palate, and tongue, in imitation of spoken words. I can only say that after hearing numerous spirit-addresses and conversations, I have detected no difference in the movements of the lips, from those of a living person.

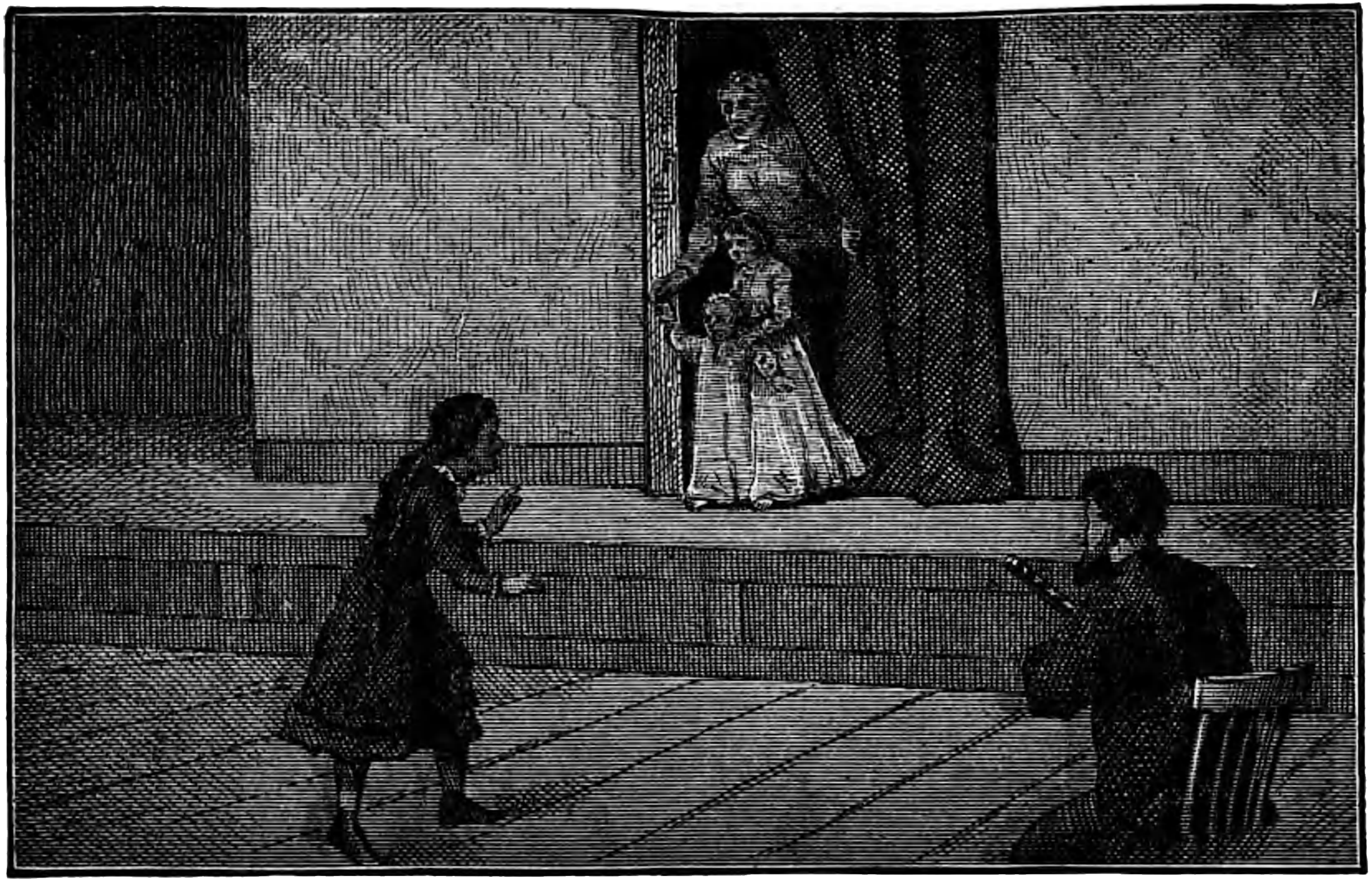
Allan Kardec, a French spiritist author, calls the phenomenon of spirit-speaking, *pneumatophony*, and affirms it to be the result of the exercise of will-power upon the invisible fluids of the atmosphere. He says (p. 194):

> "Spirits, being able to produce noises and rappings, can as well make any sound of nature, vocal sounds imitating the human voice, beside us or in the air. From what we know of the nature of spirits, it may be believed that some of them of an inferior order delude themselves, and believe they speak as when alive. (See *Revue Spirite*, February, 1858: History of the Ghost of Mlle. Clarion.)
>
> "It is necessary to guard against taking for spirit-voices all sounds that have no known cause. . . . Spirit or pneumatophonic sounds have two very distinct methods of being produced; sometimes it is a voice which resounds in the soul, but while the words may be clear and distinct, there is nothing material in them; at other times they are exterior and as distinctly articulated as if they came from a person at our side. In whatever manner they may be produced,

the phenomenon of pneumatophony is almost always spontaneous, and can be very rarely induced."

These are the generalizations of a writer whose experience, wide as it was, did not include such wonders as are common at Chittenden. I defy him or any other acute person to listen to this spirit of Mr. Brown and detect any difference, either in volume of sound, accent, or the mechanical process by which it is produced, between this voice and that of any living person of equal age. Even the pumping sound of re-filling the lungs with air after the articulation of sentences is readily noticeable.

The phenomena of the evening concluded with the incident which furnished the subject of the accompanying sketch of "The Re-united Family." A German music-teacher of Hartford, named Max Lenzberg, and a very worthy gentleman, to whom I am indebted for numerous acts of courtesy for which I desire to make acknowledgment, was at Chittenden with his wife and daughter. At Mr. Eddy's request he played on the flute during the seance, and so occupied a chair in advance of the front row of spectators and within a few feet of the cabinet. After Mr. Brown's disappearance, the curtain was again drawn aside, and we saw standing at the threshold, two children. One was a baby of about one year, and the other a child of twelve or thirteen. Behind them, very indistinctly, could be observed the form of an old woman, who held up the curtain with her left hand and supported the baby with her right. Mrs. Lenzberg, with a mother's instinct, recognized her departed little ones, and with tender pathos, eagerly asked in German if they were not



THE REUNITED FAMILY.

hers. Immediately there came several loud responsive raps, and the little Lena, as if drawn from her mother's side by an irresistible power, crept forward and peered at the forms that stood just at the edge of the black shadows of the cabinet. There was a moment's silence as she strained her eyes in the gaze, and then she said joyfully: "*Ja! Ihr seid meine kleine schwestern! Nicht wahr?*" There came again responsive raps, and the spirit-forms danced and waved their arms as if in glee at the re-union.

Some skeptics who have been here, in their eagerness to attribute the Eddy phenomena to any other than spiritual origin, have maintained that the baby forms exhibited are made either of pillows or white wrappings around William's legs. A sufficient answer to such assertions may be found in the fact that I have more than once seen babes in arms, nestle in the necks of their bearers and clasp their arms about their necks, and heard those standing, like the little Lenzberg children, speak. A very dear little girl whom I have twice seen during my visit, kissed her hand to me. This spirit at her second appearance was dressed in a short white frock, low-necked and short-sleeved, with a sash around her waist and ribbons at the shoulders.

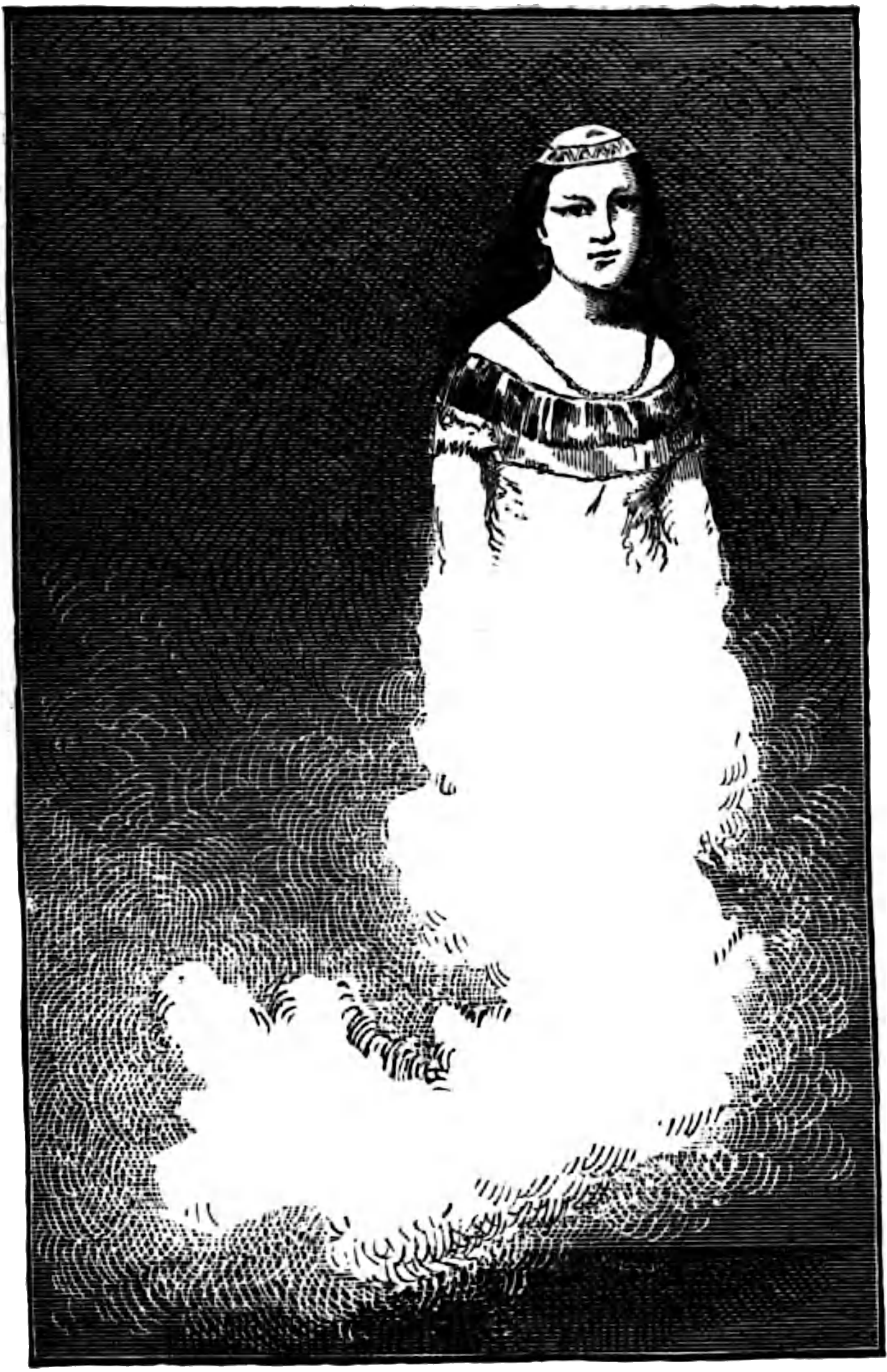
The picture of a young girl with her head and shoulders emerging from a sort of fog or steamy vapor, which I print in connection with this chapter, is given because of the sweetness of the face, and of its supposed representation of the process of materialization. It was procured by me from Mrs. Eliza P. Morrill, of Springfield, Mass., whom I met at the Eddys', and it is one of Mumler's so-called " spirit-photographs."

While I have no confidence in this picture, or in fact, in any emanating from the same source, as directly or indirectly of spiritual origin, yet many very worthy and intelligent people, including Mr. Epes Sargent, do, and this portrait will be regarded by such as among the best specimens of the kind.

In fact, with the exception of the photographs taken in London under Mr. Crookes' own supervision, and under test conditions, I have never seen any of the so-called spirit-photographs that appeared to me genuine. I have in my possession one of those taken by Holmes, of Philadelphia, of a young woman whom he is pleased to call "Katie King;" but, to say nothing of the dissimilarity in likeness between this girl and the original "Katie," of London, the picture seems to bear upon its face intrinsic marks of fraud.

If any explanation is required, let the inquirer examine the shadow under the alleged spirit's chin, which was evidently added with a brush and ink after the negative was taken. I noticed this before I heard of the bad reputation Holmes and his wife left behind them in England, and long before the appearance of a recent joint card of their agent, Doctor Child, and the Hon. Robert Dale Owen withdrawing their previous indorsement of the good character of these mediums.

Mr. Owen tells us, that when the figure that he supposes to have been the original and real Katie King, dissolved her materialized body in Philadelphia, she faded away into thin vapor and gradually disappeared; whereas



LIGHT-HEART, DISSOLVING.

Honto, in my presence one evening, losing her power, sank, as it were, into the floor up to her waist, the upper portion of her body retaining its full solidity.

I have communications from various persons attesting to the fact of their seeing materialized spirit-forms dissolve in view of the circle, at the Eddys'. Among the most convincing is the following, from a worthy gentleman residing in Hartford:

HARTFORD, CONN., December 8th, 1874.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry as to my seeing a spirit-form dissolve outside the door of William Eddy's cabinet, I take pleasure in communicating the following facts:

In June last, I visited Chittenden, in company with my wife, wife's sister, Mrs. Waite, of this city, and a friend from Waterbury. On one evening during our stay, my wife's mother, a former resident of Hartford, who deceased March, 1859, at the age of 78 years, appeared to us in white clothing, looking so natural that we recognized her instantly. She stood outside the cabinet curtain, leaned her body forward, and stretched out her arms to her daughter, as though she were longing to embrace her. Mrs. Prior asked the spirit if she could not speak to us, and she seemed to make a desperate effort to comply. But suddenly, as if she had exhausted all her power of materialization in the attempt, her arms dropped, and her form melted down to the floor, and disappeared from our view. The figure did not dissolve into a mist and disperse laterally, but sank down and disappeared, as if every particle comprising her frame had suddenly lost its cohesion with every other, and the whole fell into a heap together.

Yours truly,

To Col. H. S. OLCOTT. FRANKLIN BOLLES.

One evening, in July last, at a circle at the same place, Honto's form disappeared from sight in an equally sudden and unaccountable manner. The circumstance is narrated, in a letter to me, by Mrs. Doctor T. G. Horton, of Utica, N. Y., as follows:

On the evening in question, Honto came out as usual, materialized shawls, to the number, perhaps, of half a dozen, then retired into the cabinet, reappeared, came to the railing, stood there a moment, and, to our amazement, began to settle down to the floor and dissolve, until all form of a human being disappeared, and there seemed nothing but a mass of drapery lying close to the railing. This also melted slowly away, and every vestige of her was gone. In about a minute or two she reappeared from the cabinet, smiling, and seeming as if nothing had happened. She stood again by the railing and again dissolved as before. William Eddy was not able to give a sitting the next day.

I may as well add to Mrs. Horton's narrative, the fact that when I saw Honto dissolve up to her waist, she was close to the curtain, and pushing it aside with her right arm, passed into the cabinet. Mrs. Cleveland had been dancing with her a moment before, and saw her after she had gone behind the shawl. She says that the spirit-squaw was not more than a foot and a half high when she lost sight of her. It was not two minutes before she frisked out again as lively as ever.

These several instances, happening in the view of a number of respectable persons, at various times, offer strong and mutually corroborative proof of the fact, that the dissolution of materialized spirit-forms, has occurred in the mediumship of William Eddy. But I confess, upon a question of such great moment, I am not satisfied to take even so much as the above and consider the case proven. In my opinion, it is indispensable that the phenomenon should be repeated under such strictly test conditions as to leave no room for more than one opinion.

Such conditions I should consider: 1st. The having William Eddy so shut into the farther end of his cabinet, by means of a door that should be bolted upon him, that he could not possibly come before the audience until the experiment was concluded, and until after the occurrence of the phenomenon; or, 2d. The enclosure of the alleged materialized spirit-form in a cylinder of cloth, paper, or wire-netting, which could be fastened to the floor so as to effectually prevent the escape therefrom of any living person, and the subsequent dissolution and disappearance of the spirit-body from the cylinder; or, 3d. The dissolution of the form upon the platform, in the view of the audience, while its ankles were fastened to the railing in so secure a manner that no living person could release himself or herself without detection; or, 4th. The perforation of the alleged spirit-form before dissolution by some weapon, in such a way that if trickery were intended, the person would be severely wounded and so discover his fraud. If close approach were permitted, it would be easy to satisfy oneself of the reality of the spirit-form by clasping it in one's arms and having it dis-materialize itself while thus held. Or one of its hands might be rubbed with croton oil or some other blistering substance, or discolored with nitrate of silver. Submission to one or all of these crucial tests would settle this whole question, once and forever.

No investigator's report of experiments made in the testing of spiritualistic phenomena, is worthy of a moment's serious consideration until he proves that he has disembarrassed the problem of the element of confederacy. Until he makes it appear that it is impossible for any secreted allies to come to the assistance of the medium, we may as well spare our time from profitless waste in reading what he says, for there is no security for the genuineness of anything he has seen. But after divesting the case of this feature, we have only one alternative to consider, viz.: Whether the "materializations" are real, or the figures merely personated by the medium. This is what I did with William Eddy's cabinet; what Mr. Crookes did with Florence Cook's, in London; and what ought to have been done with the Holmes' in Philadelphia. Neglect to do this, brought upon Mr. Owen and Dr. Child, the humiliating necessity to publish a card that throws unnecessary suspicion upon every genuine phenomenon they witnessed, during the past summer.

It appears that it is not necessary that the bodies of the spirits who manifest themselves in William's circle, should be fully materialized in every part. One evening, Mrs. Cleveland, a neighbor, who is generally requested to take a seat upon the platform, and who is a great favorite with Honto, was dancing with that spirit, and by accident took hold of her arm below the shoulder, when she found to her horror that it was not materialized, and her hand grasped only the sleeve of the robe. The hand was a solid hand attached to a vapory arm.

The spirits themselves say they have to learn the art of self-materialization as one would any other art. At first they could only make tangible hands, as in the cases of the Davenports, the Foxs, and others, including the Eddys. In fact, some mediums have never got beyond this stage. Others, like Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, N. Y., the Potts Brothers, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Slade, of New York City, have masks or full heads appear; while the most powerful mediums, like Florence Cook, of

London, the Holmeses, of Philadelphia, (who, despite their trickery, are admitted by Messrs. Crookes, Sergeant Cox, Owen, Mrs. Andrews, and others, to be great mediums, under favoring conditions,) and particularly these wonderful Eddys, seem to furnish the spirits with the means of calling before us, the materialized shapes of people of every nation and kindred and tongue.

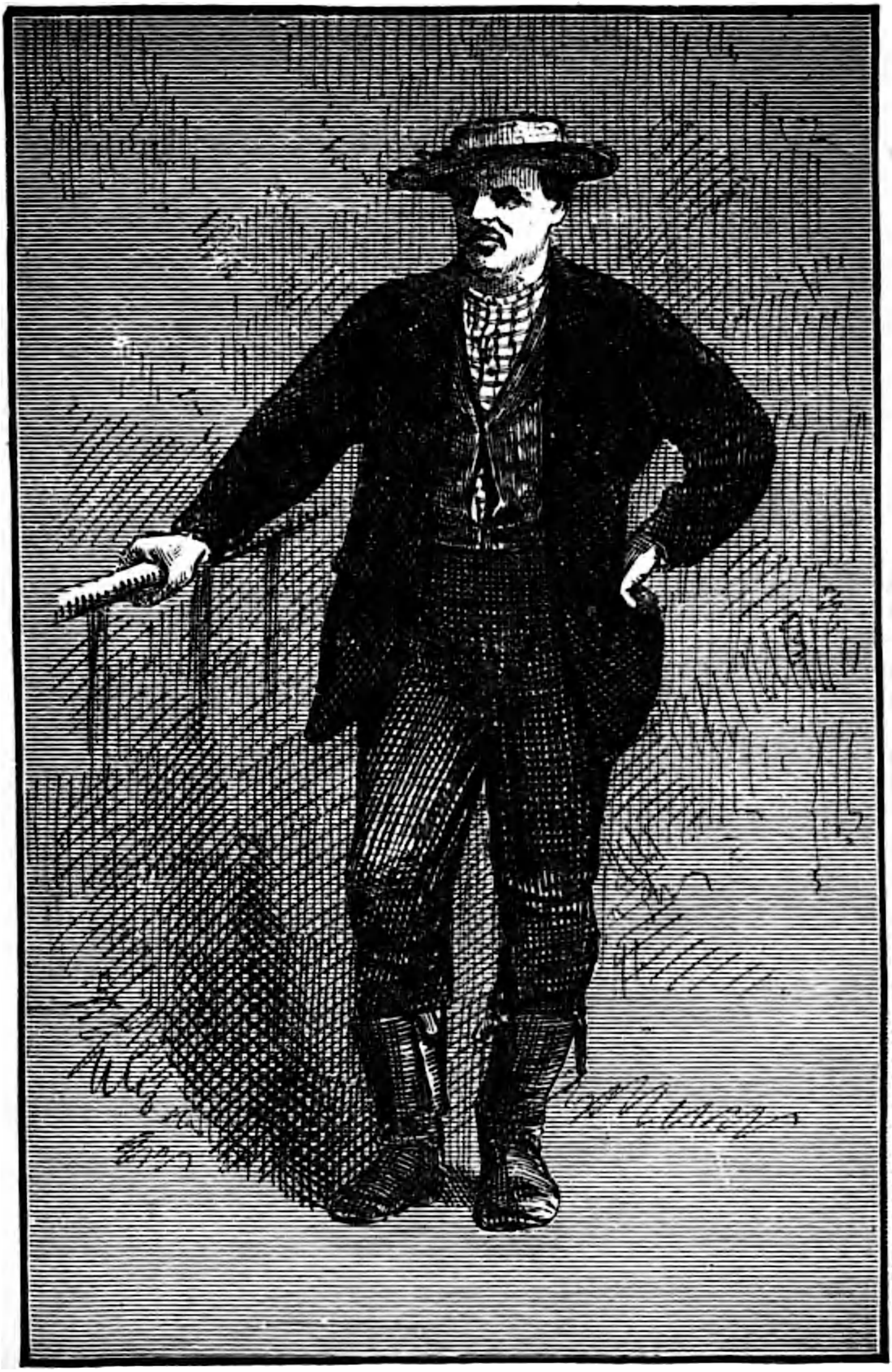
I say seem, although the careful experiments of Mr. Crookes, under test conditions, have apparently demonstrated the veritable visitation of a materialized spirit to the world she left two centuries ago. The Philadelphia "Katie King materializations" appear, at the date of this writing, to have been wholly, or at least in great part, fraudulent; and the forms I saw at Chittenden, while apparently defying any other explanation than that they are of supersensual origin, are still, as a scientific fact, to be regarded as "not proven." Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his recent card to the public repudiating the Holmes manifestations, considers the question of materialization to be fully demonstrated by the results attained by Mr. Crookes and myself; but I prefer to set those of the former gentleman by themselves, and far above anything I can offer as a contribution to our present stock of knowledge, for I had no such chances as his to verify the phenomena I witnessed.

CHAPTER XI.

ARE THEY PERSONATIONS?

HAVING divested our problem of the element of confederacy, and made it clear that the forms presenting themselves in William's materialization circle, must be ascribed either to personations of character by the medium, or the manifestation of an occult force, the way lies smooth before us.

A man to be a successful personator must have a certain range of talents which any theatrical manager can enumerate for us. He must: 1. Be a natural actor; 2. Have professional training; 3. Be of average size, so that attention may not be attracted to any extreme disparity between his own figure and those of the characters he represents; 4. Have access to a theatrical wardrobe, furnished with numerous wigs, costumes, shoes, and properties; 5. Have time to "make up his face," where fair, swarthy, and black complexions are required; 6. Have a good light to dress by; 7. Have room to dress in; 8. Be supple, of a vivacious temperament, and accustomed to a great variety of people. In addition to these the personator of the Eddy ghosts would need



WILLIAM EDDY IN EVERY-DAY DRESS.

a knowledge of many languages, at least to the extent of being able to hold brief conversations.

I think I have fairly stated the case. I leave it to Lingard, or any other "character-sketch" delineator to say, whether this is so or not. And now let the intelligent reader cast his eyes upon the life-like, full-length sketch of the medium, William H. Eddy, as he appears every day, all day, and, barring the hat, at the moment of his entrance into his "cabinet," and say whether he fills my outline in any particular. He has not one peculiarity of temperament, or physical organization, in common with the professional actor. He is clumsy instead of supple; never acted on any stage or privately in his life; is five feet nine inches high, and weighs 179 pounds; has not a shred of theatrical clothing in the house, nor a wig, nor stage shoes, nor properties; the ghosts appear after intermissions of from a half minute to four and five minutes; Indians succeeding whites, or *vice versa*, men women, or the contrary, and children grown persons, the most striking dissimilarities in person being as often after the briefest as the longest intervals; his cabinet is pitch dark, the door is never closed, and only a woolen shawl hangs before the entrance, through which the gleam of even a rushlight would show plainly; his cabinet measures two feet in width by seven in length; there is neither shelf, nor cupboard, nor hanging-closet, where properties could be stored, and the only window is effectually sealed up with my own signet, against all access from without; his temperament is bilious-nervous, his movements slow and devoid of springiness, his eye sad and introspective; household duties, such as women ordinarily engage in, occupy him to the very time when he begins his seances; he has lived within himself, a simple, quiet, suffering life, making few intimate friends, being in the world but not of it; a recluse, in fact, by nature, who seems more familiar with the beings we call uncanny, than those who jostle us in this world, as we move along towards our common goal.

As for his linguistic accomplishments, he speaks his own mother tongue with a strong New England accent of the vowels, and knows nothing of any other. Add to all this that, after an acquaintance with him of nearly two months, and the opportunity of seeing him every day, almost every hour of the time, he gives me the impression of being, at least, at the present time, a man of pure mind and heart, tender and truthful, giving to the poor every spare dollar he earns, frank and open to all, having no vices, disguises, concealments, or pride, hardly ever casting even a glance at the busy world that lies beyond his native hills, and it must be conceded that we have before our camera the unlikeliest of all men to take rank among the great impostors of history. I pray the reader not to fancy I am sketching a perfect man—I mean, one whom we would turn to for comfort and companionship in life. His very temperament unfits him for general acquaintance. His childhood was one of injustice, oppression, and cruel treatment from his natural protector—from the father, who is usually to his child the ideal of justice and benevolence, the earthly embodiment of the Divine wisdom and patience. Where other boys receive constant tokens of affection and indulgence, he got blows, revilings, and bitter denunciations. His mystic endowments, instead of proving a blessing, brought only misery in their train; and the poor lad, who loved his mother with the warmth of a girl's heart, was forced to see her subjected to the same outrageous rudeness as he received himself. Then this father of his, showing the innate meanness of his petty soul, made traffic of the very constitutional peculiarities that he had striven so hard to flog out of his children, and sent this boy and his brothers and sisters out with a traveling showman, to be robbed and shot at and ridden on rails; half-starved, ill-clothed, denounced as impostors, tortured by skeptical committees, and by inconsiderate Spiritualists, overdoing precaution in a desire to inspire confidence in what might be manifested in presence of the young.

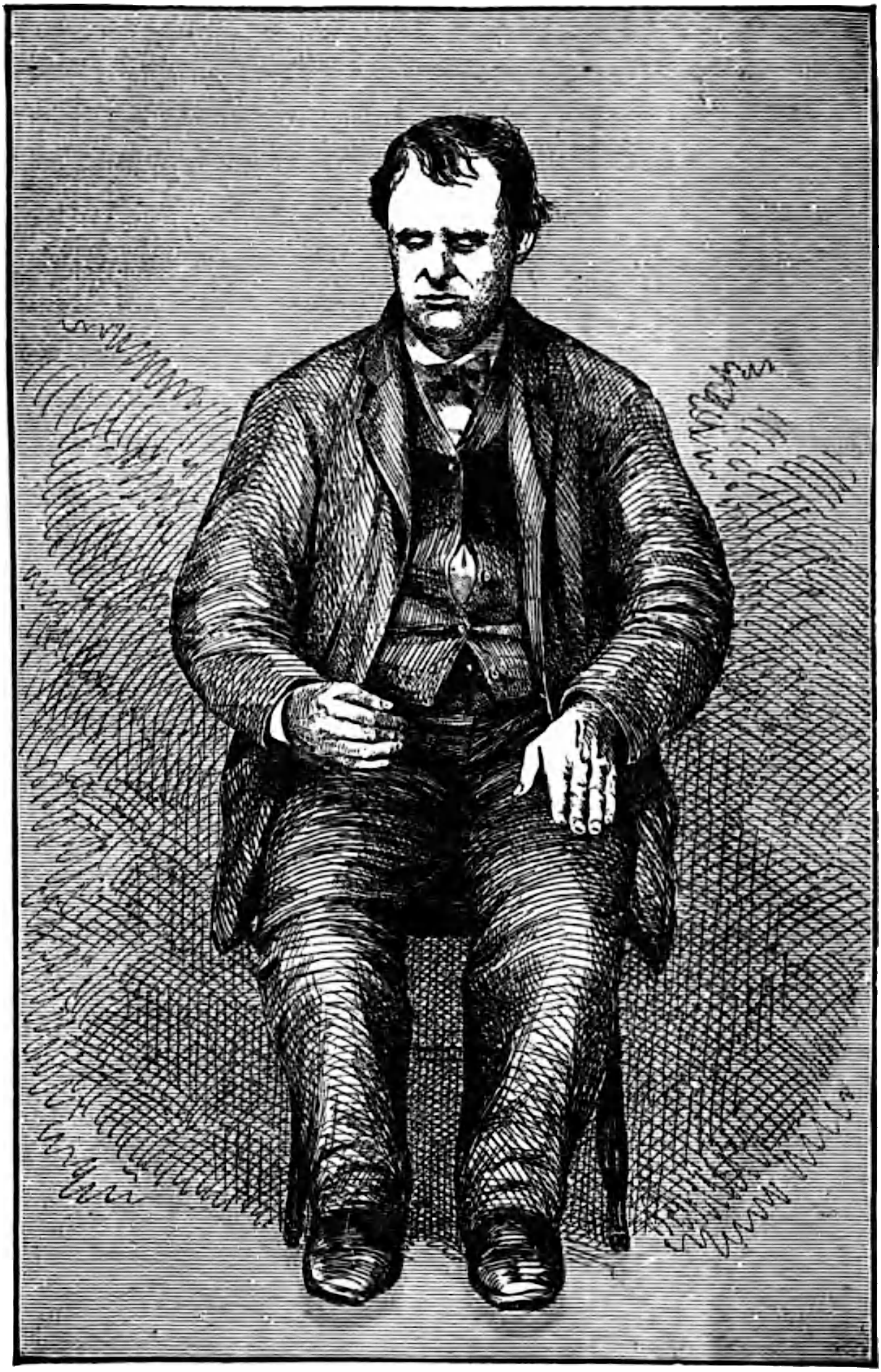
Fancy a child enduring all this, finding enemies instead of friends at every step, knowing not whither to turn for sympathy except to the world of spirits, and to that most loving and sacred of all friends, his MOTHER, and who can expect to find the man of thirty affable, cool, unimpressible, equable, suave, and accessible like other men? He suffers from his enforced seclusiveness all the while, but it cannot be helped. Many hearts warm towards him, and would show their tenderness, but they come twenty years too late. The seeds of distrust were planted in boyhood, watered with tears, grafted with sorrow, and the garden is choked with bitter fruits. He has turned from man to the animal kingdom for companionship, and surrounds himself with pets, which, at least, he thinks, do not repay his care with deceit.

> "The poor too often turn away unheard
> From hearts that shut against them with a sound
> That will be heard in Heaven."

—as he turns away from a society that gave him the cold shoulder, and threw him back upon himself. Poor fellow! if any envy his mediumship, let them come and see what it has done for him, and what theirs has done for his brothers and sisters.

Now to return to the cabinet. The sketch, as I said, represents William as he appears when about to enter the dark closet, from which I have seen emerge so many, many different figures. Several times I have stayed with him in the kitchen until after the circle was formed up-stairs, and he was called to come. We would sit chatting upon any indifferent subject, smoking our pipes, and he making no sort of preparation, either in dress or anything else, for the seance. Then I have stepped into the cabinet, and seen that there was nothing there but the bare floor and walls, the chair and the cap and powder-horn that a visitor recently presented to Honto and Santum respectively, and that they sometimes, but not often, wear.

The night of my arrival, the voice of the spirit, Mrs. Eaton, called me to bring a light and see the condition of the medium, the instant that the last shape retired behind the curtain. I found everything as usual in the cabinet—no costumes scattered around, no signs of dressing having been going on. The window was closed against the admission of light, by a small black shawl and a piece of horse-blanket held against the panes by a bar of wood, cut to fit inside the frame. The last forms that had shown themselves were those of the two Lenzberg children, clad in white, but, although not more than thirty seconds had elapsed, no



THE SLEEPING MEDIUM.

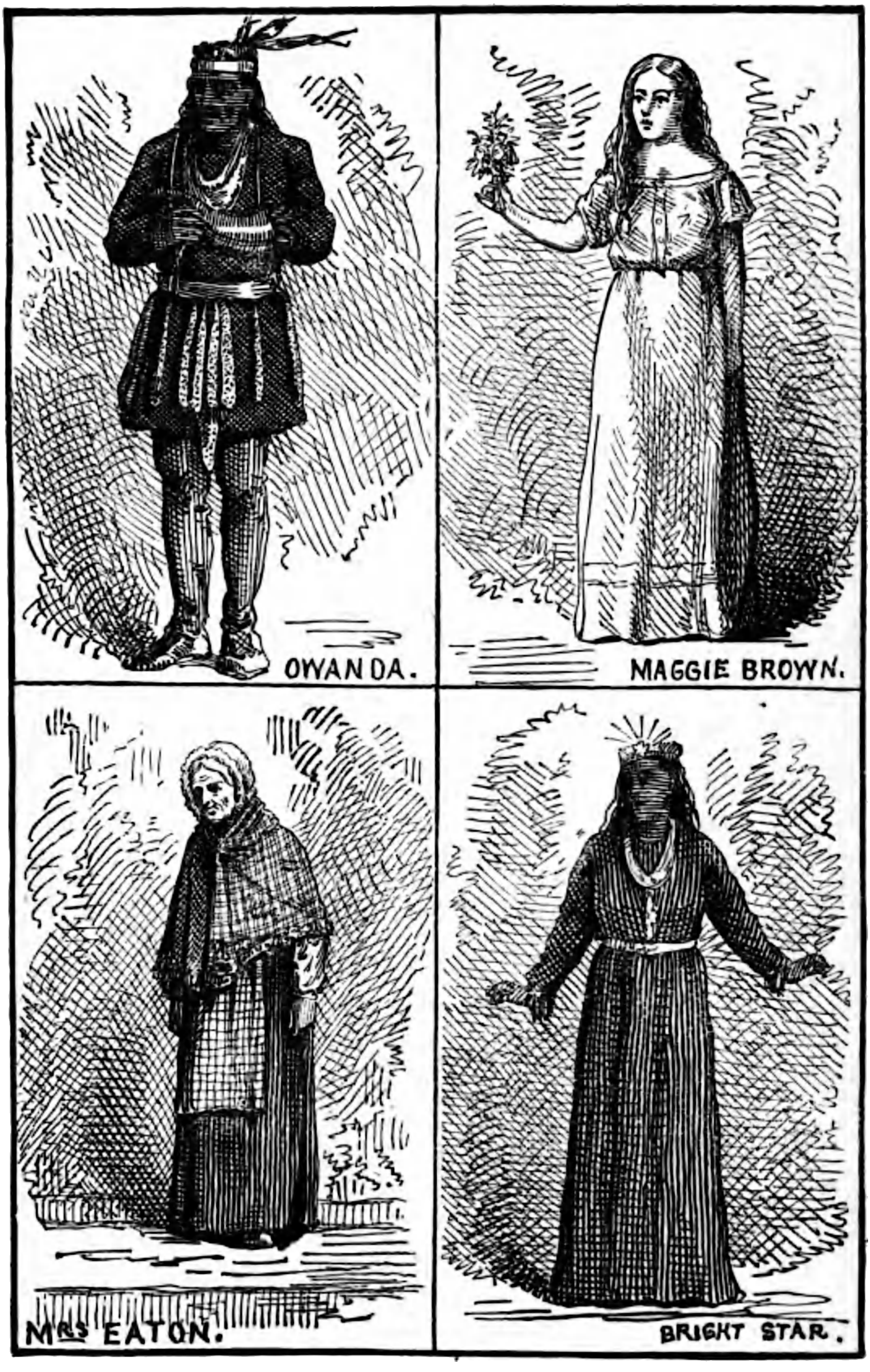
white drapery was to be seen. The medium was in a deep sleep, his features relaxed, his breathing almost imperceptible, his skin free from moisture, and every indication presented, of profound obliviousness to external things. The glare of the lamp and the noise of my footsteps, did not awaken him, but, when I shook him and called him by name, he opened his eyes and regarded me with the startled look of one suddenly aroused from slumber and seeing something unexpected at his bed-side.

I have often seen persons come out of both the natural and cataleptic sleep, and unhesitatingly affirm that this man was neither counterfeiting nor in an ordinary state of somnolence. I am fortunately able to convey an idea of how he looked, by reproducing a photograph taken one day when he visited a gallery to secure a likeness for a friend. He had no idea of anything happening out of the usual order, but hardly took his seat before he was entranced, and the photographer completed the picture as it is. It was secretly loaned to me, and William will first be apprised of the fact, by seeing it in connection with this chapter.

I have seen, say, three or four hundred different materialized spirits, or what purported to be such, and in every imaginable variety of costume. I have seen them of all sizes and shapes, of both sexes and all ages. I say seen them, because that is just what I mean. True, the light has been dim — very dim — and I have not been able to recognize the features of a single face. I could not even swear to the lineaments of certain of my own personal friends who presented themselves.

But, for all that, practice has so trained my faculties that I am able to distinguish the salient points of difference between the figures. I have no trouble, for instance, in recognizing the aged from the young, the dark from the light or white-haired, European from Indian, Asiatic and African dresses, marked contrasts in stature and bulk, and especially whites from negroes. So, while my testimony is worth nothing as regards identity of faces, it is perfectly competent as to the fact that a multitude of apparitions, totally different from the medium, have been presented for my inspection. What go to constitute a likeness, are a number of lines about the eyes, nose and mouth, as thin as a knife-blade's edge, the expression of eye, shape of features, color and hair. These in such a light as this, are indistinguishable, but, when a figure stands against a white wall, the various parts composing it, and its costume, are readily discerned by the trained eye. Moreover, the peculiarities in appearance have been distinct enough for our artist to present the reader with such excellent sketches of a number of the most familiar spirits, that they will be recognized by hundreds of visitors at the old farm-house.

In my *Sun* letter of September 5th, I warned the public against going to Chittenden for a single evening, with the idea that they would be satisfied with what they saw. It is simply absurd to expect it, for the light is so poor that one cannot, with untrained eye, distinguish accurately between forms varying as much as six inches in height. One gentleman who came with me, and another of scientific reputation, echoed my own


OWANDA.
MAGGIE BROWN.
MRS EATON.
BRIGHT STAR.

MATERIALIZED SPIRITS.

suspicion, that Honto was exactly like William Eddy in height and breadth of shoulders; whereas I, who have now seen her nearly thirty times, and had her measure heights with living persons present, and back up against my painted scale of feet and inches, positively know that she is just 5 feet 3 inches, while William Eddy is 5 feet 9 inches. As to breadth of shoulder, depth of chest, and apparent weight, there is no resemblance between them.

As an instance of the cavalier treatment that this subject of Spiritualism, commonly receives at the hands of the scientific and pseudo-scientific class, I may mention the fact that one of the latter kind, who recently visited the Eddy Homestead, and departed after attending a single seance, fixed in his pre-conceived opinion that the whole affair was a deception, is engaged in the attempt to solve a certain medical problem, not of primary importance, and has devoted years of time, and collected returns from hundreds of correspondents, in all parts of the country, before he has felt competent to express an opinion; and yet, when it comes to the grandest problem of the age, and all ages — whether we have immortal souls or die the death of dogs — he needs only sixty minutes of observation of the most startling phenomena the world ever saw, to "satisfy the scientific world," that he has simply witnessed a series of personations by an uneducated farmer, "with the help of three dollars' worth of costumes!"

The reader will not require to be reminded that I have never expressed myself as satisfied with my own investigations; but, on the contrary, have always deplored the impossibility of making my experiments under test conditions. And yet I have seen hundreds of "spirits" whose appearance I cannot account for, and which cannot be explained upon the theory of confederacy, or, in my judgment, personation. I submit, therefore, that if, after such an experience as this, I confess the question to be still open, it becomes less patient observers, to be modest enough not to give us *ex-cathedra* opinions, after such a farcical investigation as that of the person in question.

During one of our wars we had a numerous class of patriots, who, while attending to their engrossing private affairs, held themselves in readiness to exchange plowshare for sword, and take the field at the first alarm of danger. They were known as "Minute Men." For the first time in my acquaintance with science, I have met one of its self-styled votaries ready to investigate and decide upon one of the greatest of topics after an hour's examination. He should be forever known as Perpetual President of the Society of Sixty-Minute Philosophers! He left Chittenden, breathing threatenings and slaughter. Since then we have had his "exposé" but the world still moves on as though the thunderbolt had not fallen, and he and it will rot and pass out of mind, and a score more of like pretentious expositors arise, have their brief hour, and be lost to view, while the phenomena will continue to bedevil the wits of the scientific world, until some Columbus shall arise among them to lead the way over the mysterious sea, beyond which the Truth lies hidden.

CHAPTER XII.

IS IT AN OCCULT FORCE?

HAVING tried to make it appear reasonably certain that the forms seen on the platform in the circle-room are not character-personations by William H. Eddy, I am prepared to consider the only remaining alternative—that they imply the manifestation of some occult force, either spontaneously generated or under the control of intelligence. Here we have plain sailing, for, as students of science, we ought to find no difficulty in grappling with a subject which submits itself to analysis as freely as any other within the reach of our faculties. I see no more reason why we should not be able to trace the phenomena of modern Spiritualism back to their source, than those of heat, light, motion, electricity or chemical action, if we only use the same patience and resort to like tests.

We should take nothing for granted, and respect no man's judgment who does. We should demand from the Spiritualists as broad a basis of facts for our belief as we do from Huxley before receiving his theory, or from Tyndall if he would have us accept any of the dogmas propounded in his Belfast address. A philosophy that shrinks from crucial tests I want none of. No real investigator takes things on faith. We should flout at and cease debate with the Spiritualist who assumes to set his creed above all other creeds as too sacred to be tried and tested by every appliance of reason and science. The individual preferences or fears of mediums are nothing to us, for we are in quest of the truth, and would seek it even at the bottom of a well. We should weigh the mediums and their phenomena in the balances, and reject whatsoever appears false. In this spirit, which is the very essence of all scientific inquiry, I have tried, as far as lay within my power, to grope my way among these Eddy apparitions, and think the ground grows firm beneath my feet. I know that I am only the guide carrying the torch, and that the master spirits are to come after me; but at least I have traversed the country and tried to observe the path so carefully as not to lead my betters into the bog at either side.

Now, that a fair understanding may be established between my reader and myself before I state any more things that I have seen, let us consider this question of the materialized spirits being the product of an undiscovered force. The dogma of Tyndall has not yet been demonstrated, either by him or any other man of science.

The word "demonstrate" is used advisedly; for, while it is true that the very recent experiments of Dr. Bastian, F. R. S., in England, and of Dr. Timothy Lewis, in India, seem to indicate that the thermal death-point of living matter has been finally ascertained, and that the flask experiments of the former gentleman, based upon this hypothesis, make it probable that the spontaneous generation of *Bacteria* germs has been observed, yet the majority of scientists agree with Dr. Jeffreys-Wyman in the opinion that the question is still in doubt.

Unless, therefore, we are ready to concede that Bastian has settled the point in dispute, we may safely say that all the efforts of the most learned philosophers of France and Great Britain, have hitherto failed to show spontaneous generation, under conditions which absolutely excluded the admission of germs from the atmosphere. The experiments already made may ultimately lead to this result, but they have not as yet; and even if the indestructibility and convertibility of force were proven, the experimenters would still have to account for that something behind, that "dynamic, unseen agency," of which it is only the exponent, and which evolves and directs the force towards its multiform manifestations.

Alas! when they have wrested from space the secret laws under which matter accretes and forms itself into systems and worlds, and by which the myriad types of vegetable and animal life are evolved, the mind will return weary from its search after the Infinite Power that established those laws and holds them to their appointed work.

Well, then, if the English and French chemists, with unlimited control of the best apparatus, and every other help, have not evolved so much as microscopic animal life, independent of germs admitted from the atmosphere, is any one so audacious as to say, that these Vermont farmers, without a penny's worth of mechanical or chemical appliances, have gained such mastery over the imponderable fluids of the air, that at their pleasure, palpable human forms can be evoked, to cheat the senses into the belief that they are endowed with life? Can any one dare to maintain that to such evanescent, self-generated forms, these conjurors can impart the faculties of hearing, speech, and sight? Can make them walk like human beings, breathe, sing, convey ideas, and sustain conversations in divers foreign tongues? To walk may be automatic, as Doctor Carpenter attempted to show, in his pamphlet on the unconscious action of the human brain, and, if the spontaneous generation of the Eddy ghosts were conceded, it might be as easy to allow them the capability of mere motion; but to walk to a given point, by request, or to do any other suggested thing, is not automatic, but the evidence of motion guided by intelligence.

When, therefore, these apparitions have, at my demand, moved to the right or left, or stepped forward, or taken hold of some object, or assumed certain attitudes, or otherwise shown that they were capable of not only hearing my voice, consenting to my request, and doing the desired thing, but also were as able to control their individual movements, by the power of their individual will, as I myself, I saw that all theories of automatous action must be abandoned, and the problem re-cast. In such case I have to deal with sentient beings, and it crowds me nearer and nearer to the verge, where I must either surrender or leap.

If we have not to deal with a question of spontaneous generation, are these apparitions the result of some occult force, set in motion by any human will? In other words, has the "medium," William H. Eddy, such power over it, that he can cheat mothers into the belief that they see their children, children their parents, brothers sisters, friends friends? And are the apparitions subjective or objective? Let us see. If he "psychologizes" any particular one of his audience, he does all, for all see the same forms, hear them speak the same words, and witness them doing the same actions. If they are not phantoms of the mind, but temporarily solid and substantial shapes, created by the medium's will, out of the invisible molecules floating in the air, what does that imply? Simply that William can not only read our thoughts, *but see the pictures of our deceased friends, as they are impressed on our memory*, and conjure up shapes that duplicate them in dress, appearance, manners, and conversation: that this uneducated man can at will speak any language he chooses, recall family names, observe secret actions so as to refer to them, and without time for preparation, delude visitors arrived just before the hour of assembly, with the spectres of those nearest and dearest to them.

Is not this absurd? To believe such nonsense is far more difficult than to yield at discretion, and acknowledge that perhaps the spirit world may be a fact after all. What hard climbing this is to reach the peak from which the mind's eye may take in the whole plain of Truth at a glance! If we could only swallow the spiritualistic pill at a gulp, how much trouble we might be spared. For their explanation is so easy; every single phase of these phenomena is so transparently simple, so in accordance with law—an occult and as yet undiscovered law, it is true, but still law and not chance—that one "finds peace in believing."

A clergyman asks me if the world would not demand that the Spiritualists should show something of practical benefit brought about by the spirits—something that would add to the world's wealth. I referred him to the position he took every Sunday of his life, when he asked: "If a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul, what profiteth him?" and put it to him as a clergyman, if the proving of immortal existence were not the most priceless blessing that could be conferred upon the world by these modern wonder-workers. He had not regarded the matter from that side.

I am glad to receive a reinforcement of my appeal for scientific investigation of these so-called spiritual phenomena from a most unexpected quarter. Long after this chapter, as originally written, appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, the *Scientific American*, a conservative journal, uses the following language:

> "In the first place, then, we can find no words wherewith to adequately express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to Science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the Nineteenth Century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown, and his name will be written high above any other. For spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of Science. It denies the conservation of matter and force; it demands a reconstruction of our chemistry and physics, and even our mathematics. It professes to create matter and force out of nothing, and to annihilate them when created. If the pretensions of spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of Science than their verification. A realization of the dreams of the *elixir vitæ*, the philosopher's

stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of spiritualism.

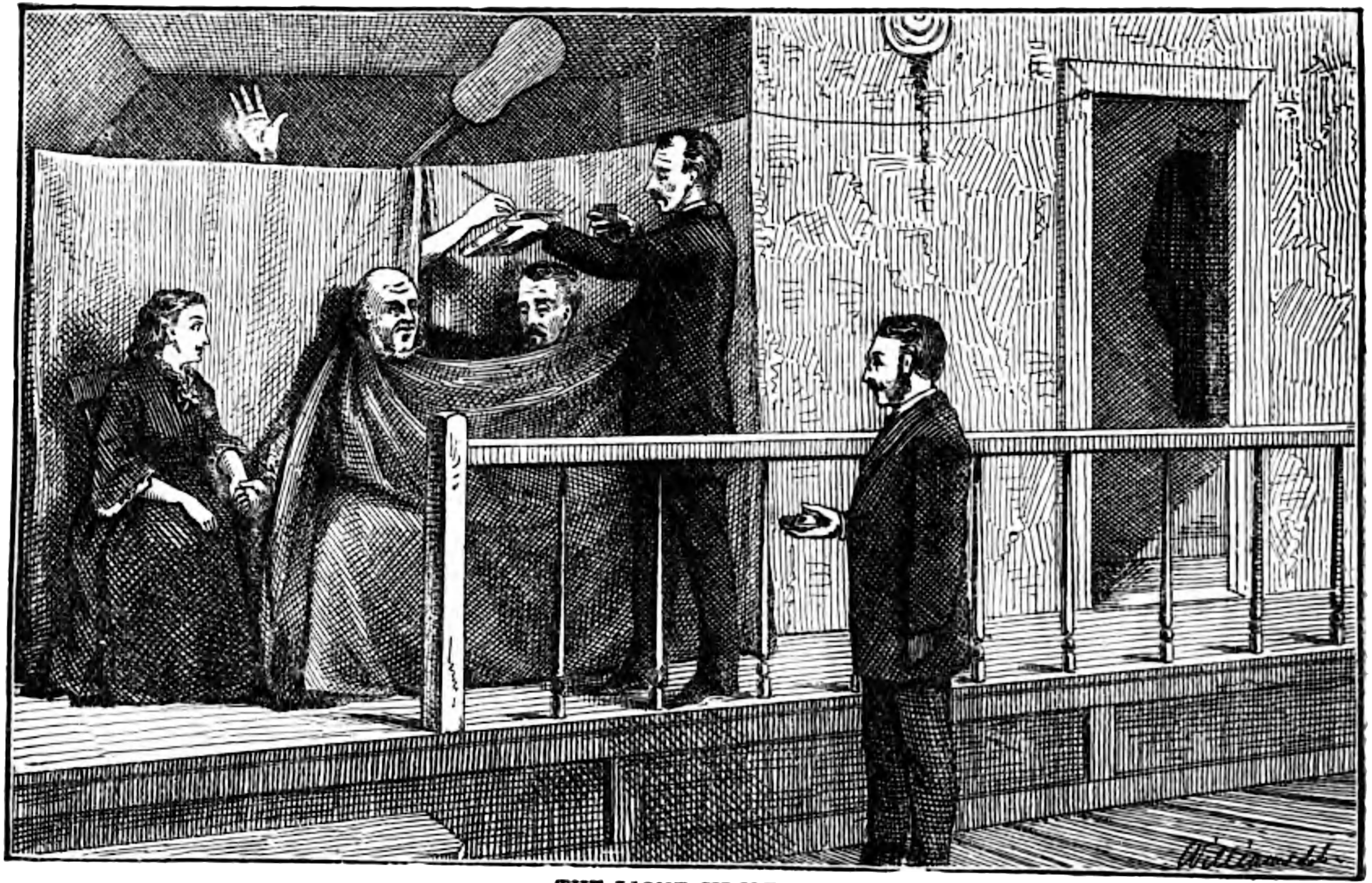
But some may say that we exaggerate the pretensions of spiritualism, and that spiritualists, in the ratio of their intelligence, make claims which are modest and moderate; and perhaps the average man says that, although a great part of spiritualism is deception and imposture, yet there is something about it which is new and true. To such we say that if there is any truth in it, of interest to science, however small, it is worth while to seek for it with great diligence and labor; its discovery will surely bring an abundant reward. If we positively knew that there was contained in spiritualism a scintilla of new fact about matter, though it were as the needle in all the hay stacks, or as the grain in all the sands of the sea, we would not discourage the ambitious man of science in his search for it.

Mr. Crookes, as the discoverer of thallium, has achieved a great eminence in science, and he is now nobly employing his talent in the investigation of spiritualism, if he find in it, positively, something new to science. He does not need to be told that, if he really discovers his psychic force, or any other unknown force, capable of acting on matter, all the future ages will name him with Galvani and Newton. Finally, say we emphatically, if there be truth in spiritualism, in whole or in any part, let it be investigated. But concerning such investigations, in view of very serious harm which heretofore has often been caused by shallow and superficial dallyings with the subject, we thoughtfully and solemnly advise that no investigation is worthy of the name unless it is inspired by the passionless common sense of science. Also, remember this: The evidence required to establish a fact, is proportioned to the improbability of the fact."

In the farther discussion of his theme, the Editor commends to the consideration of Mr. Crookes and myself, respectively, resort to force to solve the materialization problem; but I agree with that eminent Englishman, that it is better to avoid resort to such unscientific methods as long as possible.

So here we are at length: Confederacy, disproven; personation, discredited; spontaneous generation of the apparitions, impossible; mind-reading by the medium, followed by his creation of the shades of our deceased friends, absurd. Result: A possibility that, by some occult control over now unknown forces of nature, beings, other than those in the body can manifest their presence to sight, touch, and hearing. If beings, what beings? Those they purport to be, or the *simulacra* of such, formed and fashioned by tricky creatures, who are suffered to trifle with the sacredest feelings of our hearts? If spirits, those of persons who have lived on this earth?—or those from other planets, where the same relations as ours of body and mind, the same laws of life and death, do not prevail? Who and whence are they? Are they all evil, all good, or partly both? Is there a limit to their power to interfere in the affairs of men; and, especially, to control those sensitives we call mediums? Do the things they do and the things they teach, indicate that the law of evolution follows us beyond the grave, and we may rise to grand heights of light and wisdom?—or must we shun them as the angels of hell itself, let loose to ruin us in body and soul? That is the issue. That is where we stand; and now the reader is prepared to let me take him by the hand through this maze, and with me, "try the spirits, if they be of God."

The illustration represents what happened on the first evening of my visit, after William's materialization seance closed. It shows some of the visible manifestations at Horatio G. Eddy's light-circles. Thousands who have attended the public exhibitions of the Davenports and other traveling mediums, will recognize them as familiar. I was chosen as one of the committee, on the evening when the Davenports first appeared in the



THE LIGHT-CIRCLE.

Cooper Institute, several years ago, and saw five hands simultaneously thrust out of the aperture in the cabinet-door, and, grasping one, had my hand squeezed so that I felt the bruise for hours. Instead of using a wooden box, Horatio Eddy hangs two shawls upon the line that stretches from the chimney in the circle-room to the south wall; leaving an open space between it and the ceiling of about two feet.

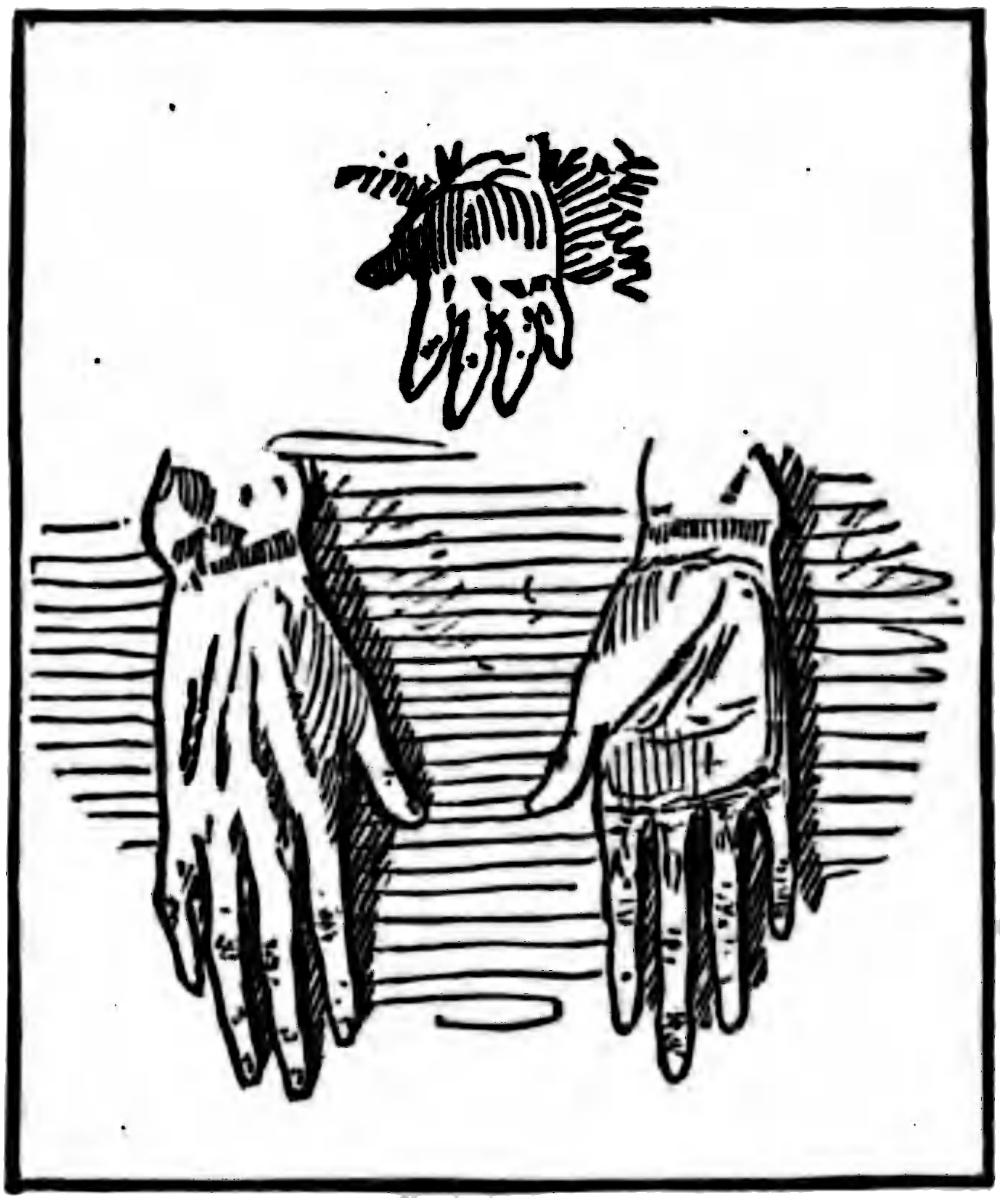
The one next the chimney, and behind Horatio's chair, is a short one, and does not reach the floor by nearly three feet; and therefore, if it were possible for him to execute tricks behind the other curtain, without betraying himself by movements of his head, feet, shoulders and body, or the disturbance of the shawl, he would be favorably placed to do so. I have watched him closely, and have never detected any such indications of fraud. Besides, it will appear in the course of my narrative that, even if he had had both hands free to do what he chose, he could not have done any one of several things that I will recount.

The shawls merely form a screen, behind which it must be almost as light as in front, by reason of the open space between the cord and ceiling. A table is pushed into the corner, and on it are laid the following: One guitar, one concertina, seven bells of various sizes, two tambourines, eight harmonicons (mostly disabled), one flute, one piccolo, one flageolet, one tin ditto, and one triangle. Horatio sits on a chair in front of the curtain, to the left, next to him some gentleman selected from the audience, and at the right of the latter a lady similarly chosen. I give these positions as they are upon the platform. To the audience they would appear reversed, Horatio being at the right and the lady at the left. William Eddy then pins across the breasts of the two males a third shawl, attaching the ends to the curtain. A bright light is thrown upon the group from a kerosene lamp placed near and turned up high.

Presently there is a commotion among the articles on the table, and loud knocks resound. The bells ring, various instruments are displayed above the curtain; the guitar is played upon near the ceiling, beneath the sitters' chairs, between the chimney side and Horatio's chair to the left, flat against the south wall, beyond the lady sitter to the right, and elsewhere; a familiar air is played in concert by a number of instruments; bells are rung singly and in harmony together, and hands of various sizes and tints dart into sight through the aperture in the curtain, or show themselves above the cord.

On the occasion referred to, the gentleman sitting next to Horatio was requested, after a while, to give place to a lady, who, when she had taken her seat and the shawl was re-adjusted, was caressed by a child's hand, a tiny little thing, that might have belonged to a girl of two or three years. It patted her cheek, was held at the lips to be kissed, laid upon her head, smoothed her hair, and when her eyes filled with tears, wiped them away and renewed its caresses. The artist has shown me, standing far in advance of the rest of the circle, where it will be noticed I had unobstructed view of all that transpired; but when this little hand was thrust from another world to cheer and encourage the mother, whose bosom it had so often clasped in life, I had drawn close up in front, and saw the very dimples on it. I am, therefore, entirely able and ready to affirm that, even if the medium were an impostor, and had wished to deceive his sitters with a clever juggle, he did not then nor could not, for he could not transform his long, brown, bony, sinewy hand, and his wrist, mutilated by the cruel tying of many "committees," into the size, color, and shape of the baby-hand that was materialized before my eyes.

Let the reader judge. Here we have front and back



views of Horatio's right hand; and a view of the baby hand that I have referred to. The peculiar mutilation of his wrist by the compression of the small bones of the wrist by ligatures when they were soft, will be observed, as well as the long, slim, almost claw-like fingers. Observe also, by reference to the large picture, that, as Horatio sits at the extreme left of the three, he could only use his *right* hand for juggling, whereas the child-hand is a *left* one.

It has been doubted, by certain persons who have written to the newspapers, that more than one hand is shown at once in these light circles, but aside from my own observations, which prove the contrary, here we have the certificate of a clergyman of Albany:

> CHITTENDEN, Oct. 29th, 1874.
>
> This is to certify that at a light circle which I attended last evening at the Eddy homestead, I distinctly saw three spirit-hands displayed at one time; of which, one was that of a lady, a long, slim hand as white as marble; a second, the great hand of a man with the entire little finger of the right hand missing; the third, another man's hand, very white.
>
> HENRY J. CLINKER.
>
> 28 Hawk St., Albany, N. Y.

A call was soon made for writing materials, and a succession of spirit-hands clutching the pen that William offered them, and using my note-book as a tablet, wrote names on cards and threw them towards the audience. Some were names of the dead, some of the living; none, I am satisfied, familiar to the medium.

The performances of the evening concluded, at the request of a visitor, with a series of imitations of the boring, sawing, and splitting of wood, the filing of iron, and the pumping of water, the sounds occurring behind the curtain, and all being so true to nature as to evoke great applause.

During the entire sitting, as during each of like character, Horatio's two hands are supposed to have clasped the bared left arm of the person next him; his eyes were closed, and, as I said before, there was neither rustle of the curtain, nor movement of his feet, body, or shoulders. For all the attention he apparently gave to what was going on he might have been in a stupor, or enjoying a nap after a full meal.

Now, this experience offers, perhaps, as favorable an opportunity as any for the application of the theory, that no reliance should be placed upon the evidence of the senses. I either saw the baby-hand, and other larger ones, not the medium's, heard the co-incidental playing upon several instruments, and saw the guitar played upon, not only beyond the reach of Horatio's arm, but also flat against the south wall, in a position where he could not possibly hold, much less play upon it; or I did not.

If not, who psychologized my senses, and made me fancy all these things? Not Horatio, for stronger wills than his have vainly attempted to "magnetize" me, and he could not do it, if he tried ever so long. Who then? Nobody else in the flesh, for no one else had the slightest interest in the success of his circle; William and he never interfering with each other. Shall we say, then, some self-directed, vagrant force, allying itself with this medium? Or, as a last extremity, shall we say a spirit or spirits out of the body, and "let it go at that?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SCIENTISTS.

I SCARCELY ever sit down to write a chapter of this story of my experience among the Chittenden ghosts without feeling the similarity between my mental state and that of one who threads his way through a strange forest by night. At one moment the traveler catches a glimpse of the path under some opening where the starlight comes down, and anon, lost in obscurity he runs against an obstacle that must be surmounted or skirted; his senses are kept constantly on the alert for foes of one kind or another, his eyes strained for pitfalls; a vague sense of danger besets him; but through all, his courage is sustained by the hope of getting safely out of the woods, and obtaining that security and repose which shall reward him for all the difficulties of the journey. I am continually oppressed with a consciousness of the possibility of deception by the truant senses, to the misleading of many good people who are obliged to depend upon their vigilance for the formation of their own opinions. It is not that I mistrust these mediums more than all mediums, but because, being obliged, so to say, to do my work at arm's length in consequence of their peculiar disposition, I am kept forever on the watch.

How vast a pity it is that this matter of the intercourse between the two worlds is so tainted with falsehood as to make such vigilance necessary; that the observation of its phenomena is so much in the hands of ignorant, dishonest, and even dissolute people; that the most atrocious fraud is often practised upon honest investigators, and that the sacredest feelings of the heart are trifled with for gain! But the responsibility for all this is easily placed. It lies at the door of those men of science who could discover to us the fundamental law upon which these things rest, if they would, but do not; so turning us over to charlatans and enthusiasts to be deceived and misled until our own dearly bought experience teaches us, and shames them into tardy action. If it is true that most mediums will cheat, when their real power temporarily leaves them, as it is, that only makes it all the more necessary that competent investigators should set to work without loss of time to discover the rule by which we might know the false from the true phenomena.

The pusillanimity of the men of the laboratory has been as great as the blind violence of the clergy. The one have not dared to pursue investigations that might bring upon them the censure of an ignorant public; the other have denounced as devilish, if not trivial, a series of phenomena that, if true, will soon be the last refuge of the church from the destructive engineering of the sappers of science. If both had joined forces twenty-seven years ago in a patient and thorough investigation of these "spiritual" phenomena, the law of their manifestation would have been long ago discovered, and the public would have been spared, at least the major part of the swindles and trickery by which mediums have defrauded it. Professor Robert Hare, the discoverer of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, and one of the most eminent chemists of his day, whose name I have already mentioned in this work, recognized the duty devolving upon him, and spent some years in an investigation of Spiritualism. The result was his conversion to the belief. His colleagues, instead of applauding his course and awarding him the credit he deserved, set to calling him an imbecile, and, like a pack of hounds in full cry, ran together after the noble quarry, with a scent breast-high.

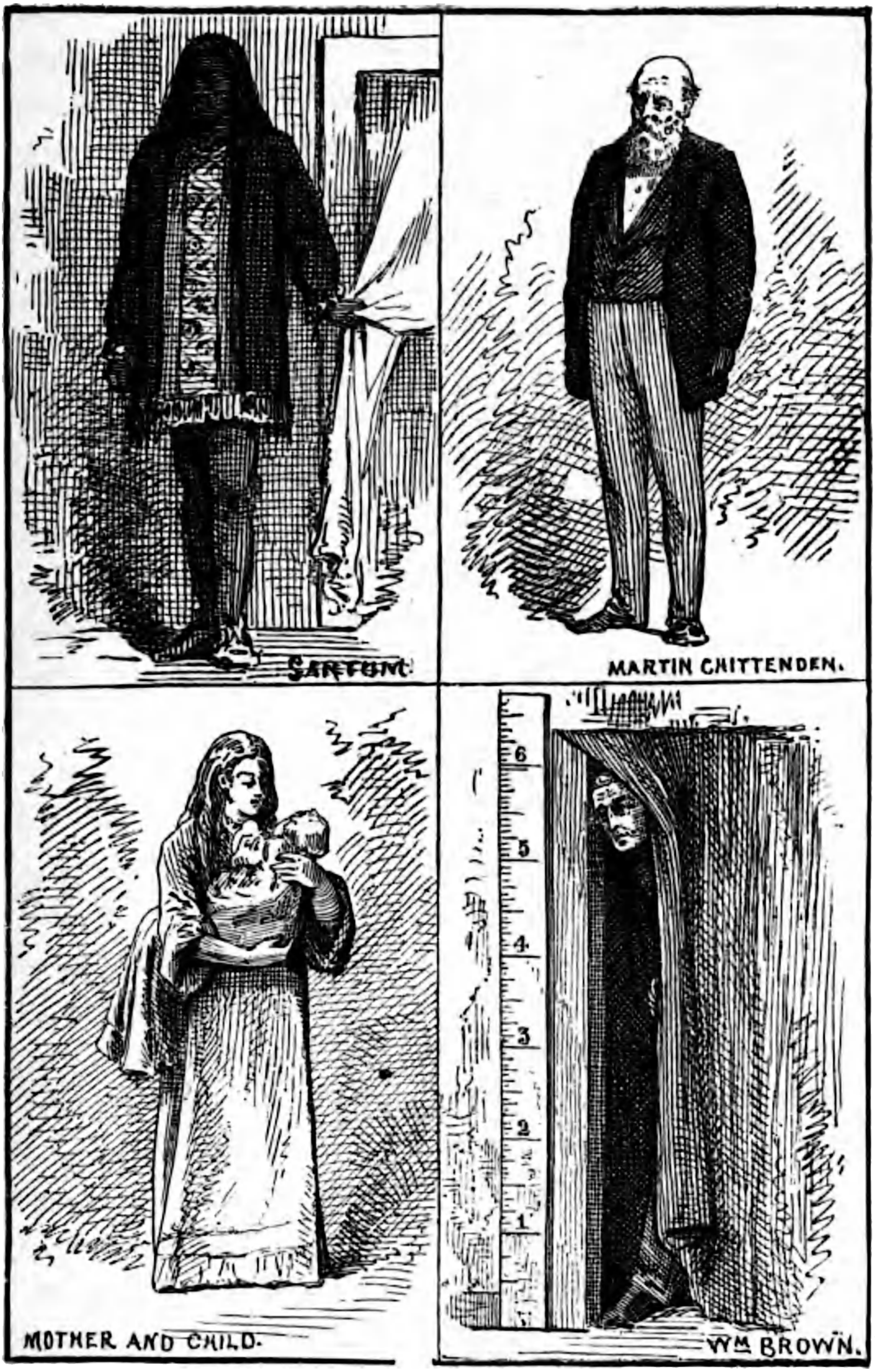
This is what they are doing now to Wallace, Crookes, Varley, and the Continental philosophers. This is what their prototypes did to Columbus, Galileo, Harvey, Watt, Faust, and every other man who, being of giant character, could, so to speak, look over the heads of the crowd, and make them feel their own littleness. Mean envy begets spite, and spite malice, and malice cruelty. Until, then, the scientists give a full and fair investigation to this subject, and proclaim in an authoritative manner the truth, we need spend no time in denouncing mediums for charlatanry. We might as justly censure the people of a row of tenement-houses for piling the street full of garbage, while a competent Board of Health was in existence, but neglecting its duty.

It has been observed by frequenters of these "circles" that the appearance and behavior of Honto are good indications of the general character of the manifestations for the evening; if she is active, the seance will be a good one; if not, the reverse. The plain deduction from this is, of course, that she and the other spirits are alike subject to the same laws governing the occurrence of the phenomena; and not as some devout Spiritualists suppose, that her condition reflects upon that of her fellows by a mysterious exercise of her will upon their power of materialization.

On the second evening of my visit Honto was the first spirit to appear, and she remained in sight nearly fifteen minutes. Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. Pritchard occupied their usual chairs at either end of the platform, and Honto danced with the former in a lively manner, balancing, advancing, crossing over, and turning the old lady as though the whole delight of her soul were in the figures of the dance. She would sway first to one side and then the other, raise her hands above her head, bend backwards until her spine was nearly doubled upon itself, like a carpenter's rule, and fling herself about in an exuberance of childish glee. Leaving her partner, she then passed to the other end of the stage, always keeping step to the music, and balanced to Mr. Pritchard, who, being partially paralyzed, could only take her hands in his, and humor her fancy by waving them from side to side and up and down, as her light feet rose and fell. The spirit-girl held her face close to each of theirs, that they might scan her features, and making Mrs. Cleveland turn about, she stood back against back with her to show us her height. The living woman measures just five feet seven inches, and Honto, holding herself erect, was about half a head shorter. The skirt of her dress to-night reached but little below her knees, so that I easily assured myself that she was no man making himself short by bending his legs.

The apparition of a youngish woman holding a baby in her arms followed immediately after Honto's retirement, and caused an exhibition of tender pathos. In the semi-darkness of the room it is, as I have said before, generally but not always the case, that persons cannot recognize the spirits until attention has been specially drawn to them, when their individuality is settled by the general appearance of their form, weight, and motions, in case no words are spoken by them to their questioning friends. In this case the usual query, "Is it for me?" was running along the line, when a woman's voice exclaimed in an agonizing tone, "Is that *my* baby? Is it my——; is it CHARLIE?" The spirit-woman nodded and smiled and held the baby forward for recognition. There was a sob, a wail, an outburst of maternal tenderness: "My darling! My angel!"—and the poor mother could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance.

This scene was followed by another of like character. A German Jewess of nervous temperament sat beside me on the front bench. The curtain was pushed aside, and there in the cabinet's door stood her daughter of twelve years, in a white gown, and with her black hair brushed back from her temples. The mother, overcome with joy, poured forth a volley of questions in German, intermingled with ejaculations, which the happy child tried to answer by rapping assent or dissent with her knuckles upon the door-post, and disappeared as her


SANTUM.
MARTIN CHITTENDEN.
MOTHER AND CHILD.
6
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1
WM BROWN.

WELL-KNOWN SPIRIT-FORMS.

mother was ready to fall into a swoon from excess of emotion.

Ten spirits in all showed themselves, viz.: Honto; Mrs. Carpenter, an elderly lady; Abby ——; the lady and infant; two children; a German, named Abraham Alsbach, who spoke German to his sister; a young lady with long blonde hair, who wore a white dress with low neck and short sleeves and a flowing train—a very pretty spirit; and an aged lady, the grandmother of a person present.

On the next evening the shapes of seven Indians and five whites were seen, and a majority of them were so obliging as to back up to the wall and allow themselves to be measured. In the hopes of aiding my judgment as to the relative heights of the medium and the several spirits, I caused two strips of white muslin to be painted in feet and inches, and tacked them on the wall at either side of the cabinet door. This would enable the eye to note where the head of each apparition reached at the moment the spirit stepped over the threshold. The painter, however, made the mistake of painting the figures about a third too small, and, therefore, while with the fair light we had the first evening the scale was used I could see heights to within a couple of inches, I had to rely upon Mr. Pritchard to call off the exact figures. One most important result was, at any rate, attained in settling beyond question the fact that figures, able to stand alone and walk, were seen, whose heights varied from 2 feet 1 inch to 6 feet 2 3-4 inches. Of these extremes, one was Santum, the Winnebago spirit, and the other a little white child, who leaned against the right-hand door-post. I timed the intervals between the appearance of four of the apparitions, and found them as follows:

From departure of spirit of	*To arrival of spirit of*	*Interval of time.*	
		M.	*S.*
Santum—Sex, male; height, 6 feet 2 3-4 inches; dress, Indian, ornamented with stripes of embroidery and fringe of buckskin; complexion, dark copper.....	B— R—. Sex, male; complexion, white; hair, light; age, fourteen; height, 4 feet 9 inches; dress, European (jacket and trousers dark, white shirt, black tie)........	1	45
B— R—..............	Old Mrs. R—, mother of lady present—Sex, female; complexion, light; hair, white; age, about sixty; dress, European..................	1	50
Mrs. R—...............	"Swift Cloud"—Sex, male; complexion, copper; hair, black; height, 5 feet 10 inches; dress, Indian (blue jacket with fringed sleeves, brown or gray hunting-shirt, worn outside, leggings fringed, and feather in hair)..................	2	35
Swift Cloud.............	A child—Sex, male; age, six; height, —; dress, European.............	4	30

This was a Saturday night, and according to rule no circle was held the following evening, but an event of serious import to at least one person occurred which is worth recounting. The house being crowded with visitors, William Eddy had for a bed-fellow a Mr. Carpenter, of Malone, New York, a gentleman who impressed me as a person of candor and intelligence, and who has enjoyed the advantage of much general travel, as well as a voyage around the world. William had shaved off his moustache during the hot weather, but was now allowing it to grow, and it had attained a length of perhaps half an inch. On Sunday night the two retired and lay awake talking, when Mr. Carpenter was afforded a first-class sensation, which I prefer him to describe in his own fashion:

CHITTENDEN, VT., Sept. 21st, 1874.

Mr. Olcott,

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I repeat the events of last night, as follows:

After retiring to bed as usual, with William Eddy, we lay talking for some time, when he suddenly became silent. A shiver or slight convulsion seemed to run through his body, and I heard a voice say: "Now I 've got you just where I want you." I asked: "Whom do you mean; do you mean me?" The voice replied, "No; Mr. Eddy." I then asked: "Who is it? Is it Mr. Morse?" The voice replied, "No, it's Asa Perkins." Addressing William apparently, the voice continued: "I'll learn you not to keep me around here all day and not let me come. I'll put a mark on you so you'll know me when I want to come again." I then heard the scraping of a razor, and the voice said: "There, I've put a mark on you, so I guess you'll know me when I want to come again." I asked the kind of a mark he had put on William. The voice said: "I've cut one side of his moustache off; you just feel." I felt his lip, and sure enough, one side of his moustache was gone.

The spirit then left and William came to himself again. The voice had told me not to tell William what had been done, so I said nothing.

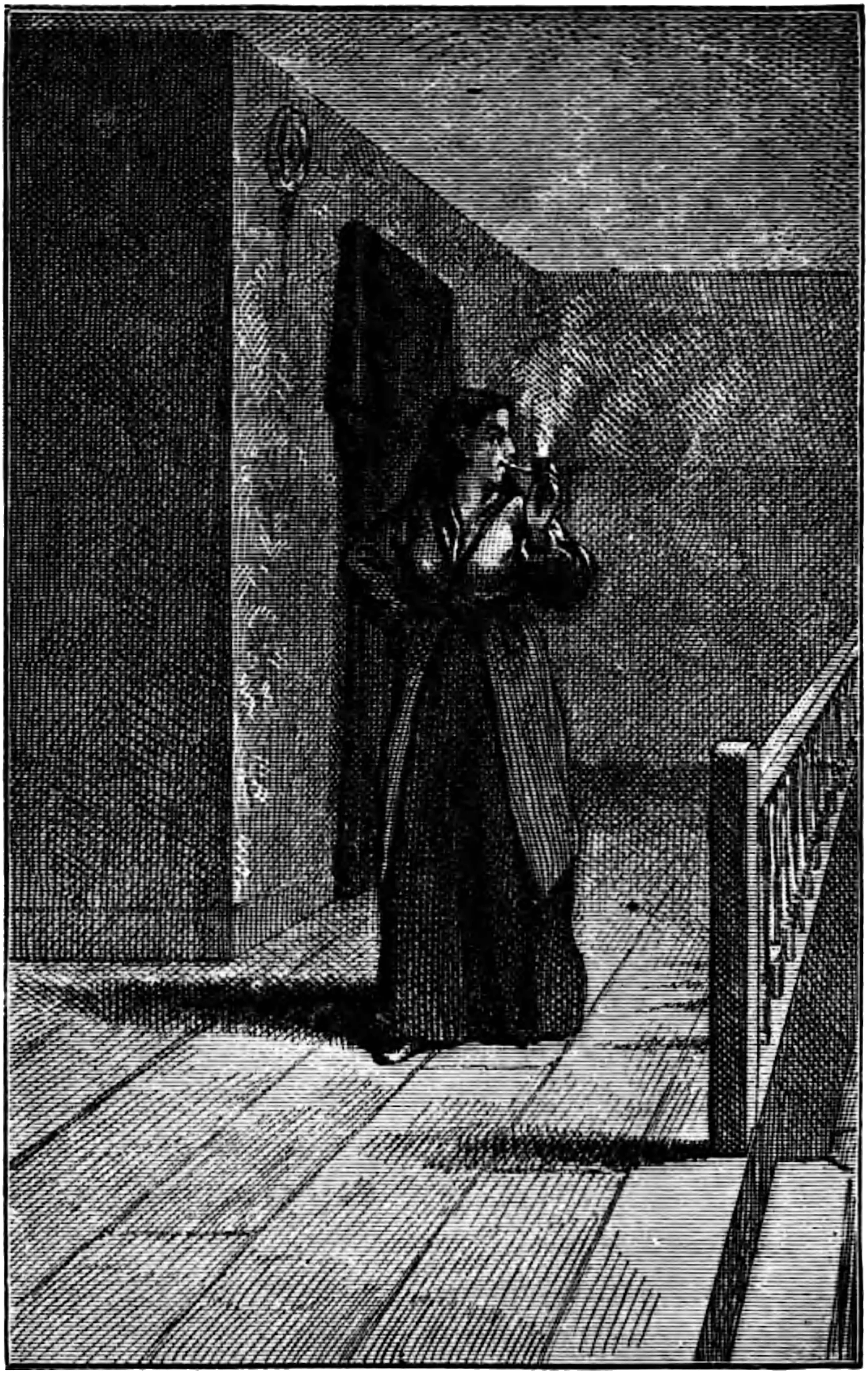
In the morning William discovered the trick when he looked in the glass, and was so angry that he declared he would go at once to New York and take the first vessel for Europe, and put himself in such a condition that neither spirits nor mortals could play tricks on him. He was vexed at all who saw him for not telling of it at once.

The razor with which the shaving was done, lay on a shelf in the corner cupboard, and to get and use it, of course, the spirit must have materialized himself. HENRY CARPENTER.

No wonder that the medium was out of temper, for it foreboded no good to him if, after resigning himself to mediumship, he should be at the mercy of any passing *poltergeist*, and no friendly power stood by to protect him from harm. He presented a comical enough appearance with his lip half shaved, and his indignation was forcibly expressed at all who had suffered him to go about for an hour or so looking like such a fright, without telling him of his misfortune.

The weather on Monday evening was favorable, the moon shining brightly, the temperature of the air low, and a hard frost beginning. Eight spirits showed themselves — four Indians and four whites. Honto came first, and went through her usual performance, "materializing" shawls, pieces of cloth, and white lace, and dancing. She moved to the extreme south end of the platform, and stood there making signs to Horatio Eddy which he did not understand. She was just turning to go back, *when Mrs. Eaton's shrill voice, calling from within the cabinet*, said: "She wants to smoke." I filled my own pipe and handed it to Horatio, who lighted it, and gave it to the squaw; and then we had the astonishing spectacle of a materialized spirit from the other world, walking about and drawing such great whiffs from a tobacco-pipe, that the glowing contents of the bowl cast a ruddy glow upon her coppery features. Alas! for all our poetical fancies about vapory forms, and snowy robes, and shining wings, and harps of gold — there stood a smoking squaw before us, in feature, costume and complexion the type of her race, and with no more appearance of spirituality about her than any of the women in the room, who sat there regarding her with amazement!

Another squaw who appeared that evening was a new-comer, unknown to any one present, but claiming



THE SMOKING SQUAW.

to be one of the band influencing a medium visitor. She was a very short woman, not above five feet high, and of a very much darker complexion than Honto. She wore a dress of dark blue or black, apparently the former—trimmed with bands of large beads that clattered as she walked. Her moccasins and leggings were also trimmed with them, and her hair was very long and thick, and hung free down her back.

Mrs. R—— saw her son again to-night, and in reply to her question: "Are you happy, my son?" I heard him distinctly say: "I am, mother!" There was no ventriloquism by somebody within the cabinet, for I dimly saw his lips move, and at the same time he made a reassuring gesture to lend emphasis to his words.

And now will the reader go back a paragraph and note what may have escaped his notice: That while Honto was out on the stage, a dozen feet distant from the cabinet, and with her back towards it, we were addressed by another person from within its dark recess! It having been demonstrated that William has no confederates, it is in order for the skeptics to choose between the alternatives of admitting that Honto and he are not identical, or of accounting for the presence of a second person in a place where it was a physical impossibility for any mortal to be.

Another circumstance going to prove the same thing I find I have omitted to mention, viz: Whenever Honto passes one of her materialized shawls or pieces of cloth into the cabinet, after exhibiting it to the audience, *it is not thrown in, but handed to some other person behind the curtain.* Who it is we know not, for we never see the form, nor even a hand. The action is not done in a way to attract attention, for it is so natural; and I suppose I must have seen it a dozen times, before I appreciated its importance as evidence in favor of the defendant, which, of course, the medium must be regarded as being.

Other evidence, and of the best kind, going to show that the forms appearing upon the platform are not the medium, is afforded in the following certificate, which has been handed to me by one of the signers. It so happened that the whole of this party found themselves together at Chittenden on a second visit, and I was thus enabled to procure their joint testimony as to the interesting facts stated:

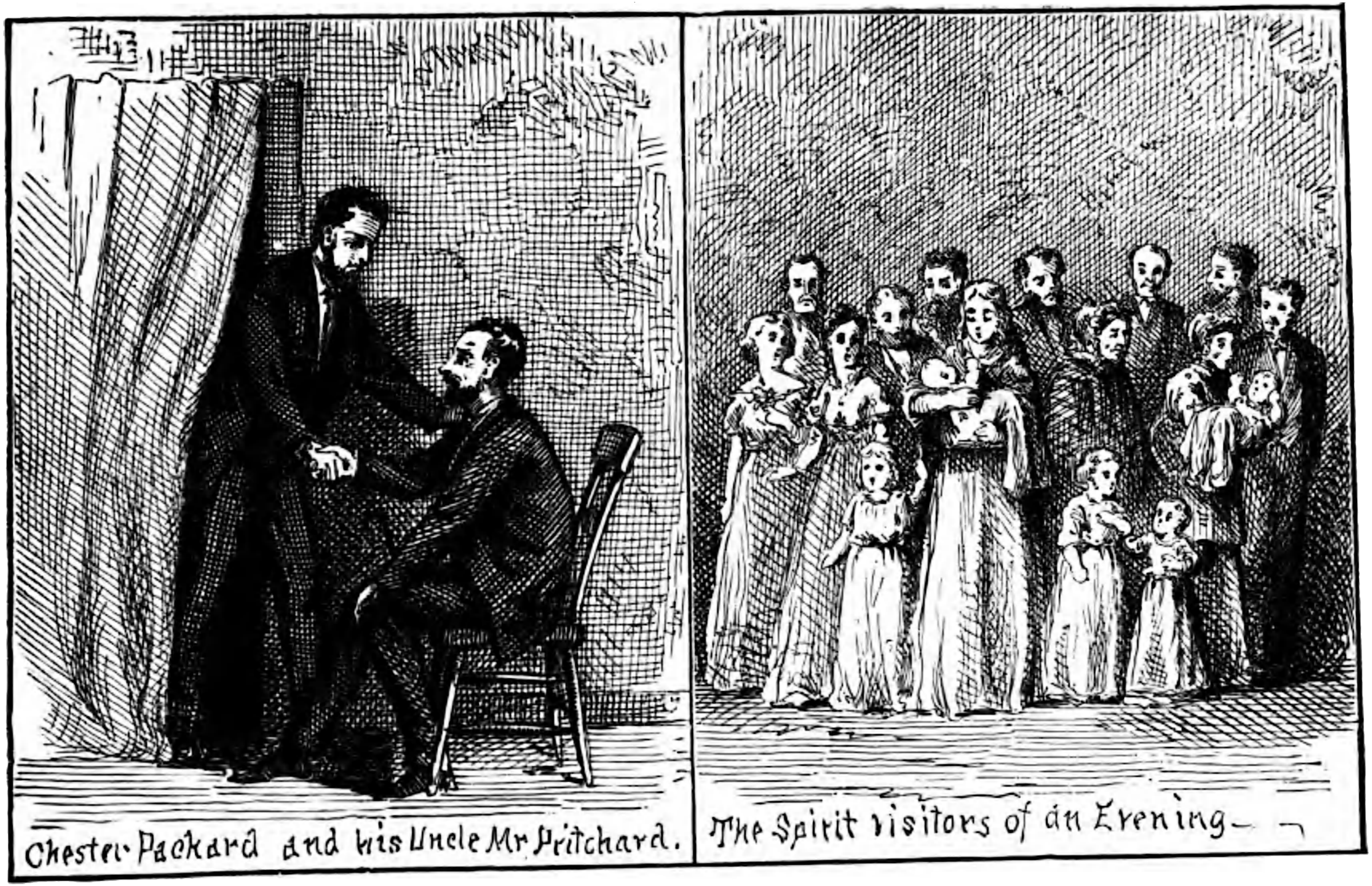
CHITTENDEN, October 21st, 1874.

We hereby certify that at a circle, held on the 28th of April last, in the new hall at the Eddy homestead, among other things that occurred, was the following, which we regarded as very conclusive as to the genuineness of the spirit materializations: "Santum" was out on the platform, and another Indian of almost as great stature came out, and the two passed and re-passed each other as they walked up and down. The stranger chief retired first, and Santum followed him. At the same time, a conversation was being carried on between "George Dix," "Mayflower," old "Mr. Morse," and "Mrs. Eaton," inside the cabinet. We recognized the familiar voice of each.

We had all examined the cabinet that evening, and helped clear it of some plaster and other rubbish. There was no window in it then.

R. HODGSON, M. D., Stoneham, Mass.
GEORGE RALPH, Utica, N. Y.
SARAH A. EHLE, Utica, N. Y.
CORA C. EHLE, Utica, N. Y.
HERMON EHLE, Utica, N. Y.

Observe the points covered in this document: 1. Two giant Indian spirits are seen at once, walking up and down; 2. A conversation between *four* voices is


Chester Packard and his Uncle Mr Pritchard.
The Spirit visitors of an Evening—

VENING'S VISITORS GROUPED.

going on inside the cabinet, while the two Indians are outside, in view; 3. There was no window then in the cabinet; this seance being held in April, three months after the circle-room was built, and the window not being cut through the wall until the following July.

On the next evening I saw more spirits than on any other single occasion but one, during my whole visit. Seventeen showed themselves, and all were whites. There were of babies, 2; small children, 3; women, young and old, 5; and adult males, 7. The theory that deceptive imitations of little children were made by wrapping white rags around one or both the medium's legs, as occasion required, was destroyed by the circumstance that the smallest child, not a babe, I saw that evening, bowed and curtsied to its mother, in reply to her question as to its identity.

Mr. Pritchard, who sat next to me on my right in the front row, was called to the platform by Mrs. Eaton's voice, and when he reached there, his two nephews William and Chester Packard, late of Albany, N. Y., came out in turn to greet him; the former shaking hands with him, and laying his left hand upon his uncle's shoulder.

At the close of the evening, Mrs. Eaton's voice, addressing me, said that William was being developed for a new and startling phase of mediumship, the nature of which she did not condescend to explain.

I have a memorandum among my notes of this day, that a number of persons from different localities, were turned back upon applying for admission to the farmhouse; and at the risk of appearing over-urgent, recall attention to what I have previously said upon this subject. I have seen respectable persons refused, after making very long journeys, and assuming expenses that I am sure they could ill-afford, to have the satisfaction of seeing their loved and lost ones. It is a bitter disappointment in any case, to have the door shut in one's face under such circumstances, but to those whose hearts are bleeding from wounds just inflicted, it must have been agony. All my sympathies have gone out to some sad-eyed women, whose wistful gaze has lingered about the door, as the horses' heads were finally turned towards Rutland. I have felt at such times the desire for unlimited wealth, that, after proving the reality of these phenomena, I might buy this place, erect great buildings, pension off the brothers for life, and throw open the doors of a new and capacious circle-room to all who might come.

But what can these boys do? Their ancient house holds only a score of strangers, even with close packing, and they are forced to establish rules of admission, and stand by them. If people will come from Michigan or Minnesota, from Kentucky or South Carolina, without assuring themselves in advance of bed and board, the responsibility of exclusion rests with them. I have had some of my own personal acquaintances served so, and did not remonstrate. But it would save disappointment and trouble to all concerned, if some sort of system were inflexibly maintained. It seems to me that it would be a very easy matter for the family to issue cards to applicants, good for so many days from and after such a date. As things are mismanaged at present, good, candid people are often refused, and penniless or deceitful marplots often received. It will be found in every instance, I think, where visitors have gone away dissatisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations, that they have stayed less than a week, and so had next to no opportunity to really see or understand the phenomena as they are.

Nearly every one of the scurrilous attacks that have appeared in newspapers, has been written by just such superficial investigators, and the family owe it to themselves to take nobody for less than one week. But it is a waste of words to talk to them about their reputations as mediums, their duties to the public, or their treatment of visitors. Their reply is, that the house is their home, they invite none to come, and they have the right to say whom they will accept, and whom reject. As to their reputations, they profess to care nothing as to what is said concerning them, good, bad, or indifferent. They are a strange family, and seem to reserve their worst treatment for those who are most desirous to befriend them. There are exceptions, but this seems the rule.

Another argument in favor of the establishment of such a rule as that above suggested, is the uncertainty as to a visitor seeing his friends in any short stay. I have frequently known of their being favored in their first seance, and, again, as often of their seeing nobody they cared for, even after waiting patiently for a week or more. If we could "call up" whomsoever we chose, as Saul did the shade of Samuel, it would be another matter, but under present conditions the visits of our angel friends seem to depend upon laws beyond their control or our own.

For my part, I confess that, in view of the uncertainty of our being able to demonstrate their identity even when they do come, if they come at all, in consequence of our ignorance of the limits to the mischievous power of the jugglers of the other world to cheat us with counterfeit presentments of our "deceased" friends, and the unsatisfied feeling that their flitting appearance before our eyes leaves behind, I care less that any individual person should come, than that any spirit at all should be able to break down the wall between the two worlds. In short, if I can be satisfied through these "manifestations" of the great basic fact of Immortality, I am satisfied to wait with a cheerful heart for the coming of that hour, common to us all, when the mystery of life will be solved, and the veil be drawn aside to let the glorious light stream in.

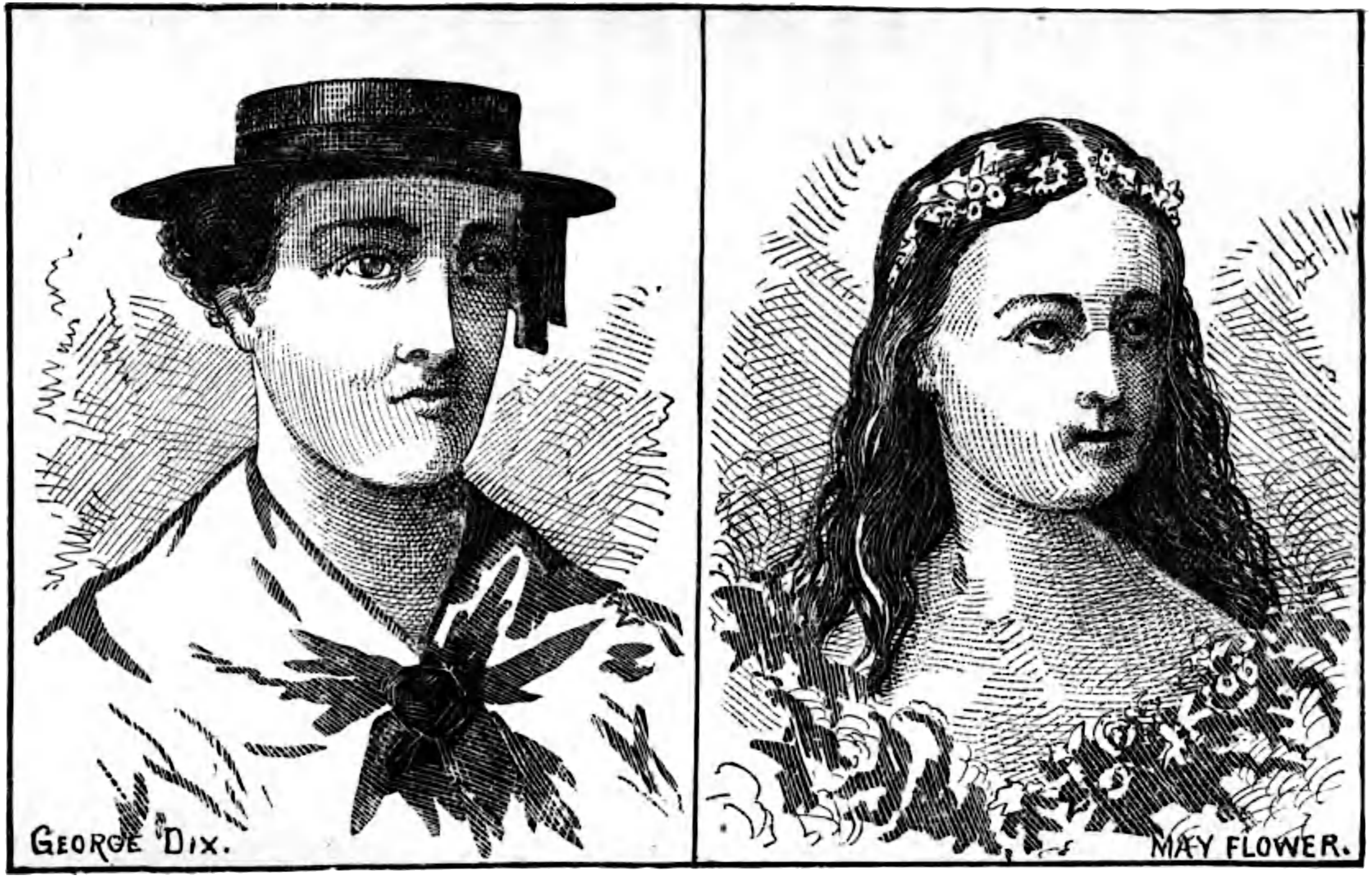
CHAPTER XIV.

THE DARK CIRCLE.

WILLIAM'S circle was followed by one of Horatio's "dark-circles," in which what occurs, is in a room totally dark. The preparations for this event consist in hanging shawls or blankets over the four windows nearest the platform, to exclude even starlight, removing the table with its array of musical instruments to a position on the main floor just in front of the railing, and tying Horatio in a chair, placed to the right of the table and in front of the spectators. Upon the extinction of the light, the gruff voice of the sailor-spirit "George Dix" and the piping whisper of the little girl-spirit "Mayflower" are heard greeting us, special mention being often made of favorite acquaintances by the curiously matched copartners in the direction of these striking seances. Dix asserts, that he was drowned at the wreck of the Steamship President, which may or may not be true, but the truth of which is of no consequence in view of what he does and causes to be done.

If any over-zealous inquirer should wish to verify the fact, he can do so by taking the trouble to examine the shipping papers of the crew of the ill-fated steamship, which will no doubt be found in the archives of the Customs Bureau of the Treasury Department. So far as I am personally concerned, Dix might as well call himself Jack Cade or General Washington. More than this, as we are in pitchy darkness, I would not waste time in speaking of him at all, if I thought the things he does could be done by Horatio if he were free to move about as much as he liked.

"Mayflower's" story is that she died of fever, a century ago, while a captive among the Indians of the Maine wilderness. She was the daughter of Italian immigrants, who were murdered on their "clearing" in one of the many Indian raids by which the early settlers on our Canadian frontier were so greatly harassed. This spirit, by some strange law of spiritual intercourse not satisfactorily explained to me, re-visits this world as a child of twelve years, and manifests juvenile traits in all that she does. She exhibits the Italian talent for improvisation, hardly missing an opportunity to rattle off her verses upon any subject named impromptu by any person in the audience. She is also an accomplished performer on various instruments, which she plays with rare power and expression. Her nature, judging by her conversation and acts, is simple, innocent, and kindly; her heart is warm and sympathetic, and her chief desire to afford pleasure to those of a refined disposition whom the fame of these circles may have attracted to the place. George Dix, on the other hand, is a manly, powerful spirit, with a grip like a vice, a rollicking, prankish nature, and a hoarse voice, like that of one accustomed to shout in storms from maintop to deck.


GEORGE DIX.
MAY FLOWER.

GEORGE DIX AND MAYFLOWER.

He is a spinner of yarns, not always devoid of a coarser flavor than the customs of mixed assemblages permit; an ingenious fellow, who sings, plays well on the violin, whistles like a Boehm flute, and to keep things lively, is ready to bear a hand at any sort of work, from the moving of ponderous objects and the ringing of bells, to the imitation of almost any sound produced by any of the mechanic arts with which he is familiar. Moreover, he is one of your men of knowledge, and given to the unreserved utterance of opinions; ready at a moment's notice to give you the analysis of electricity or a poetical invocation to the Deity; just as, according to Sydney Smith, Lord John Russell was ready to attempt the command of the Channel Fleet or the operation for lithotomy, with equal alacrity. But George Dix, or George whatsoever may be his name, is a capital good fellow, who has always a hearty grip for an honest man, and a heavy fist for those who deserve to feel its weight. When Dr. B—— was here, it was Dix's hand that, in Horatio's light-circle, beat that worthy over the head with the guitar, causing his precipitate flight and striking terror into his guilty soul; and it was he who one night in a dark-circle pulled a man named Frost by the legs out of his chair to the floor, with a great bump that shook us in our seats. When I say "grip" I mean just that, for this spirit, in addition to shaking hands with me sundry times, once gave me one of the grips of a Master Mason, which for want of space, or another sufficient reason, I will not now describe. Horatio, I may remark, is not a Mason.

Compliments being exchanged, a medley performance begins. There is a dance of a pack of a dozen howling, leaping, skylarking Indians, who beat on the drums, rattle the tambourines, blow the horns, ring the heavier bells, and make a din so hideous that one easily fancies himself caught in the melée of a dance of live redskins about starting on the war-path. If Horatio were unbound and using all four of his locomotive and prehensile members, he could not imitate this dance. The creatures yell, and one can hear their stamping on the floor in cadence with their rude music. The dance is preceded by a stillness so dead that, for any sound of life, we might fancy the room empty. A slow beating of the time, a few clangs of the big dinner-bell, a measured beat of the tambourine, and then the time grows faster and faster, until, in a moment, we are in the midst of the hurly-burly. It needed no stretch of imagination to see, even in the Egyptian darkness of the hall, the wild figures circling round and round, for their demonstrations were of so obstreperous a character as to frighten all but *habitués* of the coolest temperaments. As an exhibition of pure brute force, if such a term may be applied to the occult power that produces it, this Indian dance probably is unsurpassed in the annals of spiritual manifestations.

Following this episode, upon the evening in question, came a sword-combat, apparently between two persons, for the hacking of the two blades was, it seemed to me, too violent to be done by one man operating in the dark, at the risk of chopping off a finger, or mutilating a wrist. The play of weapons ended in a sudden groan, and the falling of a man's body on the floor at my feet. I certainly thought some one had found his quietus, with some one's else bare bodkin, but a match being struck and a

THE DARK CIRCLE—BEFORE
AFTER

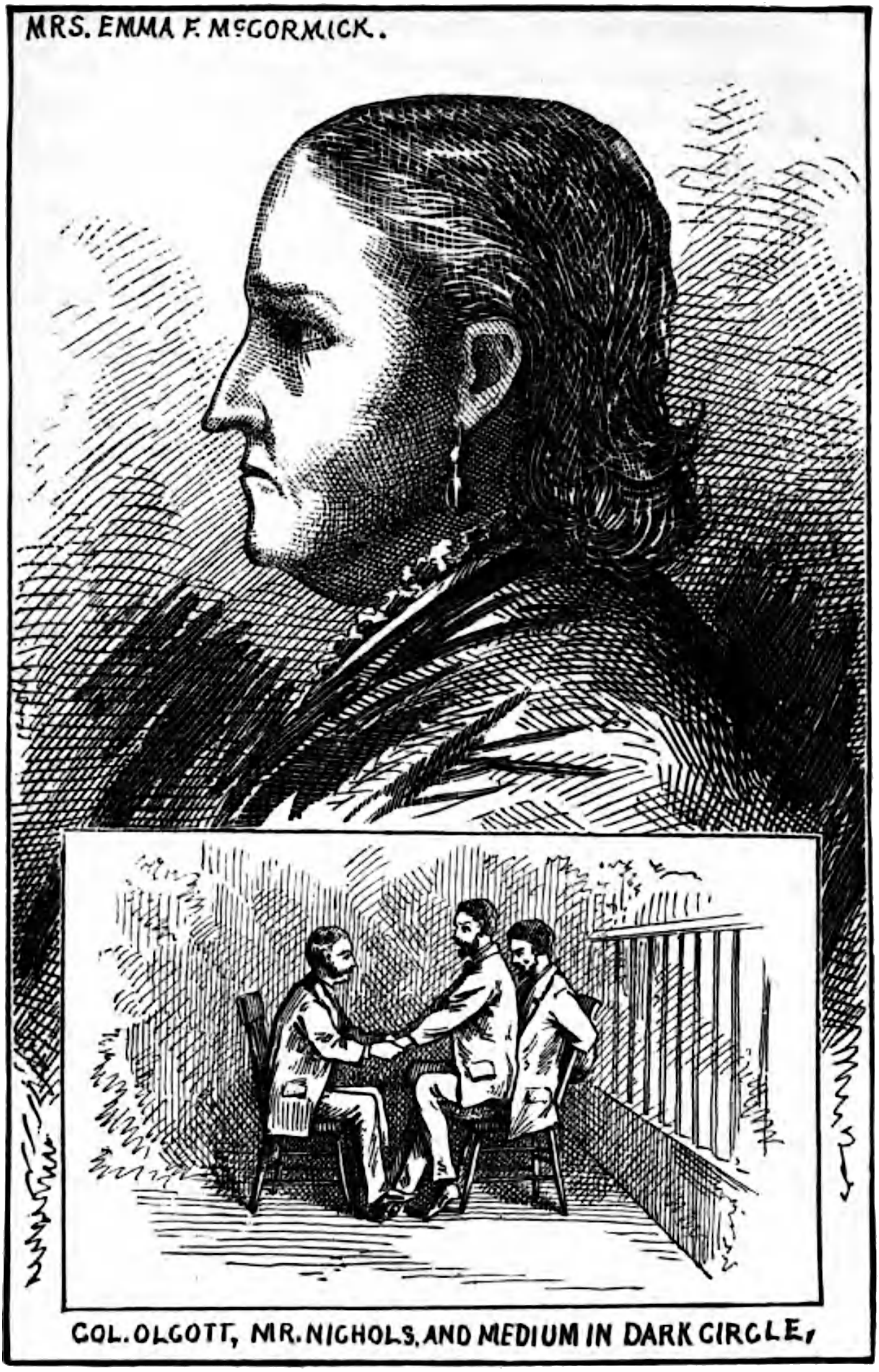
THE DARK-CIRCLE.

candle lighted, the medium was found sitting quietly in his chair, with his bonds undisturbed, and no sign of perspiration on his skin. The floor, however, was littered with musical instruments and bells, and the swords of the unseen combatants were lying along with them. The scenes sketched by the artist in two of the cuts give an idea of the appearance of the room, before the extinction of the candle and upon its re-lighting.

The medium (or rather the spirit controlling him, for he is supposed to be in an unconscious state, and his organs used by a spirit, which may or may not be true, and which I do not regard as important in the settlement of our problem) then invited me to take measures to satisfy myself that the phenomena were genuine. Accordingly a gentleman present, Mr. George W. Nichols, of John H. Draper & Co., auctioneers, New York City, sat in Horatio Eddy's lap, while I, drawing up my chair in front of him, placed my feet upon Horatio's toes and held Mr. Nichols' hands, thus making it impossible that either of the three should move without each of the others knowing it. Moreover, Horatio could not move if he wished, for his hands were tightly bound to the back of his chair, and even if he could disengage them, he could not move them forward to touch us, or the instruments scattered about; his slightest motion would be instantly detected by the man sitting on his lap. The light was again extinguished and a new performance began. Hands, cold, clammy, and firm, stroked our faces, patted our heads and hands, slapped me on my back and legs, and Mr. Nichols on the parts of his person not leaning against the medium, a pair of lips kissed my cheek, and two huge hands tickled me under my arms at one time. Then the accordeon, concertina, and tambourine were played all about us, bells were rung, blows given on the floor with the swords, and the guitar, floating through the air or resting upon my head, played one or more familiar airs. Meanwhile every person in the front row of the audience sat with hands joined, which is the same as saying, that no one, even if so disposed, could get to us to do what was done. These manifestations being concluded, light was called for, and we two resumed our seats in the "circle." The artist's sketch shows our relative positions during the test sitting.

The next thing in order was the improvisation of rhymes by Mayflower. The dear child, who came and laid her little hand on mine for an instant, allowed me to name the subject, and then reeled off a score of limping hexameters, hardly worth preservation as specimens of poetry, even if I could have had them reported verbatim; but when she breathed the words through the stops of the harmonicon, with exquisite modulation of the sounds, her "golden stairs" and "silver shores" and "Heavenly fields" seemed almost to come before us as pictures of a fairy land.

Then George Dix's voice announced that "the band," composed of spirits known as Electa, Honto, Santum, Rosa, the Italian girl, French Mary, Mayflower, and himself, would render the piece called "The Storm at Sea." I would have the reader observe that I regard the names given to themselves by the various spirits, as a matter of the smallest possible account. I doubt very much if "Santum" or either of the other names are of genuine



MRS. EMMA F. McCORMICK.
COL. OLCOTT, MR. NICHOLS, AND MEDIUM IN DARK CIRCLE,

A NOTED MEDIUM.

Indian origin, but that does not trouble me as much as to know if any spirit from the other world is standing in my presence. That is the question of questions; individual identities are of trivial importance in comparison with that.

I am no musical critic, and so will give place to a competent hand to describe this remarkable performance, which is given in a majority of Horatio's dark-circles. Here is what Mr. Lenzberg says, and any one who has attended a circle at Chittenden need not be informed of the difference between this sort of music and what Horatio favors us with:

Henry S. Olcott, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: At your request I state the following facts:

I am a musician by profession, and teach the art in Hartford, Ct. I attended a dark-circle at the Eddy house, last evening, at which various solos, duos, trios, and concerted pieces were played by some mysterious performers. The solos were upon the violin, guitar, flute, piccolo, concertina, and mouth harmonicon. The two most surprising features of the performance were: (1), the playing on a guitar as it floated from one side of the room to the other, through the air, a distance of at least fifteen feet (this was not a mere strumming of the strings, but a delicate and artistic playing of a popular air in pianissimo); and (2) the execution of the air of "Home, Sweet Home'" on the concertina. The invisible performer managed to get more power, and at the same time preserve as good expression as any person I have ever heard handle the instrument. I noticed the same striking feature as with the guitar playing, viz.: that the musical sound was prolonged, and the swells maintained, through a much greater space laterally, than any mortal performer could cover, and at the same time sustain the same quality of tone. There were no sounds of footsteps, and the instrument was played so close to us that I could feel the wind it made as it passed through the air. I have heard Horatio Eddy, the medium of the dark-circle, play on the violin, and I unhesitatingly say that his style and execution are as totally different from those of the unseen soloist as possible.

The concerted pieces were an imitation of a storm at sea, by the violin, with the accompaniment of the mouth harmonicon, tambourine, concertina, triangle, guitar, and several bells. In the storm, the whistling of the wind was made apparently by bowing on the guitar with one hand, and at the same time by sliding the other up and down the fingerboard, producing harmonic notes. The heavy blowing of the gale was imitated by a tremolo on the violin, accompanied by a confusion of sounds from the other instruments. The shock of waves against the ship was forcibly suggested by lifting a heavy table and beating the floor with its legs. There was one sound that could not possibly be imitated by any instrument, viz.: the pumping of water, with the suck of the piston, the gurgle of water in the tube, and its splash, as if running off on deck.

Throughout the whole entertainment, the medium sat in a chair in front of the spectators, with his wrists tied together and to the back of the chair, A light was struck instantly after some of the most remarkable performances, and he was found in the same position and tied in the same manner as at the first. The front row of spectators kept hands joined from first to last, there was but one member of his family present beside himself, who sat next but one to me, and I am positively sure that she had nothing to do with what occurred. Even if she and Horatio had been on the floor, it would have been impossible for both together to do what was done.

The above is as careful and minute an account of the musical part of last night's dark-circle as I can give, and I am ready at any time to substantiate its truth by my oath in a court of justice, if called upon.

I must tell you of one thing that happened, as wonderful as anything above related. My little daughter, sitting at the other end of the front row, asked the child-spirit calling herself Mayflower, to kiss me, and immediatety I received kisses upon my mouth and cheek from a pair of smooth, soft lips, which certainly were not Horatio's, for he wears a heavy moustache and goatee. Moreover, the room was so totally dark that no human being could have found the places touched, without feeling for them with his hands, which was not done. MAX LENZBERG,

29 Pleasant Street, Hartford, Conn.

CHITTENDEN, October 14th, 1874.

This is a "dark-circle" as it appears to persons favored with only the usual range of senses—a place of pitchy darkness, unillumined by the faintest speck of light, except when little balls of phosphorescence shoot hither and thither through the air, the only senses ordinarily used being those of hearing and feeling.

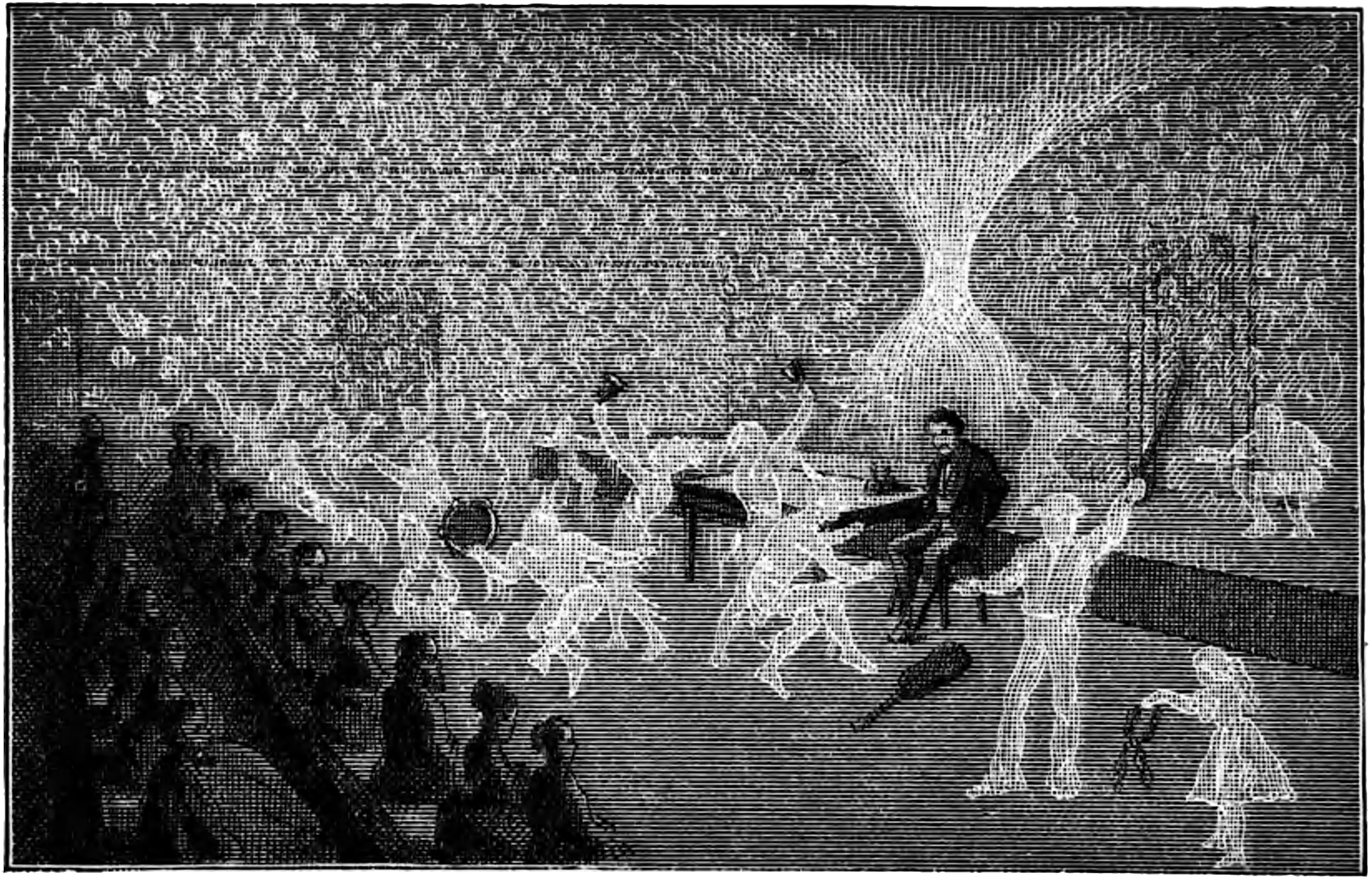
But how different must it appear to the inner sight of the clairvoyant, if we admit that their descriptions are not based upon the promptings of an overwrought imagination! I was so fortunate as to meet at the Eddys' a Mrs. Emma F. McCormick, an excellent "test-medium," of Providence, R. I., who kindly gave me a description of the dark-circle that I will try to put into words, as, at least to me, an interesting novelty in spiritual literature.

When the light was extinguished, instead of the cavernous darkness that oppressed our senses, the room became to the clairvoyant suffused with a great light, as though a full moon had suddenly risen upon her vision. The light was steady, not flickering. The walls of the apartment, as transparent as crystal, disclosed a multitude of spirits stretching upward and backward—a great host that no man could number. On every side they thronged—men, women, and children—and gazed at the mortals below and the scene that was being enacted in their hearing. They were all bathed in the light that shone about them, but differed in glory, one from the other. Certain of them hovered over and about the medium, showering sparks of light upon him more brilliant than diamonds, whenever they approached him within a certain distance. From every side in the air above us, the light, concentrated into a sort of zodiacal canopy, formed a vortex, like a water-spout or thunder-cloud, and then spread out in showers of sparks, whose radius marked the area within which all the "manifestations" occurred.

Some spirits were clothed in gauzy vapors of differing brightness and colors, some bluish, some grayish, and some pure white, the several tints indicating the moral status of the spirits, pure white being the highest of all. Their countenances shone with a brightness corresponding with that of their raiment, some like the face of Moses when he descended from Sinai, being so glorious that it seemed as if no mortal man could look upon them.

Upon the floor of the circle-room the *lucide* saw a spirit-man with a smooth face, stern and resolute in expression, who controlled and directed the performance. When he approached the rest fell back, as though he carried the power of command in the very essence of his nature. The Indians in the dance were sometimes on the floor, sometimes leaping high up in the air, and one group, apart from the others, laid their heads together and intently regarded some object on the platform, which, from Mrs. McCormick's description of the locality, I judged to be a small spring table-gong that I had procured that day, with which to try certain experiments that I shall describe at the proper time, but of my possession of which she was not aware.

Off in one corner were gathered a band of white men whom she thought were pirates, who had stealthily approached, and looked at the medium as if desirous of getting control of him, but a number of bright spirits, seeing their intention, clustered about him as if to shield him from harm. The color of the light around these pirates was a dark drab, and when the body fell after the sword combat, previously described,



A CLAIRVOYANT'S VIEW.

she seemed to see a dead body carried off by these comrades, who were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke. Mayflower appeared a girl of fourteen or fifteen, of a fair complexion, dark hair and eyes. She looked as if she were encompassed with a rainbow, and was a bright, beautiful creature, but more attracted to the earth than some of the others in the shining throng. The effect of her music upon the other spirits was very marked. They seemed to enjoy it, and their feelings were indicated by a great increase in the brilliancy of the light about them.

The members of our circle of the evening were each attended by his or her special friends, who showed affection in embraces, loving appeals, the laying of crowns of flowers upon our heads, and of emblematic floral devices of various kinds upon our laps. Some seemed to her to kneel at the knees of their friends, and gaze up into their faces with eager, hungry looks, as if they would force a sense of their presence through the impenetrable walls of flesh in which they were still held captive. We mortals, like our spirit-friends, were also surrounded by our special and peculiar spheres of light, varying in brilliancy, color, and transparency, in degree with our moral elevation. Along the united hands of the front rank ran a chain of electricity or some other fluid, like lightning, reddish-yellow in color, with bubbles of light coming up here and there, and then bursting, and the even flow of the stream interfered with and made to zigzag by the unequal personal magnetic force of the several sitters.

In "The Storm at Sea" she saw Dix holding what seemed a bunch of reeds, that vibrated as a stream of electricity or other bright fluid ran through them. When he imitated the pumping of water, it seemed as if he forced two masses of electricity together, handling the subtle agent as if it were a solid substance. She could see him stretching out his hands and gathering it from the air to condense and compact it, as one might gather light snow and form the feathery flakes into a solid ball. He was never idle, but passed from one employment to another with indomitable perseverance, now playing the violin, and anon imitating the whistling of wind or the swash of water, according as the exigencies of the performance seemed to demand.

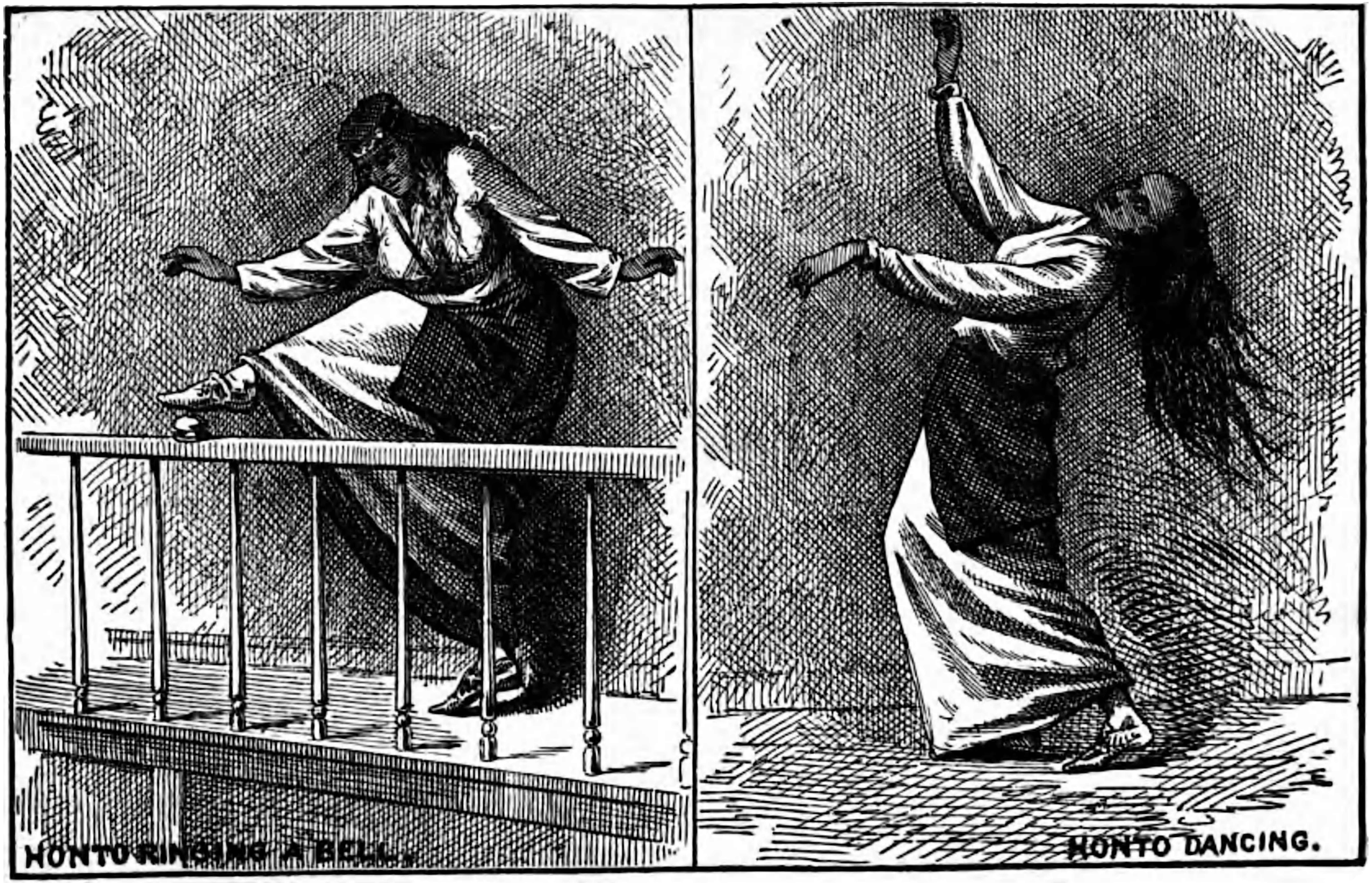
But, of a sudden, the beatific vision of the clairvoyant is rudely terminated by the lighting of the smoky candle, whose feeble gleam, struggling through the obscurity of the room, replaces the noonday brightness of her opened heavens.

CHAPTER XV.

PHILOSOPHICAL TESTS.

AMONG other tests that I desired to apply to Honto, was one to satisfy myself whether she possessed the superhuman power of self-levitation. I accordingly procured a small table-gong, which could be rung by dropping a weight of half an ounce upon the handle from the height of one inch, and took it to Chittenden with me. One evening, when a favorable opportunity offered, I requested the spirit to step upon the handle without ringing the gong, which I had previously placed on the platform at a convenient point for observation. She assented, but before trusting herself upon the frail knob examined it with characteristic caution and curiosity. She finally gathered up her skirts, and, placing the ball of her right foot upon it, stepped up and bore her whole weight upon it without disturbing the clapper. The experiment was repeated twice at my request. I then asked her to step on it and cause the bell to ring after she stood fairly upon the knob. She did so. Her success seemed to amuse her greatly, and by clapping her hands and in other ways, she testified her satisfaction. She advanced her hand towards the unfamiliar object with the caution that one would feel in laying hold of something hot, but finally mustered courage to take it up and ring it over and over again, laughing and dancing like a child pleased with a new toy. Her usual performance with the shawls and gauzes then followed, and she strutted up and down the platform with a long piece of the latter material wrapped around her, as though she were a belle promenading in a new mantilla for the public admiration. Just before she was about to bid us adieu, I asked her to place the gong on the railing directly in front of me and ring it, so that I might distinctly see her hand pressing down the knob. She bowed compliance, and putting the article where I designated, retired for a moment into the cabinet, perhaps to gain strength, and then returning, lifted her skirt again, rang the bell *with her left foot*, and ran out, kissing her hand to us. The wire to which the knob of the gong is attached, is about as thick as a broom straw, and I regarded the experiment as of great importance, until I afterwards found that, by stepping very cautiously, and bearing on very gradually, I could make the knob sustain my own weight. But I could not ring the bell after I stood upon the knob, nor step on it as briskly as she did, without causing it to sound. She was dressed, this evening, in a new white costume throughout.

My reference to her retiring into the cabinet for the purpose of gaining renewed strength from her medium, recalls to mind an account I saw in the London *Spiritualist*, some time ago, of an experience of Sir Charles



HONTO RINGING A BELL.

HONTO DANCING.

THE YOUNG SQUAW.

Isham, Bart, with a famous materialized spirit called "Florence," who appears in the presence of Miss Showers, the medium. Sir Charles was accompanied to the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory by a lady, whose description of what occurred he quotes in preface to what he has to tell himself. Says the lady:

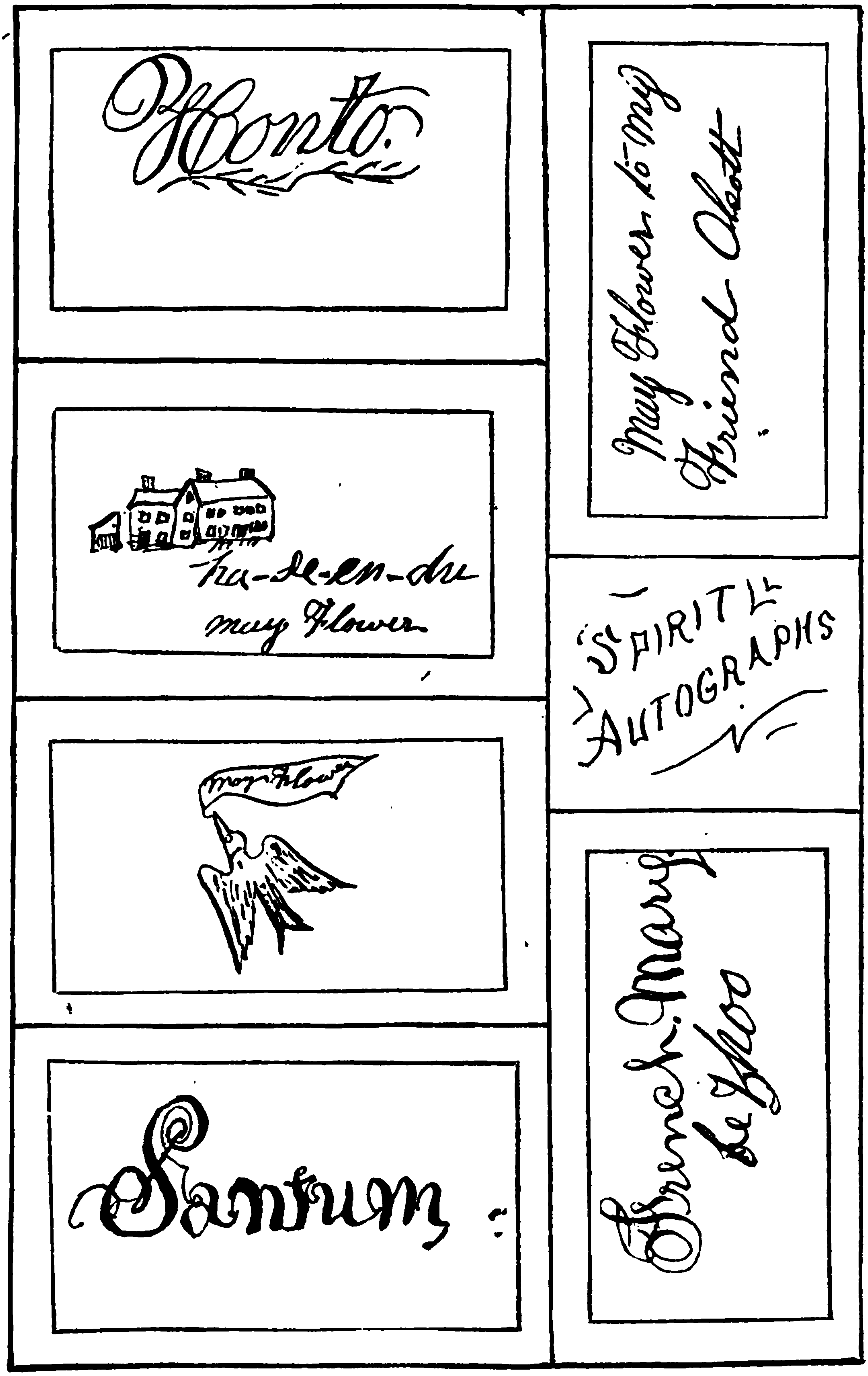
> "Florence, who had seemed very willing to receive all the other members of the circle, exclaimed in a distressed and startled tone when I advanced toward her: "Not so near! not so near!" and then, as if in pain, she added, "There is something comes from her that hurts me — I feel *melting away*—I must go back to my medium, to get more power from my medium."
>
> These last sentences were uttered in very feeble, faltering tones, and her appearance gave the impression of one who was fainting away, or sinking away. The face was ghastly pale, and the eyes turned upwards so that the white only was visible. She withdrew behind the curtain, and I returned to my seat; but in a few moments she re-appeared, and I was shortly afterward recalled. Mr. Gregory gave me a rose to present to the spirit. This time I was allowed to come nearer, but my presence still seemed to excite alarm and distress, the spirit again exclaiming: "Not too near!" not too near!"
>
> She accepted the rose, however, without hesitation, her long attenuated fingers slowly and feebly closing round the stalk, as though she had very little muscular power.
>
> She then said, in a very languid, plaintive tone, "I must go now. I must go now."

It was the same in London with Mr. Crookes' real "Katie King," who had to retire into the cabinet from time to time to gather strength.

Ten spirits appeared this evening — Honto; Mrs. Pritchard, an aged lady, who spoke to her son and to us all in whispered tones; Miss Maggie Brown, who brought out her bouquet of flowers, as usual; Mary Staples and Clarinda Tilden, whose brother was present at this, his second seance; Caroline ——, who held a baby in her arms, and at my request, shifted it from her left arm, where it was badly seen against the dark background of the curtain, to her right, where it was well relieved against the white wall; De Witt Hitchcock, a young man with black moustache; Clara Arnold, a child of four years, whose father instantly recognized her; and Jonathan Morse, an old man and former neighbor of the Eddys, who addressed us in a heavy bass voice.

One of Horatio's light-circles followed, at which the gentleman and lady whose portraits were given in the illustration to a former chapter, sat beside the medium, The usual manifestations occurred, hands of various sizes being distinctly and often shown in various places, several instruments played upon simultaneously, and the heads and backs of the sitters, *including the medium*, patted and stroked by the detached hands. Let the reader refer to the picture above alluded to, which is drawn to a scale, and accurately shows the respective distances of the sitters from each other, and from the various points about them, and he will see the impossibility of Horatio's stroking his own face and patting his own head, with his right hand thrust through the opening between the two shawls, without immediately betraying himself by pulling the shawl behind him off the cord that sustains it. I have recently had a letter from Mr. C. O. Poole, a wealthy gentleman residing at Metuchin, N. J., about what he saw at one of these light-circles, in company with myself and about thirty other persons. I make the following extracts:

"I saw three hands appear at once that night. You undoubtedly *have it all in* your note-book, and I need only say, that I am ready


Honto.
ka-de-en-de
May Flower
May Flower
Santum
May Flower to my Friend Olcott
Spirit Autographs
French Mary
Le Hoo

SPIRIT CARD-WRITING.

and willing to certify, and even swear to the facts. * * * * Among other things, I saw the guitar rise above the curtain, at least three feet above Horatio's head, and saw a hand on it apparently strumming the strings. This, of course, was not the medium's, for it would have been a physical impossibility for it to have been there."

The usual writing of the names of deceased friends of the spectators by spirit-hands, upon cards behind and in front of the curtain, was varied upon this occasion for my particular benefit. A number of blank cards were called for, and handed by me to one of the spirit-hands thrust through the curtain to receive them. The pen and inkstand were then passed through in like manner, and immediately a number of cards came showering upon me, over the top of the curtain at a point between the gentleman and lady sitters, and, as it appeared to me, *not from the direction they would start from if thrown over by Horatio's liberated right hand behind the curtain.* The cards were all blank when I handed them in, and no other cards were on the table at the beginning of the seance. Moreover, each of those thrown at me had something written upon it, and the ink was so fresh that I laid them out separately upon the railing to dry. What was written may be seen by a glance at fac-similies numbers 1–6.

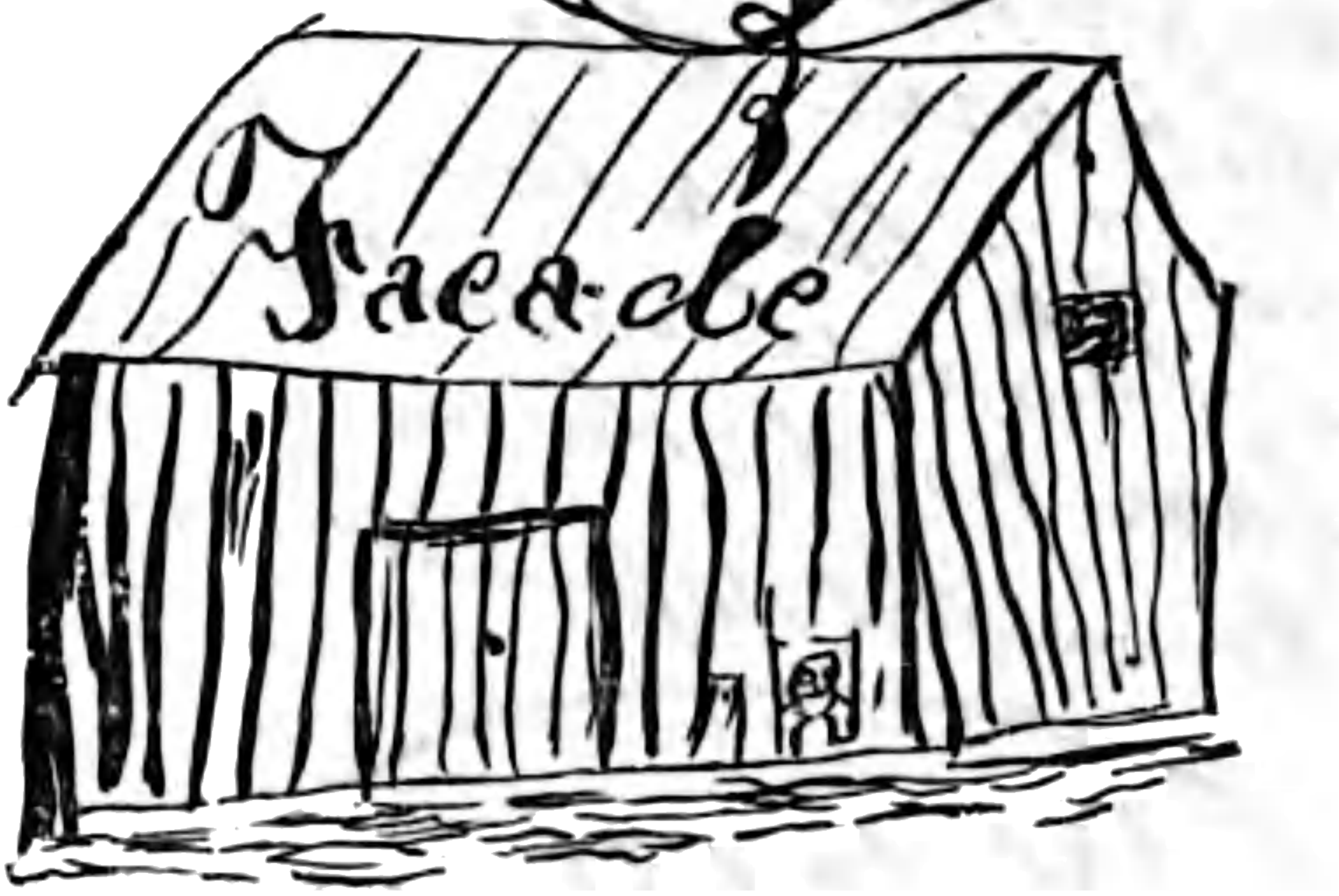
I expressed my satisfaction at the favor shown me, and said, that the fac-similes I would give would no doubt be very interesting to the public; whereupon there was a general ringing of bells, strumming of instruments, and pounding upon the table, that gave a sufficiently marked response to my friendly speech. The next day, when the artist and I compared the cards with the width of a newspaper column, I thought it would be better to have the names written perpendicularly and on a narrower strip; so, without saying anything to Horatio, I laid a piece of thick paper on top of a cupboard attached to the wall of his bedroom, in the hope that the ever watchful invisibles, knowing my wish, would favor me with a corrected edition of their signs-manual. The next morning I found the paper covered with signatures, headed with some lines of wretched Latin, and topped off with some equally bad English. I give a fac-simile of this remarkable document, which may possess a certain interest in the eyes of many, as probably the first thing of the kind that has appeared in a newspaper.

I am quite aware of the fact that, as a scientific experiment, the procuring of the second set of names has no value, for no one was present when it was written, or can affirm it was not by the medium himself; so I let that pass. But what shall be said of the cards, written in the light-circle before twenty people, which bear so marked a resemblance to them? That Horatio could write them with his right hand behind a thick curtain where he could not see the marks his pen was making? That he could draw a flying-bird, a sketch of a house with its rear extension and detached wood-shed? That he could ornament names, written piecemeal and not with a continuous pressure of the pen upon the paper, with wreaths? This theory will hardly cover the probabilities.

Immediately upon seeing this series of fac-similes re-produced in the *Graphic*, (which was not for several weeks after the originals were written, and after they had been forwarded to New York), I noticed the striking similarity in the shape of the letters with Horatio Eddy's

Bonafidē Interalia
Ignotinulla cupido
Est-nobus inabus
Dominus providebit
Adinfinitum,

Compliments
of
George Dix



French Mary

May Flower

Santum

Hontoshir,

Witch of the mountain

We the above Signers who have passed into another Life hear Beneath Set our Seal hoping the whole world will read its face and do as Comanded upon it

Do to others as you would Be done by

own manuscript. Public attention was also called to the same fact by a correspondent of the paper. The circumstance is well calculated to excite suspicion of fraud on the part of the medium, and I must regard it as weighing against him. But it is far from conclusive proof of his turpitude; for, strange as the assertion may seem, I have it from credible authority that communications have been written in exact fac-simile of a medium's handwriting, in his or her presence, when the writing was not done by the medium.

One lady of high social position, and not a public medium, informs me that on one occasion, when she was sitting with her sister, alone, a communication was written by an invisible power, upon a sheet of paper held by her against the under side of the table-top; the writing so resembled her own that she would have been willing to swear that it was written by her own hand, if it had been shown her under any other circumstances.

The next evening found Honto in a very lively mood. She seemed to overflow with animal spirits, running up and down the platform, dancing, kicking up her feet, and producing her shawls from all sorts of unexpected places. Her hair to-night hung loose down her back and was unusually thick. I have previously, I believe, stated that it varies from time to time, not only in the style in which it is worn, but also in its length and mass. This evening its great length and thickness were remarked by a lady spectator, whereupon Honto turned her back towards us, and leaning back, let her luxuriant tresses hang over the platform railing. I should judge that the hair was a yard and a quarter in length, and it was as black as jet. She shook her head to straighten it out, and then with a sudden movement threw the whole mass over her face and held her head down so that it covered her face and bust like a thick crape veil. The way she flung it about proved to one even as inexperienced as myself that it was no wig, for it would have been jerked off her head.

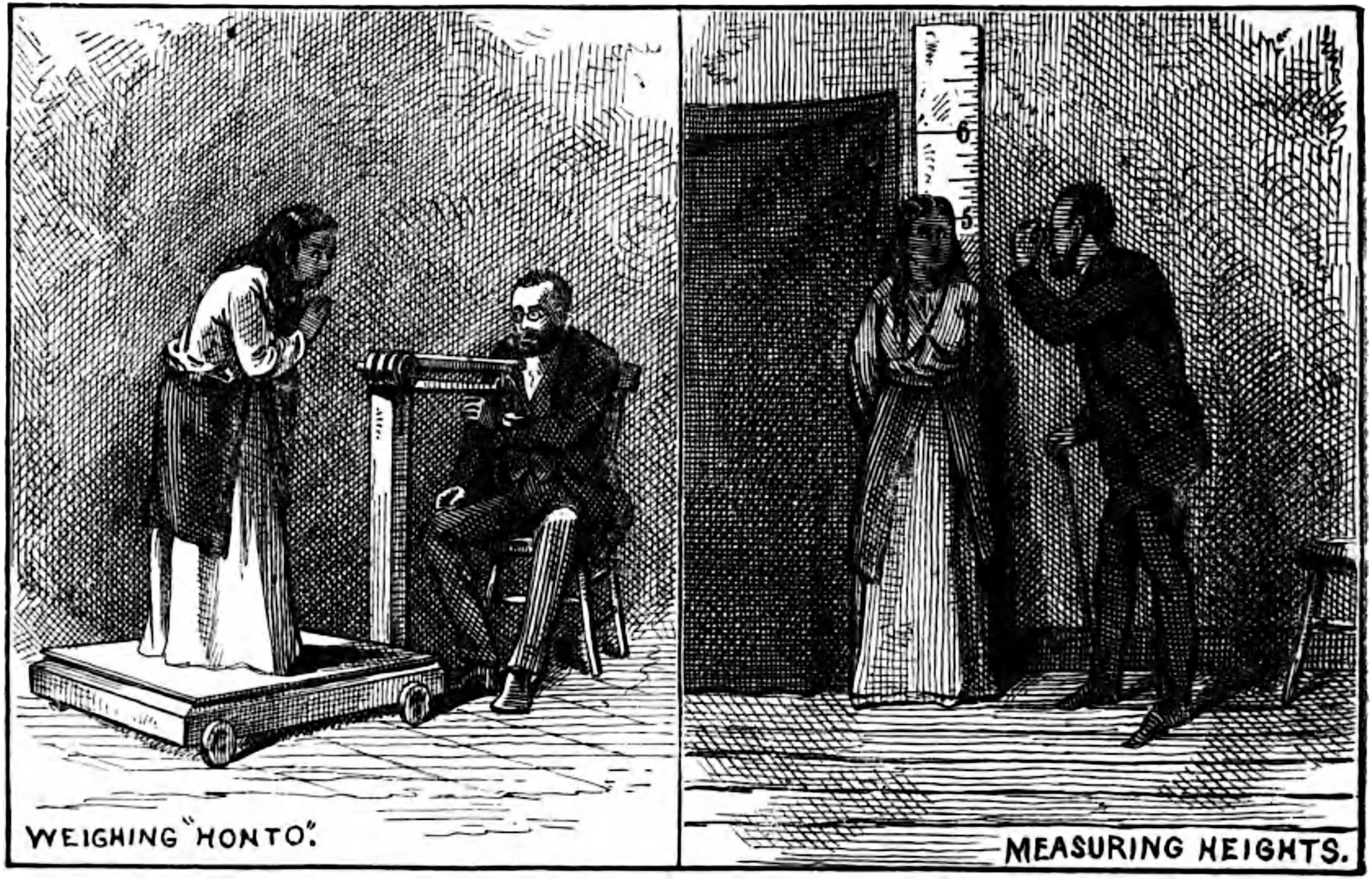
There being a number of new comers in the hall, she stood beside Mr. Pritchard to show her height and backed up against Mrs. Cleveland for the same purpose. Finally, the light being good, she planted herself against my height-scale, and Mr. Pritchard laying his cane across the top of her head, we saw that he called the figures, 5 feet 3 inches correctly.

The squaw Bright Star and a number of other spirits also suffered themselves to be measured, the figures being as follows:

Name.	*Height.*	*Name.*	*Height.*
Honto.........	5 feet 3 inches.	Santum........	6 feet 2 3-4 inch.
Bright Star.....	5 feet 2 1-2 inch.	Piqua...........	5 feet 3 1-2 inch.
Swift Cloud....	5 feet 5 inches.	Carrie Arnold..	4 feet.
Wm. Brown....	6 feet 1 inch.	An old white man	5 feet 7 inches.

On the following evening I tried an experiment that I think is unprecedented in the history of scientific inquiry.

It occurred to me, that if the assertion of the spirits that in materializing themselves they accreted matter from the atmosphere by the operation of their own will were true, and that the relative solidity of their materialization is under their control, the thing might be tested by familiar mechanical appliances. I could not conceive of solid matter without weight, and I had had too many proofs of the materiality of the visible spirit-forms to fancy them imponderable and unsubstantial.


WEIGHING "HONTO".
MEASURING HEIGHTS.
6
5

MEASURE AND WEIGHT.

I had not only heard the shock of Honto's feet upon the floor when she leaped over the railing and when she jumped high from the floor in some of her caperings, but, both in the dark and light circles, had shaken hands with them, and been touched and playfully struck many times. To my sense of touch they appeared as substantial as any human being in the flesh, the only difference being in their temperature, which was invariably lower than my own, and the skin, which was ordinarily covered with a clammy sweat. To put my theory to the proof, I procured in Rutland one of Howe's Standard platform scales, the capacity and accuracy of which are attested in the following certificate:

RUTLAND, Vt., October 6th, 1874.

Henry S. Olcott, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: I hereby certify that the platform scale you procured from me for your weighing experiments, was one of Howe's best "Standards," set true and in perfect order. It will weigh from one ounce to 500 pounds. Its own dead weight is 110 pounds.

Respectfully, L. G. KINGSLEY.

I caused it to be placed upon the platform, to the right of the cabinet door, and just in front of the chair in which Mr. Pritchard sits. Being denied the privilege of sitting there myself, in consequence, as I am told, of my being of so positive a nature as to affect and repel the spirits (in which particular neither Mr. Pritchard nor Mrs. Cleveland resemble me at all) I had to rely for my experiment upon the gentleman in question. Accordingly, I rehearsed the operation with him thoroughly, until he was able, in the dark, to quickly weigh a person stepping upon the platform and stopping there but a moment. I supplied him with parlor-matches, and after some last instructions waited the auspicious moment.

When Honto came out she saluted us as usual, and then turned and scrutinized the strange machine with Indian-like hesitancy. I told her what was desired, and she then stepped boldly upon the proper spot, and bent forward to look at the movements of Mr. Pritchard, as his hand moved the poise along the beam. The balance being attained, as we could all plainly hear by the sound of the beam against the pad, she stepped off and passed into the cabinet. A match being struck, Mr. Pritchard read the scale at 138 pounds, which caused the audience no surprise, for, as the reader will observe, by reference to the several pictures of Honto that appear in this volume, she looks like a woman who would weigh from 135 to 145 pounds. But the counter-poise at the end of the beam appeared to me too thin for the 100-pound weight, and upon lighting a second match Mr. Pritchard found that it was only the 50-pound weight, and consequently that the *squaw had only weighed* 88 *pounds.*

Honto now re-appeared, and I asked her to make herself lighter. She again mounted the platform, and this time it was found that she *weighed but* 58 *pounds.* The experiment was repeated a third time, and her weight stood the same as before—58 pounds. The fourth time the reading of the beam showed 65 pounds. Thus, without any change of clothing, and all within the space of ten minutes, this spirit, who weighed at the beginning at least 50 pounds less than any mortal woman of her size and height should weigh, reduced her materiality to the extent of 30 pounds, and, after holding it there several minutes, increased it 7 pounds. Of course it would have been infinitely more satisfactory if I could have first peeped into the dark cabinet and then managed the scale myself, for in such case I would not have to report, as to a portion of the facts, upon hearsay testimony; and I leave to Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, and other intelligent observers, more favorably conditioned than I, the task of following up this novel and suggestive inquiry. Mr. Pritchard is a reputable citizen of Albany, N. Y., retired from business in which he accumulated a competency, and I give his affidavit in corroboration of the facts I have narrated:

MR. PRITCHARD'S AFFIDAVIT.

State of Vermont, County of Rutland, ss.—Edward V. Pritchard, of the City of Albany, State of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the evening of September 23d instant, he attended a seance or circle at the house of the Eddy family, in the town of Chittenden, in the county and State aforesaid: that he was invited to occupy a chair on the platform in a room known as the "circle-room," where certain mysterious phenomena known as spirit materializations occurred; that among other forms presenting themselves and identified by persons in the audience as the shapes of deceased friends and relatives, there appeared the figure of an Indian woman known as "Honto," who approached so close to deponent that he distinctly saw every feature of her countenance, and her entire body; that he is well acquainted with William H. Eddy, and avers that the said "Honto" bore no resemblance whatever to him in any particular. And deponent further says, that a pair of platform scales being previously placed convenient to his reach, the said "Honto" stood thereupon four separate times for deponent to weigh her, and that, without having apparently changed her bulk, or divested herself of any portion of her dress, she weighed respectively 88 pounds, 58 pounds, 58 pounds, and 65 pounds at the several weighings. And deponent further says that, having weighed the said William H. Eddy upon the same scales, he finds his weight to be 179 pounds.

E. V. PRITCHARD.

[Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 30th day of September, A. D. 1875—H. F. Baird, Justice of the Peace.]

In his famous first article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for July, 1870, Mr. Crookes, in enumerating the results that he shall expect the Spiritualists to help him to attain, before he can ask his scientific brethren to investigate the phenomena, says:

> "The Spiritualist tells of bodies weighing 50 or 100 pounds being lifted up into the air without the intervention of any known force; but the scientific chemist is accustomed to use a balance which will render sensible a weight so small that it would take 10,000 of them to weigh one grain; he is, therefore, justified in asking that a power, professing to be guided by intelligence, which will toss a heavy body up to the ceiling, shall also cause his delicately poised balance to move under test conditions."

Again, he says in the same article:

> "The first requisite is to be sure of facts; then to ascertain conditions; next, laws. Accuracy and knowledge of detail stand foremost among the great aims of modern scientific men. No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test conditions; and here I find the great mass of spiritualistic evidence to fail. In a subject which, perhaps, more than any other, lends itself to trickery and deception, the precautions against fraud appear to have been, in most cases, totally insufficient, owing, it would seem, to an erroneous idea that to ask for such safeguards was to imply a suspicion of the honesty of some one present."

I quote these sensible words, not to help me in my investigations at this place, for my researches are completed, but to call the attention of other investigators in various other portions of the country who may happen to read these lines, to the true method which should guide their researches. The absolute ponderosity of a materialized spirit has at least been suggested by the weighing experiments at Chittenden, and it remains only for those who have access, say, to such compliant and intelligent spirits as Mr. Crookes' "Katie King," or Miss Showers' "Florence" and "Lenore," to make careful supplemental experiments, under test conditions, and thus solve one of the most important problems ever broached to the scientific world.

I saw Honto, on one evening (October 15th), melt away as far up as her waist, just as she was ready to pass into the cabinet; once I saw a long lance, with a tapering steel head and a tuft of drooping ostrich plumes below it, suddenly materialized, in the hand of a male spirit; once, one of Honto's knitted shawls instantly formed, in a pile, on the floor, before she even stretched her hand towards the place to pick it up; and once a little animal, like a squirrel or a large rat, suddenly appeared, walked about, and disappeared on the platform, almost frightening poor old Mrs. Cleveland out of her wits. If I ask Mr. Crookes to tell me by what law these things happen, he would undoubtedly answer: "Show me fifty such cases, happening under test conditions, and then we will weigh these things on our scales and try to discover the law."

"George Dix," the sailor-spirit, tried to enlighten me upon the subject, one evening. He said that man, in his earth-life, is nothing but a materialized spirit, a living entity encased in a covering of flesh. To keep himself and this case together, he must consume and assimilate tons of the material portions of animal and vegetable food. If he stops the process he becomes dematerialized, or uncased, in a very brief time. On the other hand, spirits can do in a moment what before death it took them years to accomplish — materialize a body to cover them. In the atmosphere they find ready for use, an inexhaustible supply of the same matter as that which exists in the animal and vegetable, only in a diffused and sublimated form; and by a supreme creative effort of the will they instantly collect the scattered particles into such shapes as they choose.

What shall we say to all this? That it is silly, useless even if true, impossible, unscientific? Lord Bacon sets it down as a law unto himself, never to "reject upon improbabilities until there hath passed a due examination;" Benjamin Franklin, when asked in regard to the use of some discovery, retorted: "What's the use of a new-born baby?" Arago, the astronomer, says that "he is wanting in prudence who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word *impossible;*" forty-four years after Harvey had announced his immortal discovery of the circulation of the blood, a paper was read to the French Academy of Sciences to prove such a thing impossible (see Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 93); and when Morse asked Congress for an appropriation to make a practical test of his telegraph, the application was treated with derision by some wiseacre statesmen, as being too silly to be seriously entertained. Who, then, except our Dr. B——s, can in the face of such examples afford to turn his back upon any of the phenomena presented for our inspection by the class of persons called mediums? Who, I mean, that has any reputation for intelligence and fairness to lose?

CHAPTER XVI.

A STARTLING PROPHECY.

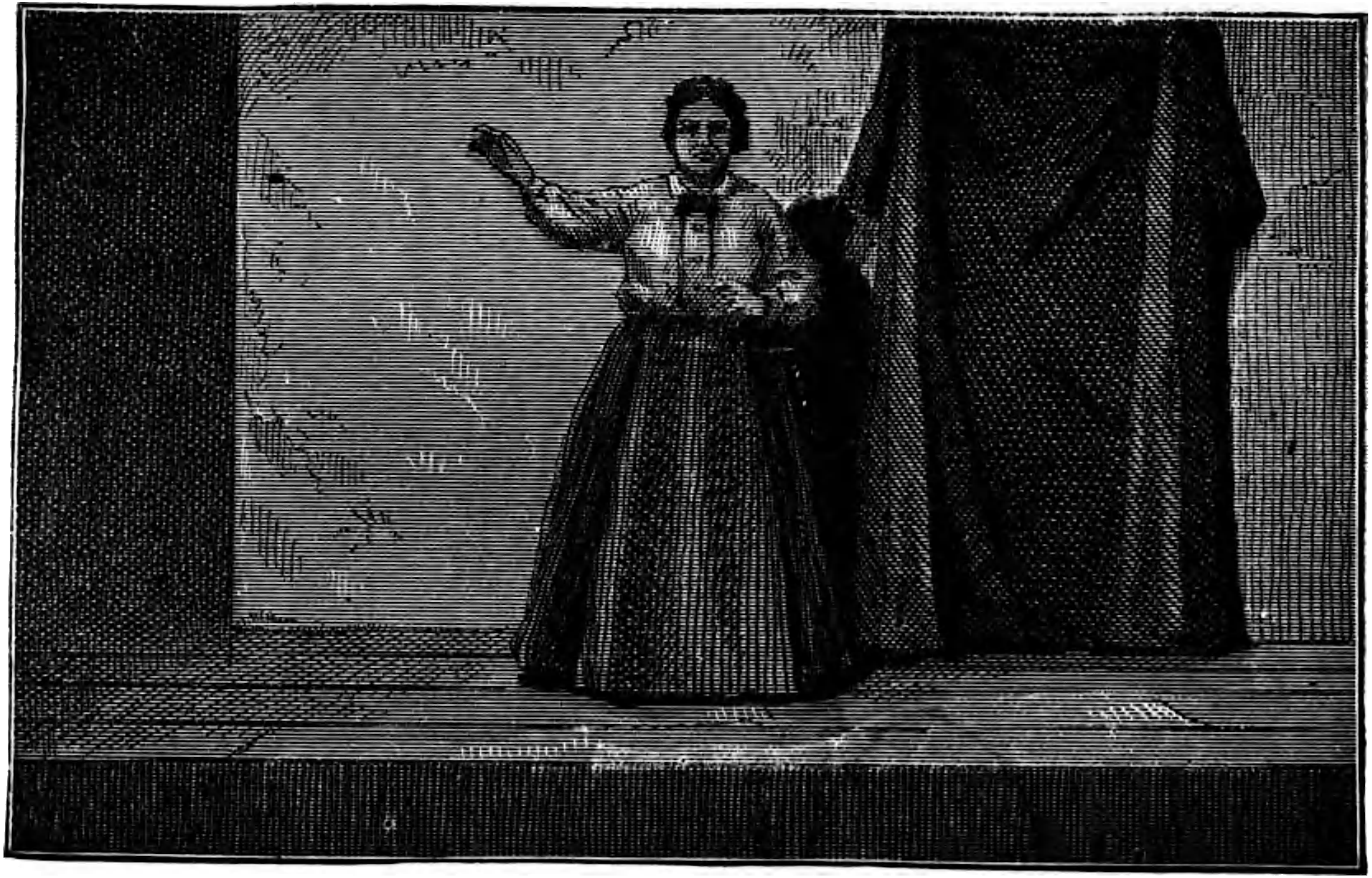
ON the evening of September 26th last, a prophecy was made in a circle by the spirit "Mrs. Eaton," the fulfillment of which will mark an epoch in the history of modern Spiritualism. She said that on Sunday, September 19th, 1875, in the Eddy circle-room, spirits would materialize themselves in a brightly lighted room, and deliver orations as in life, with persons sitting all about them on the platform. In short, by that time they would have so far overcome or changed the conditions of the manifestations, that the present annoying drawbacks to a perfect investigation of the phenomena would no longer exist. This will be very satisfactory to those who may follow after me, but it comes too late to be of any service to myself. I have had to feel my way to a conclusion through darkened rooms, and at such a physical distance from the cabinet and its occupants, that I have been like a blind man in a strange city. But, nevertheless, as even he may fare on to his journey's end, if he but tread cautiously and make sure of his foothold before venturing to take the next step, so, in spite of all difficulties, I feel as if, after moving at snail's pace for two months, the goal were in sight at last.

Did ever a wiseacre "muscular contraction" theorist hear a spirit speak? Has Dr. Carpenter ever known of "unconscious cerebration" imparting speech to a re-incarnated ghost? Did Sir William Hamilton ever know of "Pre-conscious Activity of the Mind," or "Latent Thought" covering itself with a corporeal shape, and give voice to logic and rhetoric? If not, what business has either of them, to say nothing of the minnows who swim beside these great whales in the sea of thought, to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgment upon phenomena of which these Chittenden marvels are a part? I have heard a spirit talk—yes, a score of them, and in eight different languages, of which I understood three, so as to know what was said on both sides, while I have had the others translated to me. And on the evening of October 2d I heard one make a speech of five minutes. That afternoon, I had accompanied the artist to the graveyard to take a sketch of Mrs. Eddy's grave, and as we turned to come away I remarked to him, that it would be a good test of the genuineness of these Eddy manifestations, if the spirit of Mrs. Eddy would appear that night and make some allusion to our present visit. We agreed to keep the matter to ourselves and see what might come of it.

We reached home without meeting any person, and even if we had been seen, it would naturally be supposed that we had merely been taking one of our usual strolls. The evening came, and we met in the circle-room at the regular hour. The company numbered fourteen, and nine spirits showed themselves. The first was old William Brown, who spoke a few words to his son; then a middle-aged lady named Maria Ann Clarke, dressed in dark clothing; then a Mrs. Griswold, who was murdered in Vermont not long ago, and who, upon the occasion of a former visit to this circle-room, gave all the details of the crime to an old friend of hers, a Mr. Wilkins, who was present. Then *forth stepped Mrs. Eddy herself*, and stood there silent and motionless, looking at the artist and myself, who sat together. She bowed and retired, and we exchanged glances as though not satisfied with the test; but immediately the spirit returned, and evidently addressing her discourse to us, said: "*Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?*" I had expected her to speak in the whispered accents of old Mrs. Pritchard, Maggie Brown, and certain other lady-spirits, but she pitched her voice so high and spoke so loud, that she might have been heard in the largest auditorium in New York city.

The surprise was so great that the unexpected sound thrilled me to the marrow, and I sat staring through the gloom at the woman as I never did at a speaker before or since. She was of a large frame, and had the ample figure that is represented in the portrait published with a former chapter. She wore a white waist and dark skirt. Her hair was in ringlets, as I discovered when she bent forward in profile, in the animation of her discourse. She said, addressing me: "Your writings are true, and be assured the Truth will prevail. A thousand spirits are watching your every step, and wishing you Godspeed. They see the rapid spread of Truth upon earth; and they and a countless host besides are helping it on. Go on, my friend; we will welcome you in gratitude and joy when you come to the other world, for daring to tell the truth, and helping to disseminate it. I thank you for your kindness to my children, who have suffered so much and so long for the good cause." It is needless to say that, barring all compliments, I needed no stenographer to fix upon my memory this astounding address, of which I have given only a fragment. She spoke of her own sufferings and trials upon earth, and denounced with bitter and unstinted anger all who slander and persecute mediums, especially her own children. Her remarks showed very clearly the deep, and hardly eradicable impression made upon her soul by the treatment she received while living here, and the case offers a subject for the thoughtful consideration of psychologists.

As the question of personal identity is one of paramount importance, at any rate in a case of this kind, let me remark that the figure was plainly that of a woman, to say nothing of the voice, which, while partaking of the strong Vermont provincial accent of the whole family, was sharp and in a high key—the key of a female voice. Moreover, the lady was recognized by sundry of her former acquaintances in the room, who greeted her; in addition to her children, of whom, there were two present. I have seen this lady several times, and heard her make several speeches. In one of these she said: "I am the mother of these mediums, and they are the children of my body. I want this understood. I want it known that this is no fraud, but a real exhibition of spirit-power and spiritual existence.

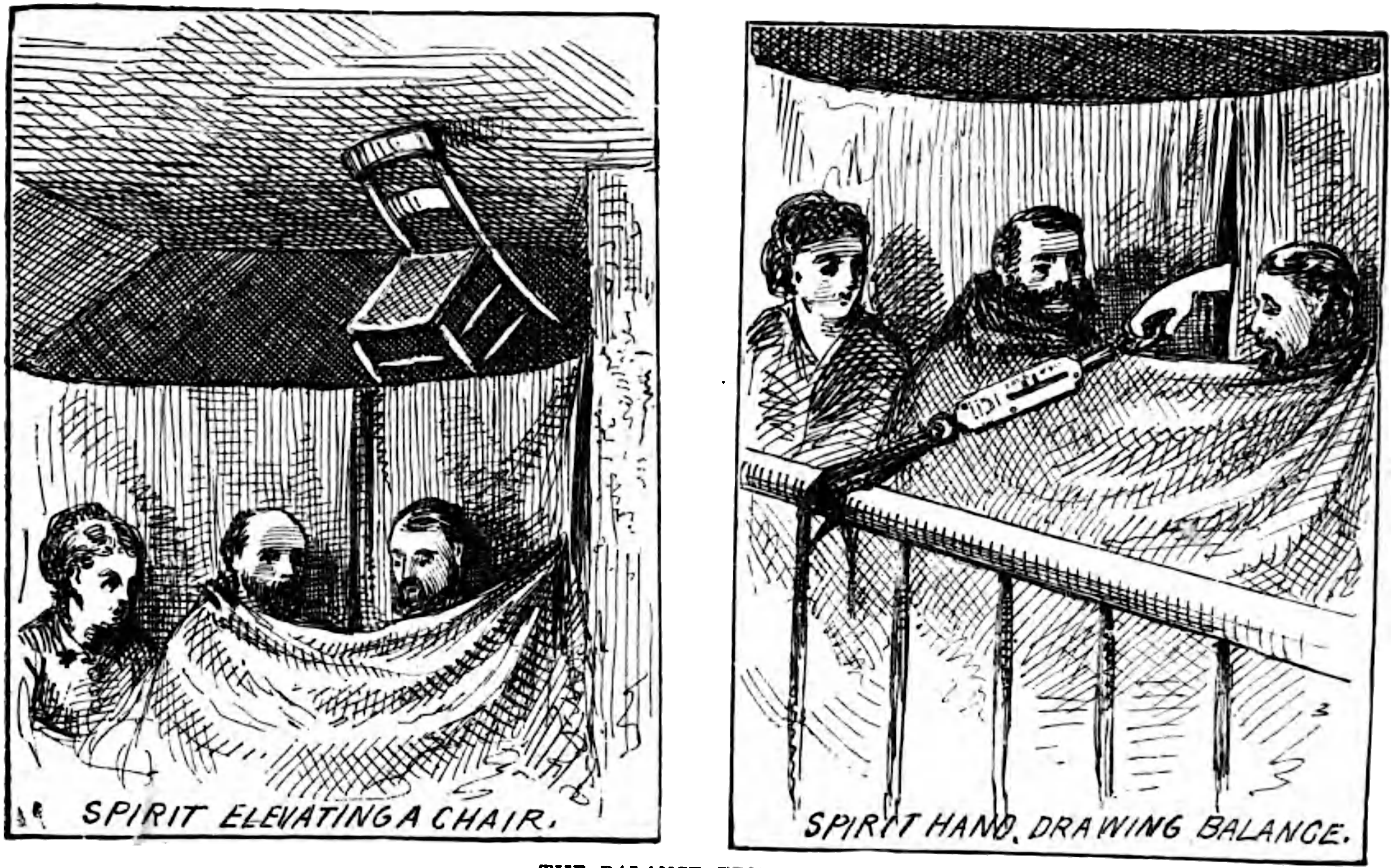


It is for that, that I come back to this scene of my earthly sufferings." Again, on the evening of October 9th, confining her discourse to me, she referred to a conversation I had had that day with the artist about certain subjects for illustrations, and suggested her death-bed scene, where, she said, her children in the spirit-world had materialized, and stood beside their surviving brothers and sisters, while her own life was ebbing away.

My attention was early called to the question of the dynamics of these Eddy spirit manifestations, and after settling the matter of their weight, I determined to attempt to throw some light upon the direct power that the spirits could exert. The spring-balance occurred to me, as it did to Mr. Crookes (whose excellent pamphlet I unfortunately could not obtain until some time after my own experiments were concluded), and I accordingly procured two of ——'s standard quality, of Mr. L. G. Kingsley, of Rutland, the house that furnished me the platform-scales, each of a weighing capacity of fifty pounds. I wished to test the power of the detached hands seen in Horatio's light-circle, as the demonstration of power by them would be a more striking and satisfactory test than in the case of the fully materialized forms, into which the question of personation was inevitably more or less entangled.

Let the reader refer to the sketch of the light-circle, in the XIIth chapter, and notice the relative positions of the shawl from the railing, and also where the spirit-hand is thrust through the shawl, and where the feet of the sitters are aligned. My experiment was twofold, viz.: to ascertain how much the hands could pull horizontally, and how much vertically. One of the balances I fastened with a stout cord to the handrail, allowing a sufficiency of cord to bring the hook of the balance within easy reach of the spirit-hand; this was for the horizontal pull. The other I attached to a strong ring, made for the purpose, and screwed into the floor, just between the left foot of the gentleman sitter and the right foot of the medium. The horizontal pull was tried on the evening of September 30th. The audience numbered twenty-six persons. The weather outside was rainy and blustering; temperature low; ten new arrivals that day; and generally the conditions would be regarded as unfavorable. The persons sitting beside Horatio were Mr. Goodsell, of Minnesota, and Mr. Wilkins, of Vermont, whose addresses can be furnished if desired. Some instrument-playing and card-writing occurred, and the guitar, tambourine, and several bells were thrown over the curtain; after which a left hand was thrust out, and by the opening and closing of the fingers, indicated to me, standing close by, that they were ready for my experiment.

I stepped upon the platform and handed the hook to the hand, which grasped it, moved its fingers on and off the hook to get a firm hold, as any one naturally would, if he were about to exert his full force in that way, and *then easily, steadily, and without spasmodic action, compressed the spring until the pointer ran down to the* 40 *pound mark.* To prove that the force had not been exhausted, the spring was held there until I reached



SPIRIT ELEVATING A CHAIR.

SPIRIT HAND, DRAWING BALANCE.

THE BALANCE TEST.

out my hand to take back the balance, and then was allowed to recoil as gradually as it had been compressed. Forty pounds, therefore, was the measure of the horizontal pull. The hand was the left one—large, broad, and white. I stood within a foot of it when it pulled, and my attention was attracted to a peculiarity which proved that it did not belong to Horatio's body. Upon the wrist, at the root of the thumb, *there were two thin parallel lines of tattooing in blue India ink.* Horatio exclaimed, while the spirit was pulling, that it was bracing itself for it by pressing the other hand against his (Horatio's) back; and he gave way to the pressure and leaned slightly forward, as if this were the case. If he had been pulling, he would naturally have leaned back, so as to exert his force against the spring.

The vertical pull was made on the evening of October 2d, when I myself sat next to Horatio in the light-circle. The hand to-night was the right hand of "George Dix," as I recognized by its mutilation in the loss of the little finger. It has been asserted, upon the barest suspicion, that this appearance of the loss of the finger is deceptive, the medium having the trick of bending his down so as to seem, but not in reality to be missing. My answer to this is that this experiment was made with this hand not more than six inches from my eyes, and with so good a light in the room that I could read the small figures on the dial with ease. Moreover, I noticed how the skin was drawn down into the cavity of the cicatrix, when the wound had healed. I, furthermore, remarked that the hand was as white as marble, the wrist broad and with no depression where it joined the hand; and when the fingers clutched the hook to pull, the inside was partially turned toward me so that I could see the blue veins half concealed beneath the fat, and the projection of the tendons as they contracted in the strain. The pull was steady, as before, but more powerful, for the whole 50 pounds was indicated by the pointer on the dial. The balance was then relinquished, and in testimony of his satisfaction at the result, Dix slapped me heartily on the back and tickled me in the ribs. I said: "It seems as if the spirit could pull 100 pounds more, if the apparatus would allow of it," and assent was given by vigorous pounding upon the table behind me.

Mr. Charles Goodsell's address is Howard Lake, Wright Co. Minn., and he writes me as follows, about the light-circle at which the above events occurred:

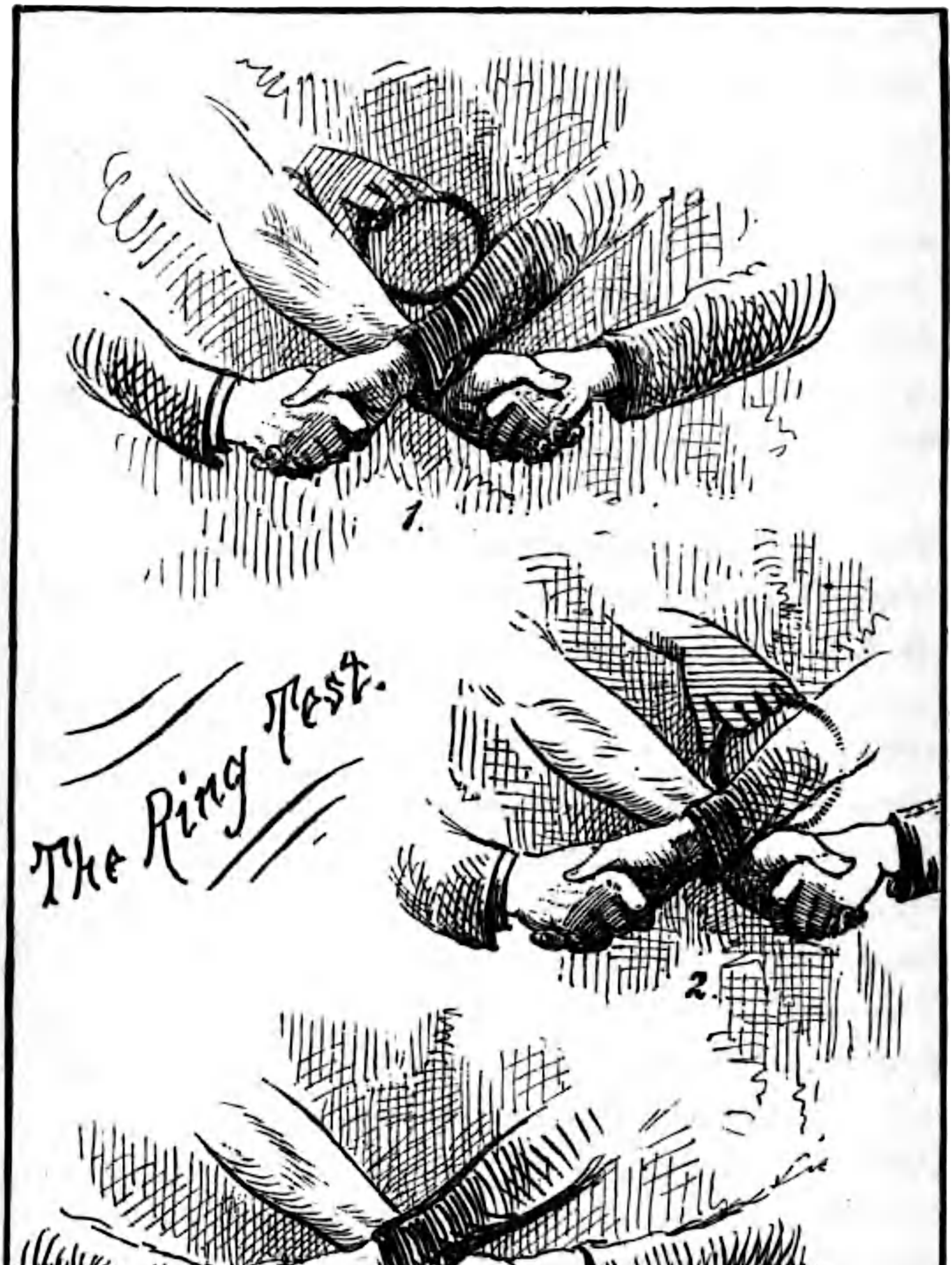
> "If you recollect, I was sitting beside Horatio, when you first tried the power of the materialized Hand which pulled the spring-balance. The indicator showed that it pulled forty pounds. I *know* that I held Horatio by the *left* hand, while his *right* clasped my wrist. I am positive that it was a left hand that hooked the middle finger into the hook of the balance, and pulled. Furthermore, two hands reached out and patted me on the head and shoulders. While my hands were clasping Horatio's, the iron ring was put upon his left arm, and slipped down on to the back of my left hand."

If I had been in any doubt about seeing the baby-hand, previously described, there was no occasion for it to continue, for on this occasion the hand of a child touched me in the back, and upon my mentally requesting it to show itself, was thrust out and patted me on the cheek. It disappeared, but when I mentally asked that it might be held at my lips, it came again, and remained there until I could kiss it (for it was said that it was the hand of one who bore to me the tenderest of ties). Several other hands, large and small, women's and men's, wrote cards before my eyes, each being closely scrutinized as it appeared. My senses were wide awake, beyond all question, for this was the first opportunity given me to sit with the medium, in a whole month's sojourn in the house, and I determined that no detail, however slight, should be overlooked.

I was more than glad to be able to satisfy myself wholly as to the famous "ring test," the philosophy of which the mediums, the Spiritualists, and the spirits themselves had tried to explain to me. I had seen the thing done in the light a number of times, the ring dropping from off Horatio's arm, as he sat before me with his hands bound; but all this was not entirely satisfactory to one who was furnishing to a wide circle of readers the materials for the formation of belief, and whose duty was to make no mistake. When the ring test was about to be given, I was requested by the medium to take both his hands in mine and keep a firm hold. It must be remembered that, up to this moment, he had been grasping my bared left arm with his two hands. At the beginning of the seance his hands were very cold, but I noticed that they gradually grew warmer, until, just before the ring-test, a shiver ran through his frame, a sudden chill passed into them and they became icy cold. I never felt hands so cold before, except upon a corpse that had been laid in ice.

Our hands crossed, my right holding his right, and his left my left. The iron ring used for the experiment *was then exhibited through the shawl by another hand*, so that all could see it, and then dropped upon the floor at my feet, striking it with a metallic sound, and rolling off the platform. After all who chose had had an opportunity to examine it, it was passed back, and taken behind the curtain by the detached hand. I *then felt an arm and shoulder* pressing against my back, as I sat touching the edge of the table behind me, and the ring, and a cold hand that held it touched the bare, warm skin of my left forearm. Another tremendous shock ran through the medium's body, and instantly the iron ring slid down from his arm over my right wrist and hung there. There was just distance enough between our arms for the large ring to touch both his and mine, and at the moment of the shock, it seemed to me that the side of the ring next to Horatio's, dissolved into a vapor, while the one next to mine remained solid, for it moved away from my skin directly through his arm, or else opened so as to permit his to pass through its own substance, and the next instant it dangled upon my wrist.

This is an astounding story, I know, but everything happened just as described. I neither relaxed my hold upon his hands for an instant, nor lost sight of the smallest detail of the experiment. I was neither psychologized nor deceived, and no theory of "muscular contraction" is sufficient to explain or cover the facts. The explanation given to me of the phenomenon by a spirit is that, the medium's system being negative and the sitter's positive, a strong current of a fluid, which, for lack of a better name, they call refined electricity, is sent through from the one to the other, and as it passes


1.
The Ring Test.
2.
3

THE RING TEST.

through the intermediate metal, being obliged to escape at the poles, it overcomes the cohesion of the particles, and the solid is changed into a vapor. By suddenly reversing this process, the substance is re-solidified, and the ring becomes as it was before. They claim that they have the same control over the cohesion of the particles of our gross matter as they have over what we term gravity; that is, that by an exercise of their own subtle power they can as readily dissolve a solid as they can lift it. Let every one do as he likes with the explanation: I give it as it was received.

I must say that I felt no shock whatever at any time, but perhaps, being so positive as they say I am, the thing worked the other way, and the medium got a charge of my surplus "magnetism."

One night "Mayflower told me, as an evidence of the superior knowledge of the spirits, that she herself could harden and weld copper, and make a small machine that would lift the house we were in, as easily as I could my hat. When I asked her why she would not impart some of her knowledge for the benefit of the world, her reply was that, when our men of science got so far progressed as to lose their empty conceit, and discover that they hardly knew the alphabet of science, and were prepared to learn, these and many more important discoveries would reward them. We must hasten slowly on our path up the Parnassian hill, learning, little by little, and as the child acquires by degrees to creep, walk, and run, all that goes to make up the sum of human knowledge.

There was another, and unsolicited, exhibition of spirit-power this evening. In the corner of the recess behind

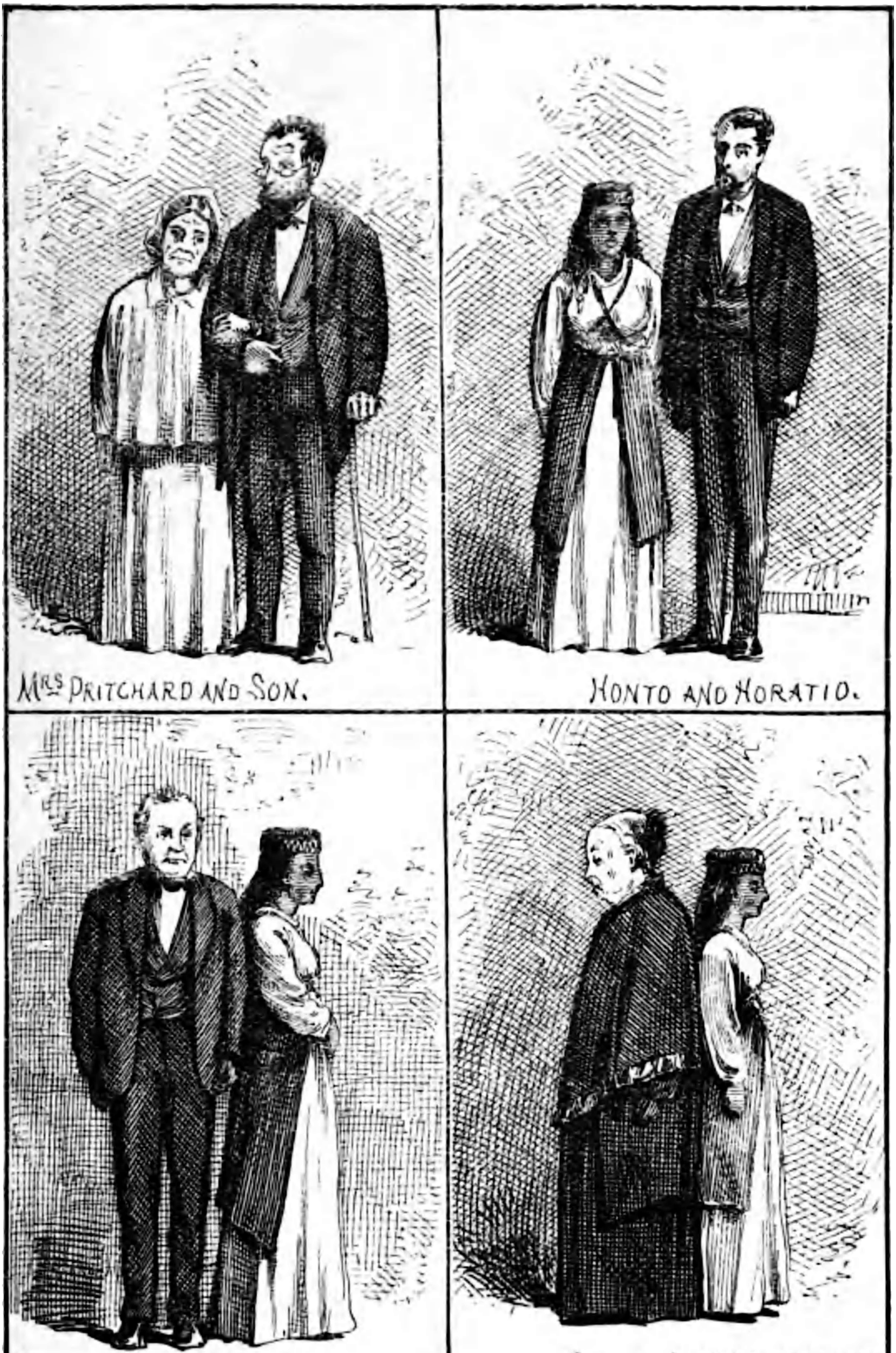
Horatio stood an extra chair, which had not been noticed when the shawls were hung. During the seance this chair was lifted perpendicularly twice or three times directly behind Horatio's head, so as to show above the top of the curtain, and it was at last surmised that they desired to have it taken away; so William Eddy, who was standing near by, took it from the invisible holder. The perpendicular height of the lift and weight of the chair being ascertained, I allowed two seconds as the time consumed in the raising, and then made the following calculation, to arrive at the measure of force exerted:

Chair weighed	8 3-4 pounds.
Perpendicular height	5 feet 5 inches.
Time (estimated)	2 seconds.

1 horse power is 33,000 pounds lifted 1 foot in 1 minute; consequently

8.75 x 30 x 5.16   1,354.50   33,000–:–1,354.50 — 24.36, or nearly one-quarter of a horse power.

Next to Honto, and old Mr. Brown, the talking spirit, who usually open and close the seances, the spirit I have most frequently seen is that of the mother of Mr. Pritchard, of Albany; who has been recognized over and over again, not only by him, but by his sister and her grandchildren, some of whom have been invited to come up to the platform and receive the old lady's embraces and blessings. She almost always speaks, sometimes addressing a few sentences to the audience, but usually confining her remarks to her own friends. Her materialization is, all in all, the most satisfactory I have ever seen, for there have been so many and satisfactory opportunities to be satisfied of her identity. Her son is an elderly gentleman, whose height I have verified as five feet five inches scant. His mother has frequently made him stand beside


MRS PRITCHARD AND SON.
HONTO AND HORATIO.
HONTO AND MR RALPH.
HONTO AND MRS CLEVELAND.

COMPARING HEIGHTS.

her, and then called our attention to their respective statures.

One night, I got Mr. Pritchard to place her back against my scale, and he reported her height as just five feet; which I am satisfied is correct, as he is almost, if not quite, a full head taller. On the evening of September 27th she seated herself in a chair by her son's side, and held a long private conversation with him about a projected visit of her daughter, Mrs. Packard, of Albany, to Chittenden. They were both absorbed in themselves, and I noticed the old lady fingering her white muslin apron in a peculiar manner, with both hands, pinching it up little by little into folds, until she reached the bottom hem, and then, smoothing it out, beginning the same trick again. Upon calling Mr. Pritchard's attention to this after the seance, he told me that this was an old habit of his mother's in life, and would serve to identify her spirit to any of her former acquaintances. She could sit in this way, he said, by the hour, while interested in conversation, pinching up and smoothing out her apron in an absent-minded fashion; just as some persons tie strings around their fingers, and others tear paper into bits.

My old chemical professor used to sit in his laboratory and lecture to me, keeping the thread of his thought together by cutting foolscap into strips, which he would proceed to roll into spills and then toss away. A certain other friend of mine, the handsome young president of a New York insurance company, has the trick of cutting up all the envelopes on his desk, with a business-like air, as though he intended to put the scraps to an important use; but they are finally divided into square bits and litter the floor of his office. If I should see the returning shade of either of these persons, in a room even darker than the Eddy hall, I think I should recognize them all the easier by the exhibition of these little habits which were so closely identified in my mind with their earthly selves.

These unconsidered trifles go farther towards proof of the identity of the appearing spirits, than even the pronunciation of names, or the giving of information about affairs within the knowledge of the sitter. No theory of probabilities appears broad enough to cover the chance of William Eddy's perfecting the details of a personation to such minuteness as to imitate little, personal tricks and habits, too unimportant to be remarked by any but those who are on the most intimate terms with the one simulated, and, at the same time, too trivial to be suggested in advance of their occurrence, even to the minds of such.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHAPTER OF MARVELS.

WHILE the portions of this narrative that appeared in the *Daily Graphic* were running through the columns of that paper, I received so many letters of encouragement from all parts of the country, from total strangers, and so many kind things were said, in so many journals of all classes, that as the end of that series approached, I naturally felt a profound regret at parting with my public.

This feeling is, I believe, common to all authors deeply interested in their work, and on good terms with their readers; but when one is discussing so serious a matter as the re-appearance and re-union of those who have been parted by death, the topic enlists the author's sympathies in a degree exceeding all others. He feels that he has the same reason for getting at the truth as any one of his readers, for one law overrules all alike, and one destiny must be shared in common.

These numerous tokens of regard that I have received have not only stimulated me in the work in hand, but also afforded a marked proof of the deep interest that prevails in the subject we have been discussing. I wish from the bottom of my heart that I could give to the bereaved ones who have appealed to me, that consolation which they so eagerly crave; that I could allay their doubts and encourage their hopes; but my whole usefulness as an investigator would be destroyed by my assuming the part of propagandist.

When I refer again to the notes upon my table—from mothers imploring me for comfort in affliction that seems irremediable; from pious daughters, mourning the loss of parents; from parted lovers who feel a blessed assurance that the sting of death and grave's victory will have passed away, if I can only demonstrate the genuineness of these phenomena, a sense of the deep and heavy responsibility resting upon me, to weigh every apparent fact, and challenge every phenomenon, until the truth be discovered, comes over me.

Let me illustrate by giving an extract from a letter from a stranger lady, which stands as the type of a whole class. Observe its tender feeling, its loving anxiety of tone, its reliance upon my opinion whether there is balm in Gilead for the wounded heart within her breast:

"I make no apology for addressing you, save this: I am a mother mourning the loss of an only child;—hungering and thirsting for an echo from the voice that always had a welcome for "Mamma;'—longing for the familiar touch of little hands that have been quiet for one whole year.

May I ask if you think the Eddy family would allow me to visit their place—in fact, to become a boarder in their house for a week, or perhaps longer?

And do you think my little girl could really come to me there? It seems to me that I could be almost happy once more, if I could see, for one brief moment, my little, brown-haired, brown-eyed darling, just as she was before her last illness.

Dear Colonel Olcott, *will* you not write me how to proceed in the matter? I think I can speak for the whole army of mourning mothers. They will, some day, 'arise and call you blessed.'"

Poor, dear lady! what can I say to such an appeal, except that my researches promise not to end in disappointment; that there is reason to believe that it is possible for her to see her child again; that I have seen several other mothers weeping with joy, in the circle-room, at the sight of their beloved ones, whom they thought shut out from their sight forever, by the earth that was packed above their coffin-lids.

I know I have never assumed the office of teacher, and that on the contrary I have ever disclaimed being anything more than a collector of facts and observer of phenomena—leaving every one to form his or her opinions as they choose; but here are scores of people among my correspondents, representing, no doubt, hundreds of others, who rely upon my facts to do that very thing. So, I must tread cautiously.

The spirits whose appearances have been thus far described were either Indians, or whites of American or European lineage. Up to the 2d of October, I had never seen one of any other nationality, but on that evening there appeared an Arab, who was an old friend of a lady well known in magazine literature as "Aunt Sue." He was of short stature, slight and wiry build, and his very salaam to the lady, when recognized, was in marked contrast with the constrained bows of the Indians, and the more or less ungraceful salutations of the whites. His name is Yusef. He was dressed in a white tunic, gathered at the waist by a sash, and the skirt ornamented with three equidistant bands of red, of the same width. On his head was the national fez, and in his sash was thrust a weapon of some kind, which I could not see distinctly. A number of questions propounded to him were answered by respectful bows, and his parting obeisance was of that deferential, but at the same time self-respecting, character that is peculiar to the people of the Orient.

Five Indians—" Black Swan's Mother," " Bright Star," "Daybreak," " White Feather " (who wore so long a plume in his hair that it was bent by the door-casing as he bowed his head to pass through), and " Santum "—had preceded him, following Mrs. Eddy, whose address I referred to in the chapter preceding this, and one, " Swift Cloud," came after, so that a most favorable opportunity was afforded to note the contrast between his manners and deportment and those of our aborigines. The seance was closed, as usual, by old Mr. Brown, who had some talk with his son about a new house he was erecting, and then departed. But, returning after a moment, he addressed a woman present, who, it appeared, had come under a false name, and whose spirit-daughter had appeared to her the evening before, and asked: " Was that child, ——, your daughter? " The mother said it was. " What is her other name? " asked the inquisitive spirit. The woman hesitated a moment, and then faltered out " Smith." " Well," said he, " I hope *she* may never feel as if she had to deny *her* name," and was gone. This thing happened several times during my visit, so it will be as well for persons who are ashamed to give their right names to stay away from Chittenden.

In the dark-circle of this same evening I had another volunteer exhibition of spirit-power that ought to puzzle skeptics less self-complacent than our muscular-contractionists. My weighing-scales were standing on the platform, at the right of the cabinet, where the experiment with Honto was tried. We had had some music from Mayflower and the spirit-band of unusual sweetness, and the little girl—whom I never can mention without a feeling of affection, so child-like and lovable is her nature—had made a ludicrous failure with her rhyming improvisations upon "Music," "Pictures," and "War and Peace," when Dix said that if we would all remain quiet for a few minutes and the violinist would play something, he would try to organize an extra strong "battery." His directions were followed, and for a while no sound was heard except the dolorous rasp of the instrument. Little Mayflower passed along the front row and laid her guitar on each one's lap, and presently we had an Indian dance such as I described in a previous chapter.

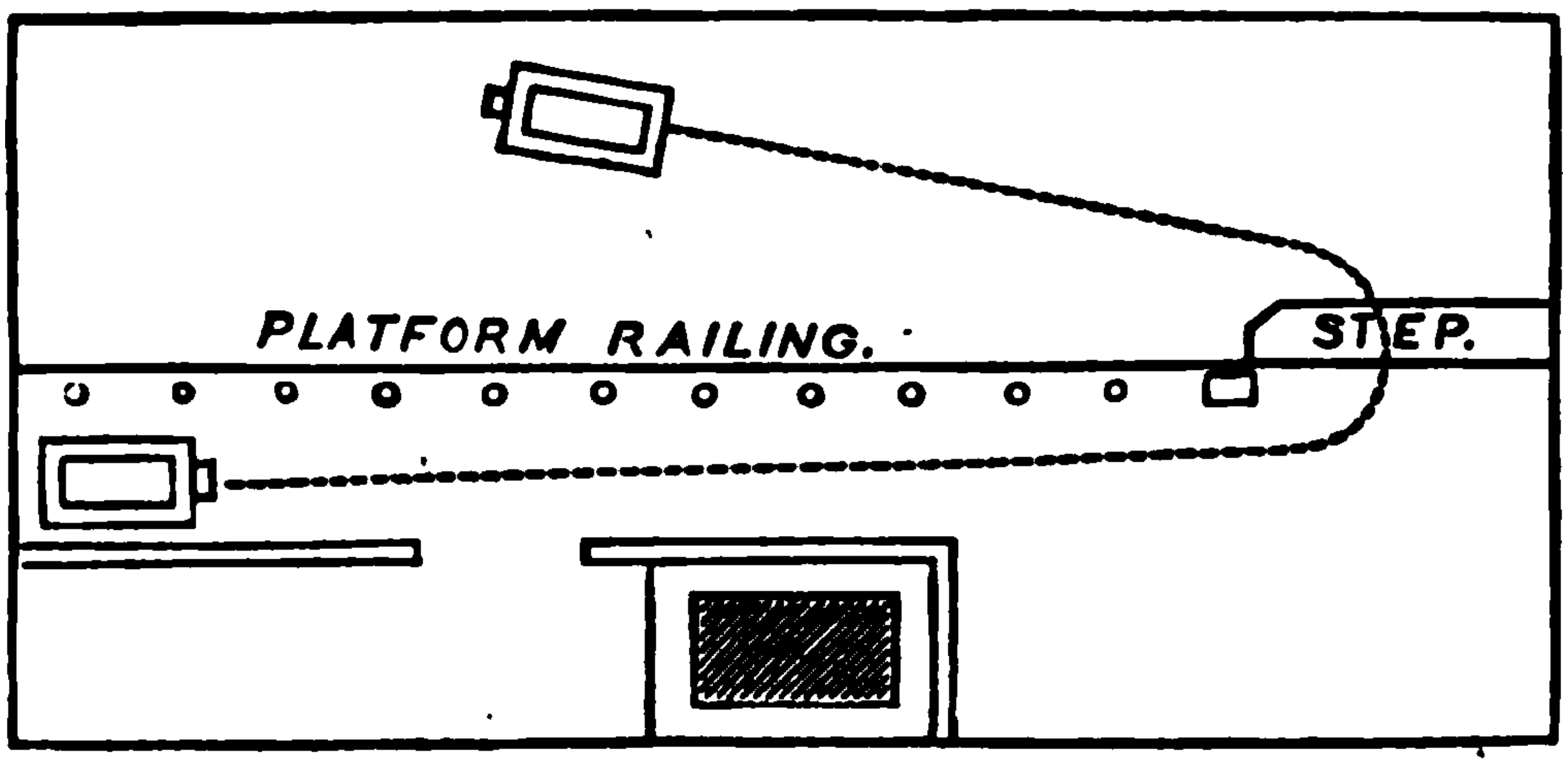
Then I knew, from a rattling and banging of my platform-scale, that something new was about to happen. It was moved along the whole length of the platform with such a noise that I thought to myself I would have a pretty bill of damages to pay the next morning, but the thought was hardly formed before George Dix, with a laugh, said: "Don't worry, Mr. Olcott; I won't hurt your scales;" and he fell to whistling and tugging at the dead weight, like a jolly stevedore working among a cargo of cotton. The scale reached the steps, and then went bumping down to the floor of the room, and was rolled to a point near the medium's chair, where it stopped. We heard some one step upon the platform and the beam kick against the pad, as though a heavy weight were on it. George said, "I guess I'll see how much I weigh;" and then, after running the poise along the notches and changing one counterpoise weight for another, reported 163 pounds. I asked him how tall he was, and he replied 5 feet 8 inches. We then heard Mayflower's voice, saying, "Now weigh me, George," and his answer, "All right: get on;" and another and lighter person was heard to mount the platform, and the noise of weighing, with another change of counterpoise weights, was followed by a call for a light. This being struck, Mr. Poole, of New Jersey, and Mr. Wilkins, of Vermont, who had acted as a committee on our behalf to tie Horatio, first examined the ropes, and found him just as he had been left, and then stepped to the scale with the candle, and announced the beam as marking forty pounds. But the medium, speaking in the voice of a spirit known as "French Mary," said, "No; it is thirty-eight pounds;" which, upon a second and closer look, with the candle held nearer, they found to be so. Now, if any one chooses to say that the medium knew the weight because he had handled it himself, it will be necessary for him to account for:

1. The fact that after the weighing he was bound as tightly and identically the same as he was by the committee before the room was darkened; and,

2. How, supposing that he could unbind and *re-bind* himself, which I deny, he could run the poise along the scale-beam in a pitchy dark room to a certain notch, and be able to correct an unexpected error of the committee. The experiment was to me very interesting as furnishing evidence either of the great force at the

command of the spirits, as well as their ability to see in the dark, or, of some one's being able, instantly upon the lighting of the candle, to convey the correct reading of the figures to the mind of the medium. The following diagram will show the route traveled by the scales; the entire distance was 33 ft. 6 inches.

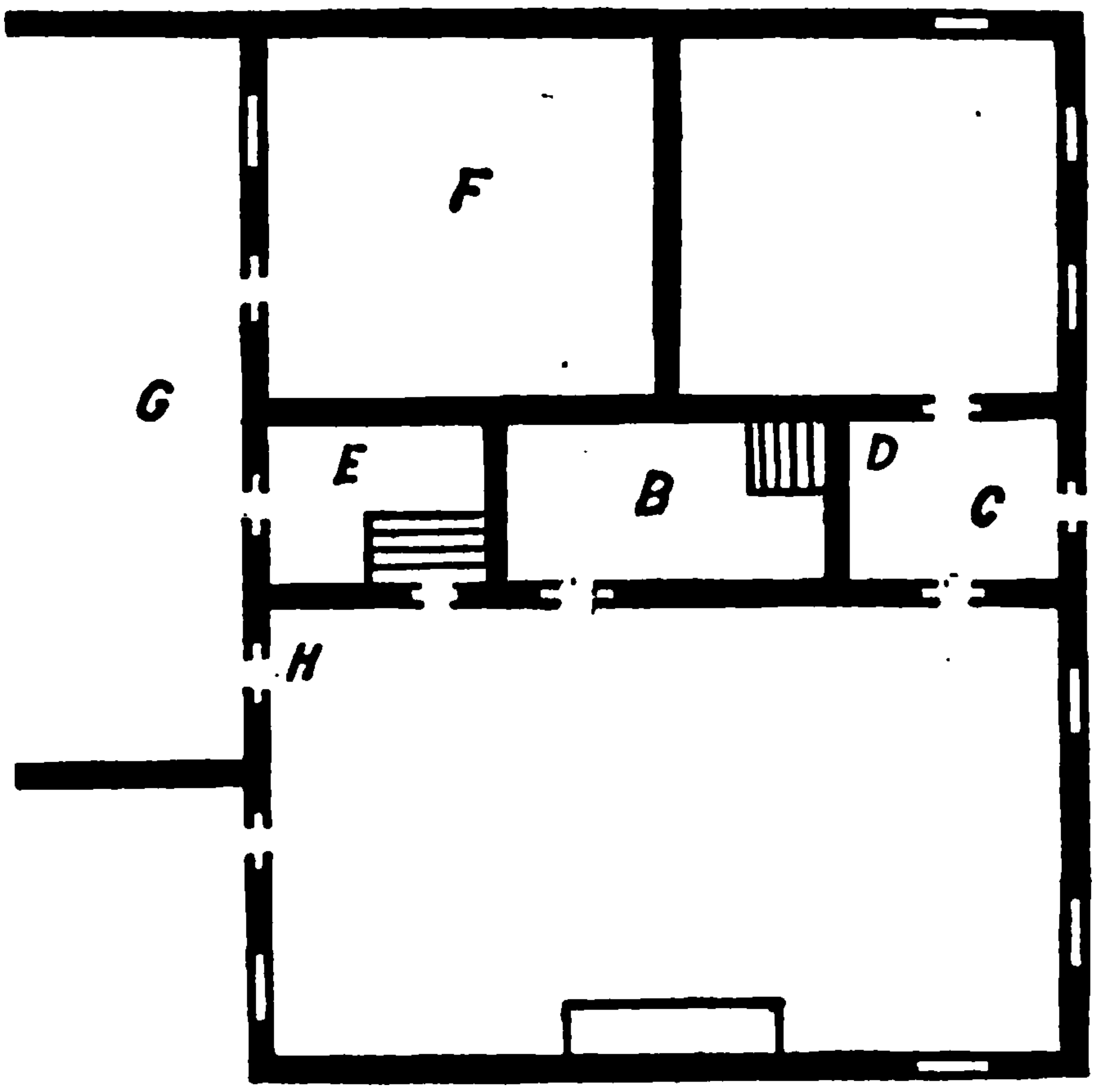
The following night's seance was to my mind the most satisfactory, as a test, of any held during my visit



in one respect, viz.: that it proved that neither the hall up-stairs, nor the hollow platform, nor the cabinet floor, nor that mysterious window, that has so troubled the souls of many superficial "skeptics," had anything to do with the manifestations. Just before the usual hour of assembly, finding the Eddy boys in an unusually tractable mood, I proposed that for once we should hold our sitting in the reception-room, where we were gathered about the stove. This being assented to without hesitancy, the old shawl that hangs over the cabinet door was brought down, the rough mattress, and some working clothes upon the wall of a dark closet under the stairs, were removed, and we were ready to begin the seance.

The reader will understand the position of affairs by glancing over the following ground-plan:

A is the sitting or reception room: B is a small dark bedroom, running under the stairs that lead to the second story; C is the front hall; E, steps leading to cellar; F, William Eddy's bedroom, opening only into the dining-room (G); H, the door from sitting-room to dining-room.



The room or closet B measures 9 feet 2 inches by 5 feet 3 inches, with a ceiling 8 feet high—narrow quarters for a person to sleep in, and, with the door shut, a place that ought to be fatal to any pair of lungs that had ever been accustomed to a breath of fresh air. And yet this is where "Joe," the pugnacious but musical farm-hand, whom every visitor will recollect, takes his nightly repose. There is no window here, at any rate, to awaken the suspicions of the wary psychologist, or demand of me a covering of sealed mosquito-netting; and I conclude that if the spirits should show themselves there, the fact would go a long way towards making out my case.

Just before the shawl was hung, William insisted on my coming into the den to examine it in any way I pleased, but as I had already breathed its fetid atmosphere on another occasion, when I measured it and sounded its walls and floor, I wished to decline. He would take no denial, however, and so, lamp in hand, I went in and made a general survey. There was nothing to be seen but the bare floor and walls; and, running my hands over William's clothing under the laughing pretext of magnetizing him, I enabled myself to assure the reader that he had nothing concealed about his person. The shawl-curtain was arranged and we then took our seats in an arc that stretched from the hall-door to that leading into the dining-room. My post was in the crown of the arc, right opposite, and not more than eight or nine feet from the "cabinet" door. The lamp was placed on a shelf in the chimney, at the south-east corner of the room and gave a very fair light.

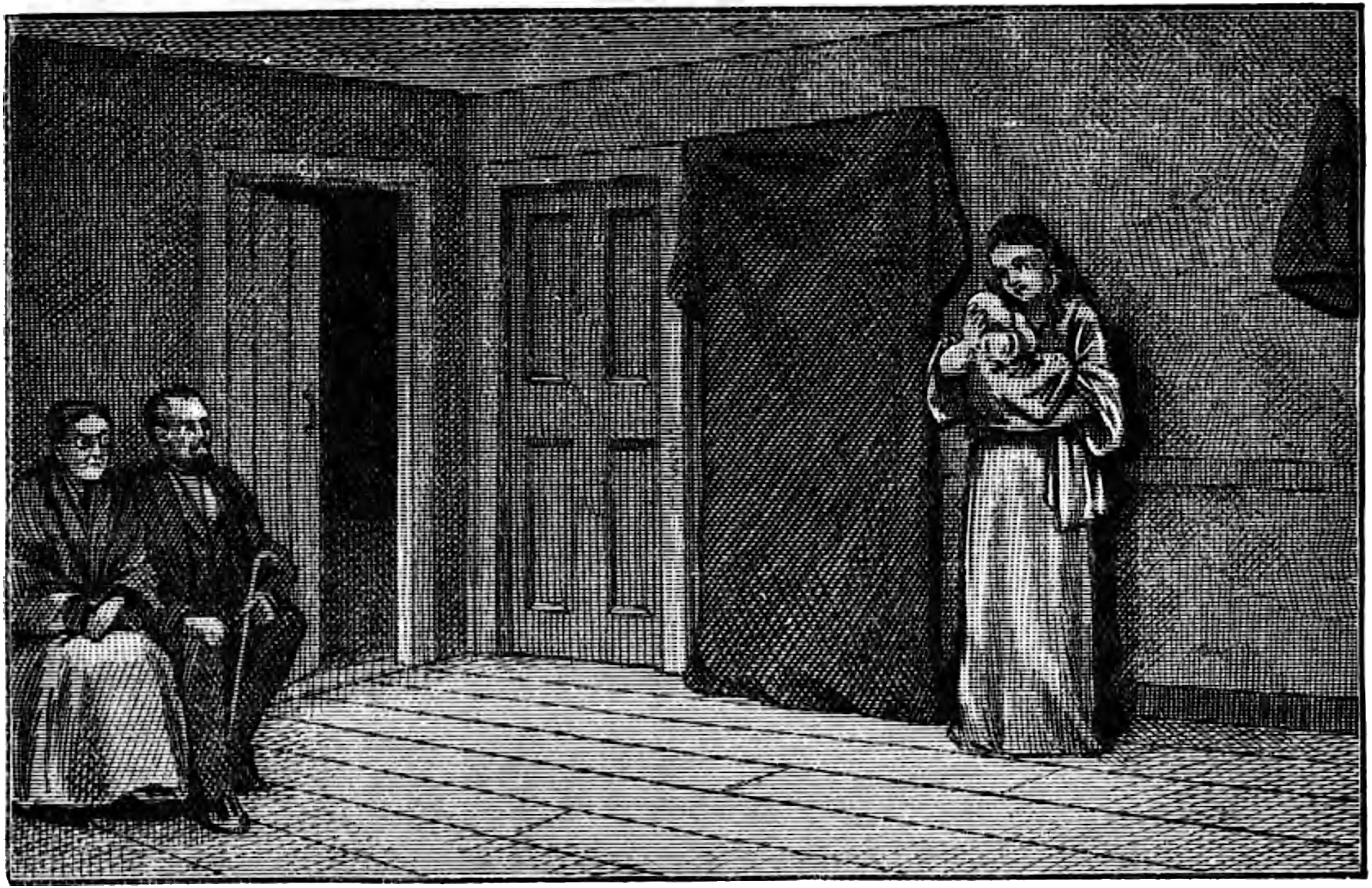
We had not long to wait, for, after the lapse of a very few minutes, the shawl was lifted and out jumped Honto, as lively as a squirrel. She was dressed in a light suit throughout, with a scarf about her waist, and her hair hanging loose down her back. She stepped to the dining-room door, lifted the latch and threw it open; then began capering about in her usual way, as if she were in fine spirits. Shawl after shawl she twitched from old Mrs. Cleveland's and Mr. Pritchard's feet and shoulders; astonishing them as much each time as Hermann does the victim he entraps into "assisting" him in his magical entertainments. Then she stepped to the right of the cabinet door, and stood just opposite me, looking intently upon the floor, by the mop-board. There was nothing to be seen at first but the bare planks, but, presto! as I watched, I suddenly saw a heap of something black, as it might be a piece of a woman's dress or a quantity of black netting. She stretched out her hand, and daintily picked it up with thumb and forefinger, held it open, and it was — one of her shawls! Thus, within a few feet of my nose, she exhibited the whole process of materializing fabrics, and left me in a very pleased mood, as may be imagined.

In the report of the London Dialectical Society on Spiritualism, at page 328, in the testimony of Miss Anna Blackwell before the committee, occurs the following:

> Under the second head (that is to say, the command of the spirits of the "fluids" and "forces" that make up the totality of planetary existence) may be classed the evanescent appearance of hands, faces, birds, animals, flowers, &c., which are produced by a condensation out of the atmosphere, of the material elements of these pseudo-formations, to which, by the application of the electro-vital force in modes not yet known to us, spirits are able to impart a temporary vitality, but which, having no soul, are without consciousness or lasting coherence, and dissolve into their original elements on the cessation of the currents that determined their formation. Lady D—— assures me that a "magnificent white flower, as large as a dinner plate, and with long purple stamens," suddenly appeared on a chair close beside her, one evening, as she sat in her drawing-room in company with Mr. Home; it remained visible to them both for about two minutes, when "it melted into the air."

At page 332, in describing the apparition of a dark-haired man, who passed into the solid wall in her presence, she adds:

> Spirits say that the compact matter of our sphere of Relation, is as imperceptible, for them, as the fluidic matter of their sphere is for us, and that they only become cognizant of it, and able to act upon it, through our minds and organisms.



PICTURE FOR THE ARTIST.

Honto was followed by old Mrs. Pritchard, who was dressed, as usual, in her grayish frock, and white apron and kerchief, and who had some pleasant words for her son.

Then appeared a charming young woman carrying a child, who was recognized by her sister as Mrs. Josephine Dow, late of Chittenden township. She died twenty-four years ago at the age of nineteen. Her robe was pure white and flowing, gathered in at the waist by a string, so that the folds of the upper part lay over it after a very classical fashion. Her auburn hair fell in a mass over her shoulders, and as she stood there petting the child, I thought I had never seen a prettier sight in all my visit. She stepped back into the cabinet, whereupon the voice of Mrs. Eaton said: "Mr. Olcott, this is the subject we have selected for the artist's picture. The spirit will now return without the child, so that Mr. Kappes may take a good look at her"—and back she came, alone, and stood at the right of the curtain, with her right arm crossed over her waist and her left hanging by her side, looking the artist full in the face. Mrs. Eaton said that the spirit came back alone because it took so much extra power to materialize the baby, that the spirit herself was made too weak to stop out long enough to give us a thorough view of her own form. Blake, the Irish painter, used to see spirits invisible to all other eyes, sitting to him for their portraits in his studio when he was alone, but did any one ever hear before of a materialized spirit coming for the purpose to an artist, in the presence of a mixed company of fifteen persons?

After the "Madonna and Child," (as I felt like christening our models,) we saw the spirit of William Packard, late of Albany, and grandson of old Mrs. Pritchard, who seemed so disposed to make friends with the artist that, at that gentleman's request, he moved quite far along the wall to the right, where his figure was thrown into high relief by the light-colored paper hangings. His face was round, and he wore a long black moustache. His costume comprised a dark sack-coat and dark pantaloons, a single-breasted vest, and white shirt with collar, quite different from William's, who wore his ordinary checked gingham shirt, without collar or cuffs.

We were then delighted to see the mysterious Mrs. Eaton herself, whose shrill voice we had so often heard issue from the cabinet up-stairs. She was a little, old, wrinkled woman, in an old-fashioned muslin mob-cap with a ribbon about the crown, a grayish dress, and a check woolen shoulder-shawl, with its points crossed over her bosom. She advanced two or three feet from the curtain, and looking at me, said that she had seen our picture of "The Phantom Carriage," and could suggest no improvement, as it was true to nature. I expressed my pleasure at seeing her in person, hearing her speak, and seeing her lips move, for it was now unquestionable that the voice up-stairs was hers and not the medium's. She said that it was for that very purpose she had materialized herself, and that the spirit-band controlling these manifestations had desired the change for that evening to the lower room. She and they knew how anxious I was for such tests as would satisfy myself and the world, of the genuineness of the phenomena, and desired to further my wishes; but they, like ourselves, were subject to the conditions around them, and where a circle was constantly changing, and never the same two evenings in succession, they could not do all that either I demanded or they wished.

After her, came out an old, gentlemanly-looking man, with a fine, intellectual head. His silver locks were brushed from either ear towards his crest, as if to conceal his baldness. He was dressed in a well-cut black coat, buttoned up high, and pantaloons to match. He spoke in a low voice in answer to a question from his relative present, who afterwards informed me that he formerly lived at Davenport, N. Y., where he died thirty-nine years ago, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

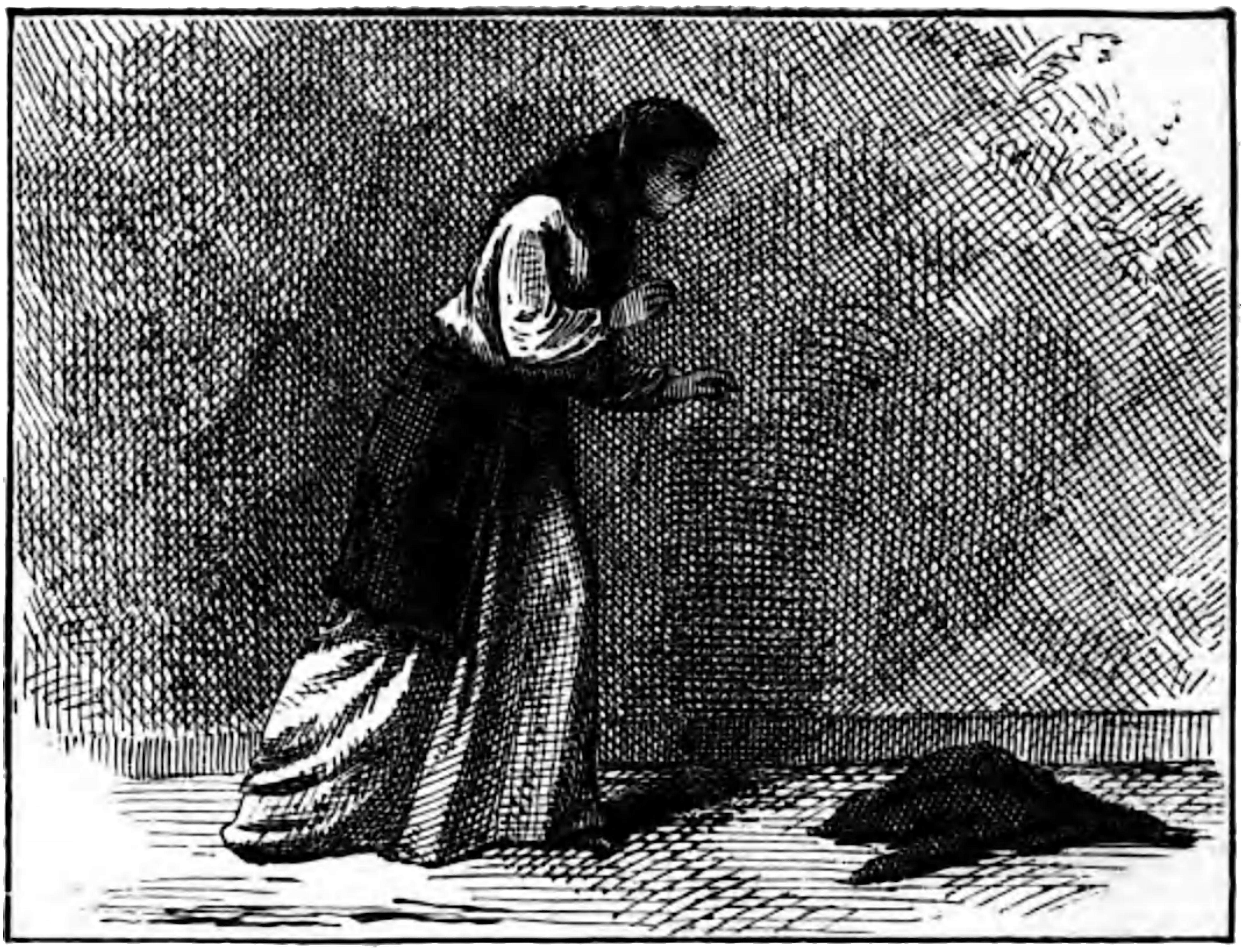
Our next visitor was Augusta ——, a child of fourteen, who was clothed in a white dress, and sweetly smiled and recognized her mother, who sat next to me.

The last form to appear, was Jeremiah McCready, late of Cayuga County, N. Y., whose materialization was very strong and satisfactory; and this brought to a close, a most remarkable and satisfactory evening's entertainment.

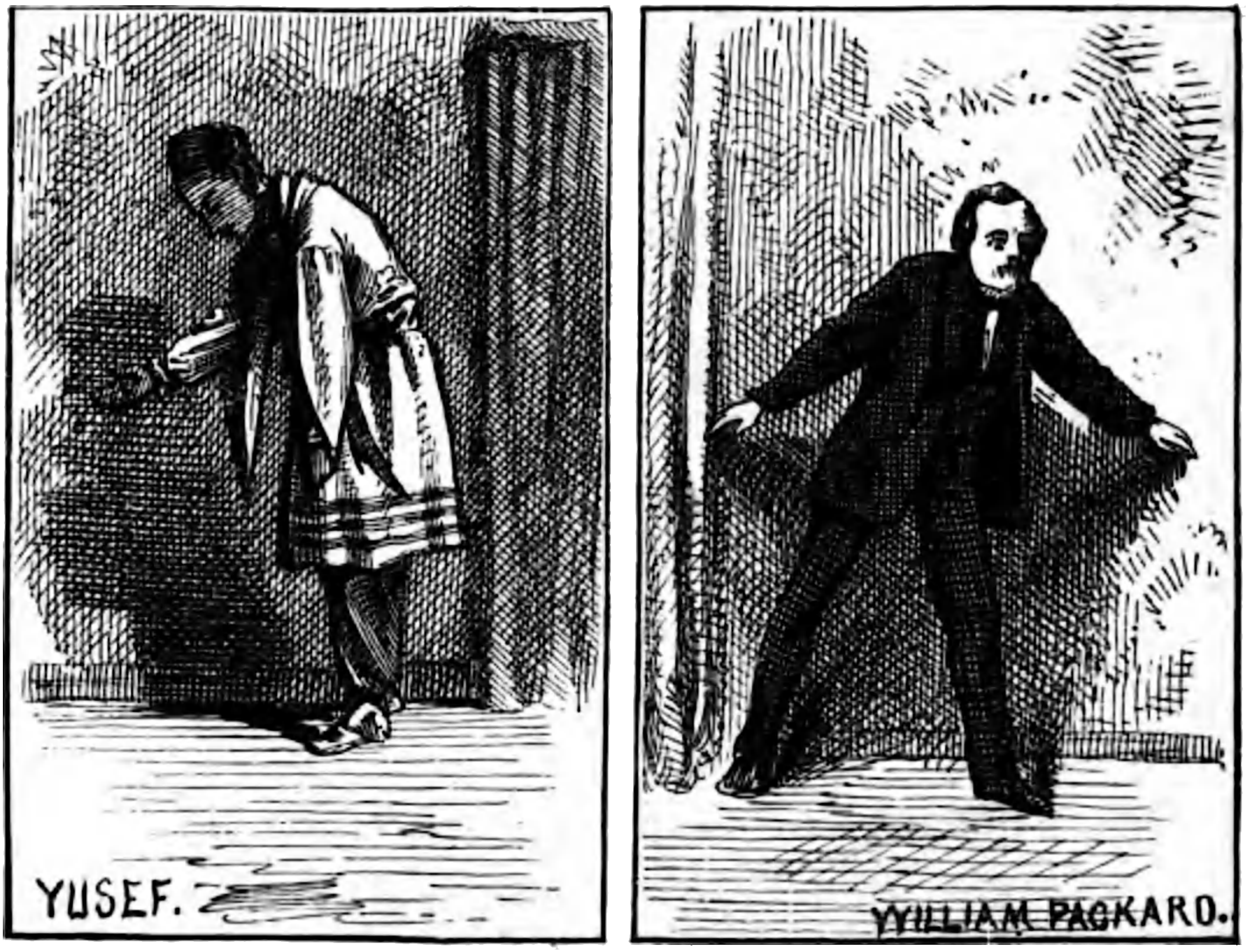
I can hardly express the relief I experienced at the result of this seance. Convinced as I had long been of the good faith of William Eddy; satisfied as my reason was that it was a physical impossibility for the man to simulate such a variety of forms—making himself at one moment a patriarch of eighty or a tottering grandmother, and the next, a babe in arms or a toddling child of three or four years; now a giant Indian chief or a dancing squaw, and anon, a roving spearsman of the plain of Ararat or a bronze-faced fellah from the foot of the Pyramids; twisting his inflexible tongue around the gutturals, nasals, and sibilants of numerous languages, that certainly nobody outside of the Oriental Society or some occasional Dominie Sampson had mastered; convinced, I say, as I was upon all these points—that ventilating window, hollow platform, and seven-by-two cabinet forced themselves oftener than I liked between my mental vision and the bald facts.

I confess to a feeling closely akin to astonishment when Honto, the self-same copper-colored squaw, the pipe-smoking, shawl-weaving, dancing, laughing Honto, stepped out and confronted me. It seemed that it would be next to impossible for enough of the spiritual matter-essence to filter through that plastered wall, for these cunning electro-platers to make a covering withal for their filmy shapes. But there she was, sure enough, in full form—with no detail of her dress lacking, no lock of her massive suit of hair gone; her figure as plump, her motions as supple, her attitudes as wildly statuesque as ever before. When she had passed away from our sight, I awaited the coming of the next spirit with eager attention, for even then, it seemed to me that it *could* not be possible for another to materialize itself. Honto was the familiar spirit of the medium, or somehow attached to and, as it were, enameled upon the family, so that she could do impossibilities that no one else from the other world could.

But, in the midst of my doubts and mistrust, there came the gray-white apparition of old Mrs. Pritchard, the very starch in her apron and cap seeming as if it were crisp from the laundry. Then, I think, the conviction formed itself that, no matter how many



MIRACULOUS SHAWL MAKING.


YUSEF.
WILLIAM PACKARD.

SPIRIT-FORMS.

"skeptics" came battering against these granitic facts, no matter what array of "exposers" might blow their tin-horns and penny-trumpets, that Jericho would stand. Then I said to myself, that if William Eddy were caught fifty times playing at materialization, with "cork-soles," "ragged-blankets," and up-standing hair, upon some evening when conditions were unpropitious, the genuine phenomena of this one seance could not be obliterated from my memory.

One of the most eminent scholars in this country, and one who has made a study of legerdemain, among other things, shows his ingrained skepticism of all spiritualistic matters by insisting, despite all my careful examination of the walls and floor of the cabinets up and down stairs, that the figures are personations by confederates. He tells me that he waits patiently for the exposure that, in his opinion, will surely come; as surely as it did in Philadelphia, and as, he maintains, it will in London. He makes no more account of Mr. Crookes', and my observations, than he did of Mr. Owen's, regarding us all as equally superficial. Well, I am content to be placed in the stocks, in such good company.

In William's dark hole of a cabinet there was not a bit of woolen, silk, or cotton rag, the size of a finger-stall, nor a moccasin or string of beads; not a wig nor even a stick of black pomade, much less a wash-bowl, water or towels; and about his person, as I had discovered by my innocent *ruse*, there were none of these things; and yet there had appeared—but the story is already told and I need not repeat.

Two features of this occasion will arrest the attention of scientific minds, viz: the appearance and disappearance of the baby, and the instantaneous formation of Honto and shawl. There could be no mistake about the child—no questions of rag-wrapped legs or fondled pillows. The figure stood too near. me and in too good a light to admit of such deceptions being practised. It was a living, moving child, which, with its right thumb in its mouth, nestled its little head in the neck of its bearer, and passed its chubby left arm about her neck. For the instant it was as palpable and, no doubt, as material a being as any baby now lying in its mother's arms. Made from the imponderable atoms floating in the foul air of that chamber, it was resolved into nothing in an instant of time, leaving no trace of its evanescent existence behind. And the shawl! in what spirit-home, by what hearth, or under what vine-trellised porch (for Mayflower's rhymes teem with allusions to her house and garden, her pets and domestic companions) was its yarn spun, its knots tied, and its strands tinted? Whose busy fingers plied the needles, or whose hand guided the ghostly loom by which its meshes were formed? Mystery of mysteries! What Œdipus can solve the riddle? And how long must we wait for an answer?

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPIRITS FROM FAR CATHAY.

AMONG the spirits who frequent the Eddy homestead none is more remarkable than an aged woman who chooses to call herself "The Witch of the Mountain." In her personal appearance she bears a marked resemblance to that massive, artistic figure of the drama, the *Meg Merrilles* of Charlotte Cushman. The face is one not easily forgotten. Old, wrinkled, and decrepit as she is—the latter so much that she usually has to sit in a chair while discoursing to us—her black eye gleams with intelligence and a fiery resolution, and her voice, although pitched in a high falsetto, has the ring of command in its penetrating tones. No thick layer of fat covers her attenuated frame, her arms are almost as thin as a skeleton's, her cheeks hollow, her skin dark brown and seemingly dry as parchment, and her elfish locks of gray hang beside a face that would be marked among ten thousand.* On the 31st of last August, I saw William Eddy throw a dipperful of spring water, taken in my presence from the horse-trough, upon a chip fire out of doors, and it flashed up instantaneously, as though

* See PAGE, 296

the embers had been fed with oil or alcohol. It was this spirit who, as alleged, did the trick, using the medium as her intermediary.

One day, late in October, the same experiment was successfully repeated in the presence of several witnesses. I am told that one evening last winter, in the presence of a small circle, among whom was an Albany lawyer named E. D. Stronk, she called for a jar of spring water, and a few pieces of charcoal from the wood-stove, and transmuted the latter into stones, after stirring them about in the jar with her fingers, and making the vessel appear filled with liquid fire. The witnesses and pebbles I have seen, but not the experiment; so I set that aside. On the evening of the same August 31st, however, I saw the spirit seat herself in a chair on the platform, saw her give her silky hair into the hands of Judge Bacon, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Mr. Stronk, and another, to feel; saw her allow Judge Bacon to pull out a lock as a keepsake; saw the hair in his possession after the circle and on the next day; and heard her speak to us concerning the affairs of the next world, for the space of perhaps five minutes. She has not been a frequent visitor of late, but about the 23d of October it was announced that she would appear immediately after the 15th of November, to take charge of the circle during the winter, and that she would perform a number of startling chemical experiments.

The 15th fell on Sunday, and of course there was no circle. The next evening, I made an engagement with a hard-headed Rutland skeptic to drive up there, but he failed me at the very last moment, and I could not reach

Chittenden in time. The Witch came out, however, according to announcement, and sat and discoursed much as she did on the occasion previously noticed. Her experiment of the evening consisted in the manufacture of a number of bright masses that seemed like large crystals, but which shone with great brilliancy. Mr. Stronk, the Albany counselor, happening there on a second visit, has given me the following memorandum:

> CHITTENDEN, November 19th, 1874.
>
> This is to certify that I attended the seance at the house of the Eddy brothers, on the evening of the 17th, when "The Witch of the Mountain" appeared, and conversed for some minutes. She permitted me, with two others, to go up to her and look at three substances that may be called spirit-jewels, which she drew from her bosom and showed to me. They were unlike anything I ever beheld, and indescribably beautiful. One was about as large as the bottom of a tea-saucer, luminous, plano or concavo-convex, and the surface divided into squares, or perhaps bosses, each of which seemed to sparkle with a different color. Some were like the light of a diamond, some rosy, some golden. If I had been allowed to handle them, I might give a more accurate description.
>
> E. D. STRONK,
> 83 Lancaster Street, Albany; N. Y.

The last time I saw the "Witch" was on the evening of the 7th of October, when she was the first spirit to emerge from the cabinet. She stepped out at the left of the curtain, and made some pretty severe strictures upon a card signed "Skeptic," professing to be written by a neighbor of the Eddys (which, in fact, it was not), and containing many falsehoods about them and their doings. She then said she had a few words for me, and, passing into the cabinet for a moment, reappeared at the left of the curtain, which brought her directly in front of my position. She said that she hoped that conditions would soon be such that they (the spirits) would be able to satisfy me as to experiments; that I must be patient and restrain my natural eagerness to probe things to the bottom—for I rendered myself so intensely positive as to throw the atmosphere of the circle into violent pertubation. I could not help recalling the letter of Professor Tyndall in reply to the invitation of the Dialectical Society's Committee to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. He said:

> "More than a year ago, Mr. Cromwell Varley, who is, I believe, one of the greatest modern Spiritualists, did me the favor to pay me a visit, and he then employed a comparison which, though flattering to my spiritual strength, seems to mark me out as unfit for spiritual investigation. He said that my presence at a seance resembled that of a great magnet among a number of small ones. I throw all into confusion."

The Professor evidently regarded the thing as a joke, but I do not, for I think that if any one thing is self-evident, it is that some persons have greater power than others to affect the mental, moral, and nervous conditions of those with whom they come in contact. If this were not a fact, how could we explain the "personal magnetism" of actors, orators, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, military and naval captains, and other men whose names will recur to every one who reads these lines.

What is this insensible something that envelops us like an inner atmosphere, and saturates all whom we meet? What subtle power made the mere touch of an Apostle's robe efficacious to cure disease, and the laying on of a royal hand effect the same result? What human lightning darting from Napoleon's eye converted every soldier into a hero as it fell upon him? What magic force turned the rout of our own Shenandoah

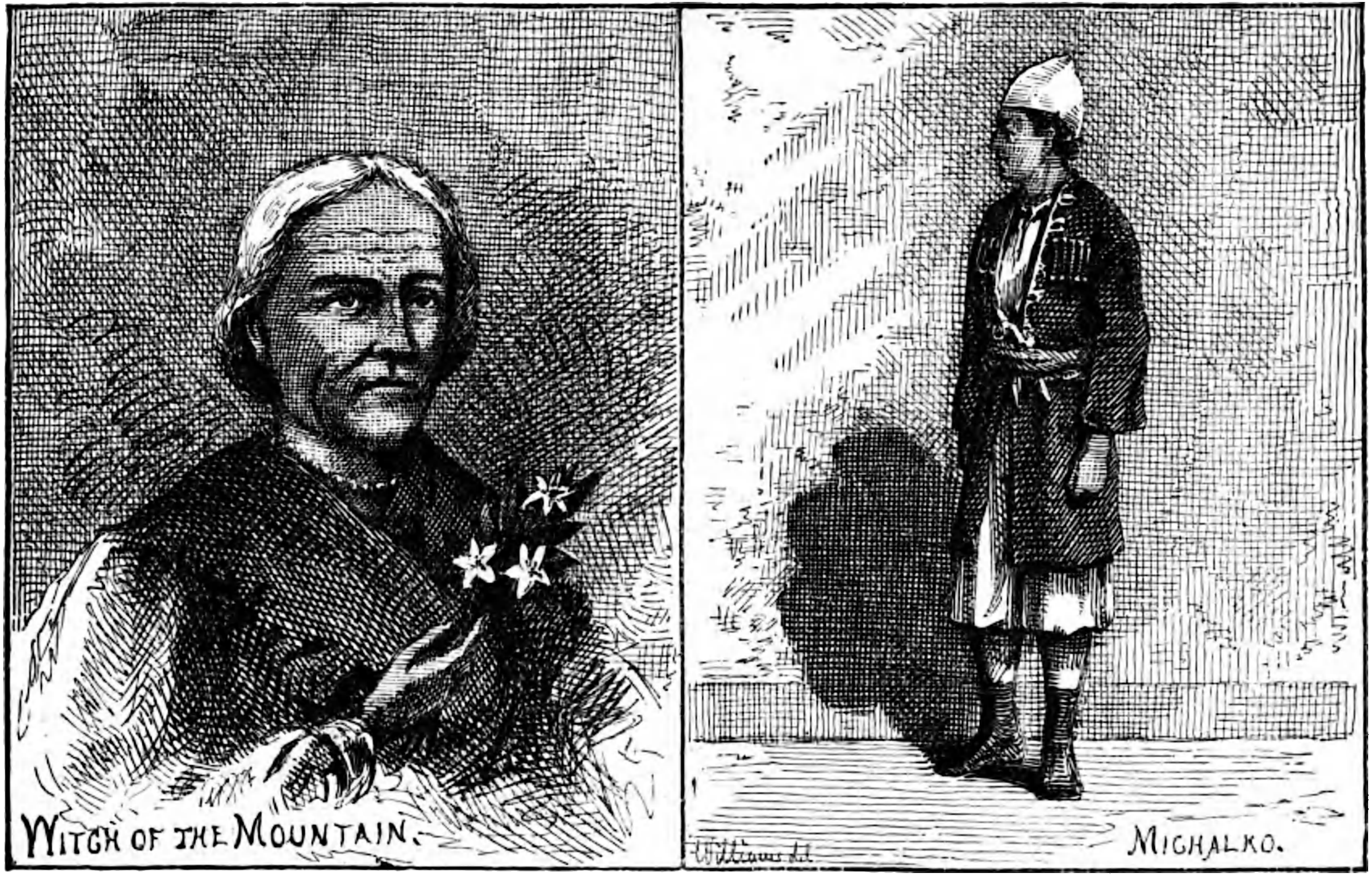
army into a crushing, victory, as the fiery li
galloped along the line and swept the field
glance? What potent spell lurked in the presenc
Florence Nightingale, and made the wounded men a
Scutari better, if they could barely kiss her shadow as it flitted across their beds? And what but this unseen but all-potent personal magnetism, enables some fiends in human shape to draw maidens, wives, and widows, alike, from the path of virtue, to minister to their awful appetites against their own reason, moral training, and the natural promptings of a pure mind and a previously unsullied heart?

But I will not dwell upon a subject on which, in wider limits for discussion than are now at my command, I would be only too happy to expand. Suffice it to say that, after a good deal of observation among the phenomena of animal magnetism, odic force and Spiritualism, I have come to the conclusion that the mere exclusion of a person from a circle, or his location in any given place in the same, is neither *prima facie* evidence of intended trickery, nor that the superior acumen of the individual as an investigator is dreaded.

The arrival of a Russian lady of distinguished birth and rare educational and natural endowments, on the 14th of October (the very day after a certain pseudo-investigator, who has since made his "statement," left,) was an important event in the history of the Chittenden manifestations. This lady—Madame Helen P. de Blavatsky—has led a very eventful life, traveling in most of the lands of the Orient, searching for antiquities at the base of the Pyramids, witnessing the mysteries of

Hindoo temples, and pushing with an armed escort far into the interior of Africa. The adventures she has encountered, the strange people she has seen, the perils by sea and land she has passed through, would make one of the most romantic stories ever told by a biographer. In the whole course of my experience, I never met so interesting and, if I may say it without offence, eccentric a character.

As I am about to describe some of the spirit-forms that appeared to her at the Eddy homestead, and am dependent upon her for a translation of most of the language they spoke, it is important that I should say a few words concerning her social position, by way of preface. The lady has been so obliging as to comply with my request to be furnished with some account of herself, and cheerfully submitted to my inspection documentary proofs of her identity. Among others of the latter, I have seen familiar letters from Prince Ferdinand W——, a relative of the Czar, Baron M——, and other noblemen, a certified copy of her father's will, and her passports, which, as well as the last named document, fully attest her rank. She is the granddaughter, on the mother's side, of the great General Fadeef and the Princess Helen Dolgoroukoff, granddaughter of the Prince Iakoff Dolgorouky, the best friend and counselor of Peter the Great. Her grand-aunt was Natalia Kirilowna, Princess Dolgorouky, who was the betrothed of Peter H., and would have been Empress, had not that unfortunate Prince died on the eve of their intended marriage. On the father's side she is related to the powerful Kourland family of


WITCH OF THE MOUNTAIN.
Williams del.
MICHALKO.

A WITCH AND CAUCASIAN.

the Hahn-Hahns, who trace their line in unbroken descent, back to the first Crusades. Her father's father was Lieutenant-General of Kourland, and his mother found a second husband in the Prince Nicholas Vasiltchikoff. Her father was a General on the retired list, and died at an advanced age, after some sixty years of service in the army and civil department. His high rank is proven by the fact of his being in the "Corps des Pages," to which none but the sons of the highest families are admitted. Mme. de Blavatsky herself was married to General de Blavatsky, Governor of Erivan, in the Caucasus.*

It will be seen, therefore, from the above recital, that here we have a lady of such social position, as to be incapable of entering into a vulgar conspiracy with any pair of tricksters, to deceive the public, while her education and travels have necessarily made her acquainted with many different languages. This is my witness; and now to my story.

On the 14th of October Mme. de Blavatsky reached Chittenden, and attended the seance that evening. Honto, as if to give the amplest opportunity for the artist and myself to test the correctness of the theory of "personation," that the "investigator" previously alluded to had expounded to us, stood at the right of the cabinet, motioning us to observe her height, her feet, the bead trimming on her dress, and then unplaited her hair and shook it out over her shoulders. Santum came, too, and "Wando" and "Wasso;" and then the first of the Russian lady's spirit-visitors made his appearance.

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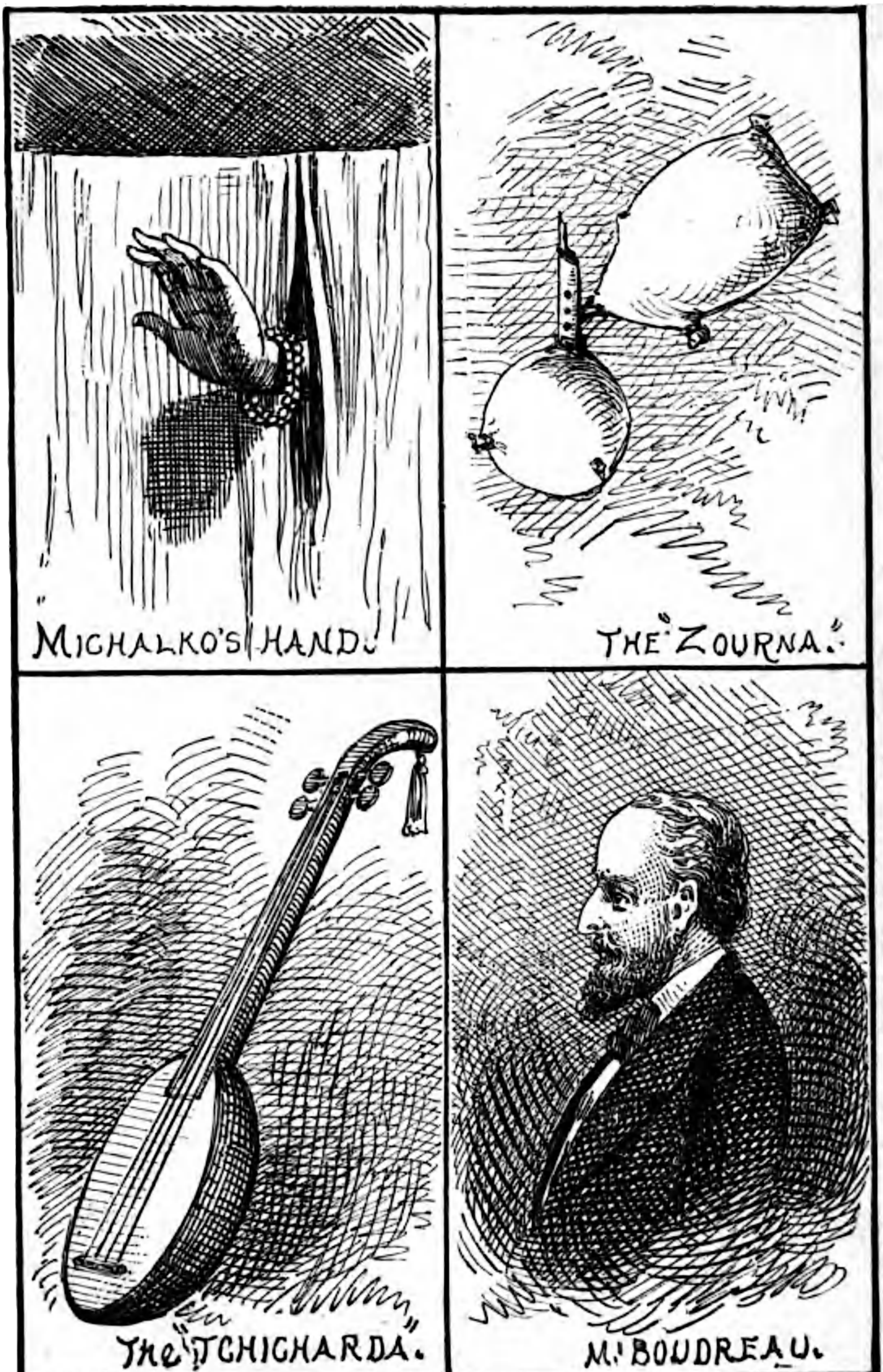
* "Caucasus" is the general name given to the region and the chain of mountains which stretch between the Black and Caspian seas, the mountains forming the boundary between Asia and Europe. The country is divided into the governments of Kuban, Stawropol, Terek, Daghestan, Zakatol, Tiflis, Koutais, Sukum, Tchernomore (Black Sea), Elizabethpol, Balsa, and Eriwan. The first five lie on the European side of the mountains; and the last seven in Asia, and include Circassia, Abkasia, Mingrelia, Imerethia, Georgia, Russian Armenia, and Shirvan.

He was a person of middle height, well shaped, dressed in a Georgian (Caucasian) jacket, with loose sleeves and long pointed oversleeves, an outer long coat, baggy trousers, leggings of yellow leather, and white skull-cap, or fez, with tassel. She recognized him at once as Michalko Guegidze, late of Kütais, Georgia, a servant of Madame Witte, a relative, and who waited upon Mme. de B—— in Kütais..

He was followed by the spirit of Abraham Alsbach, who spoke some sentences in German to his sister; and he, in turn, by M. Zephirin Boudreau, late of Canada, the father of a lady who accompanied Mme. de Blavatsky to Chittenden, and who, of course, was attending her first seance. She addressed her questions to him in French, he responding by rapping with his hand against the door-frame, except in one instance, when he uttered the word "Oui." This gentleman stood so that I saw him in profile against the white wall. He had an aquiline nose, rather hollow cheeks, prominent cheek-bones, and an iron-gray beard upon his chin. It was a marked face, in short, of the pure Gallic type, one of the kind that Vergne calls "numismatic faces," for they seem as if made expressly for reproduction upon coins and medals. In stature he


MICHALKO'S HAND.
THE "ZOURNA."
The "TCHICHARDA."
M. BOUDREAU.

A SIDE SHOW.

was tall, and in figure slim, and altogether had the air of a gentleman.

A little girl spirit came after him, and conversed by raps with her mother, who spoke in the German language; and this brought William's circle to a close.

After that we had a light circle—one of the kind in which, as the reader will remember, certain persons assert that the phenomena are *all* done by the hand of the medium. Among other things that occurred was, the writing of Mme. de Blavatsky's name upon a card, by a spirit-hand, *in Russian script*, which it will scarcely be said that Horatio could write, with both hands free. Various detached hands were shown through the aperture in the shawls, and among the number that of the boy Michalko himself, which the lady recognized by some peculiarity, as well as *by a string of amber beads wound around the wrist*. Recollect that she had only arrived that afternoon, had barely become acquainted with the medium, had had no conversation whatever with anybody about her former life, and then say how this Vermont farmer could have known:

(1) Of the existence of Michalko Guegidze; (2) that he had any relations of any kind with his visitor; (3) that it is a custom among the Georgian peasants to wear a string of amber beads upon their arms; and then the skeptic will have to account for the possession of so unusual a thing as this kind of a rosary, by a family working a Green Mountain farm.

It instantly occurred to me that if this hand belonged to the spirit I had seen in William's circle, the spirit must be attached to it behind the curtain; and that he

LEZGUINKA.

Allo.
ff
p Presto.
ff Da Capo.

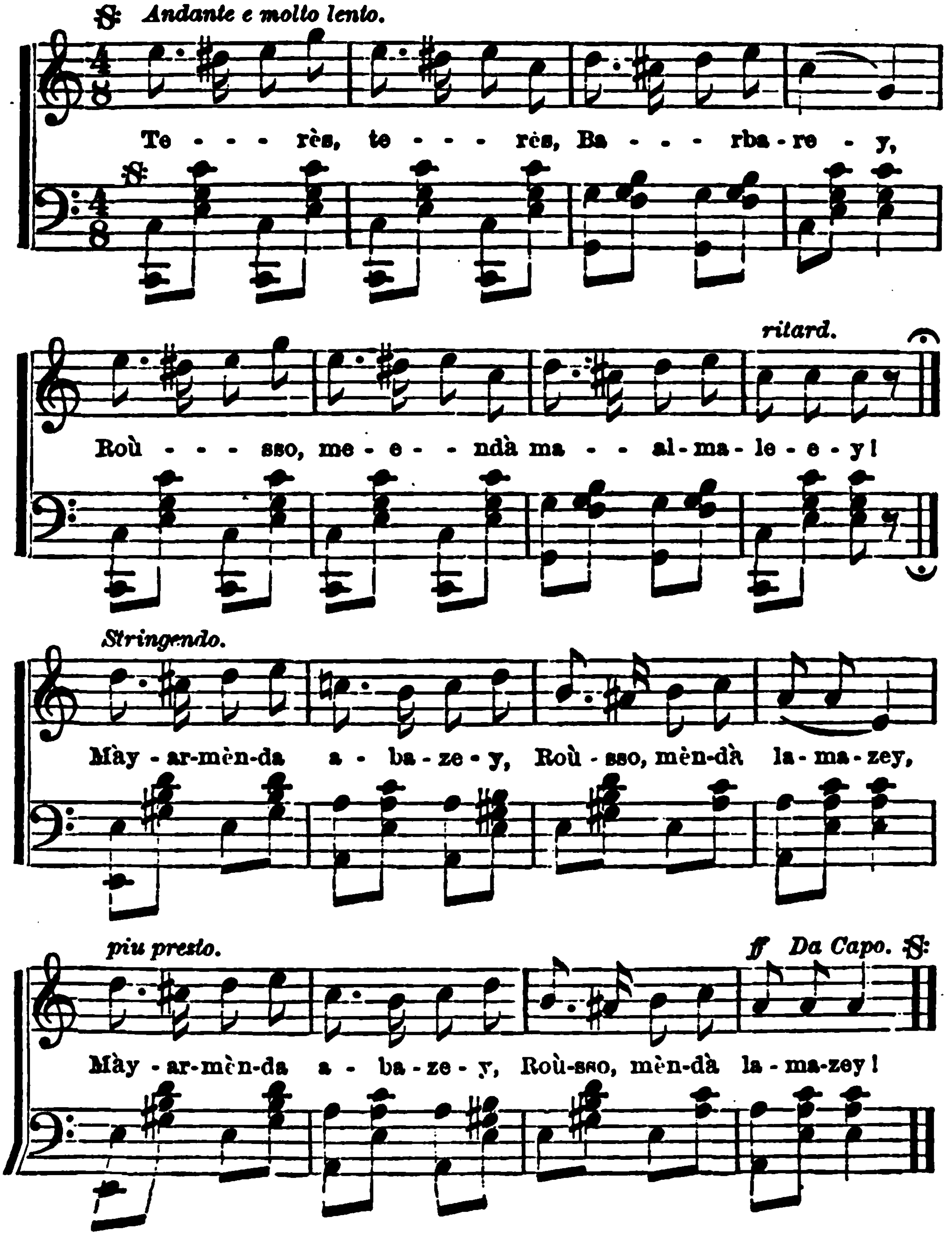
must be able to prove his identity by playing some familiar air; so I whispered to Mme. de B., in French, to ask him in his own language to play such an air upon the strings of the guitar that lay upon the table behind there. She first asked him, in Georgian and Russian, if he were really Michalko, and certain other questions; to which he responded by sweeping the guitar strings once, or thrice, as he wished to indicate "Yes or "No."

Among other things she said: "*Ilaparakey sheni tscheerimy*" (Georgian)—"Speak to me, my good fellow." No response. "*Koli te to postoutschi piatraz* (Russian)—"If it is you, knock five times or five sweeps of the guitar. Then she said: "*Poegrai 'Lezguinka.'*"—"Play the '*Lezguinka*'"—a famous but far from melodious national air. He then played the air as it is found printed in this chapter; Mme. de B. having been so kind as, with the assistance of Mr. Lenzberg, the Hartford music professor, to transcribe it for me.

This song being finished, after repetition upon repetition, she asked the spirit to play another Caucasian song and dance known as: "Tiris! Tiris! Barbaré." She said: "*Sigrai 'Gourinkou'*"—"Play the Gouriel dance"—and straightway it was played by the invisible performer with great animation. My fellow-spectators sat listening to the strange sentences of the Russian lady, without understanding either what she said, the nationality of the music that was being played, or, until it was all over, the nature of the important test that was being given; for I believe I was the only person present who spoke French, and our conversation was confined to that language.

The instruments upon which the Georgian musicians play the two airs in question, are the *zourna*, a curious sort of bagpipe, and the *tchicharda*, or *tschunggourou*, a four-stringed wooden instrument, something like an ancient mandolin, if I am not mistaken—which, in the matter of music and musical instruments, is the most likely thing in the world.

PERSIAN-CAUCASIAN SONG.


Andante e molto lento.
Te - - - rès, te - - - rès, Ba - - - rba-re - y,
ritard.
Roù - - - sso, me - e - - ndà ma - - al-ma-le - e - y!
Stringendo.
Mày - ar-mèn-da a - ba-ze - y, Roù - sso, mèn-dà la-ma-zey,
piu presto.
ff Da Capo.
Mày - ar-mèn-da a - ba-ze - y, Roù-sso, mèn-dà la-ma-zey!

In the Lezguinka dance the movement is at first slow and measured, but, little by little, the time quickens, until finally, as the dancers warm to their work, they abandon themselves to the excitement of the moment with mad enthusiasm. The effect upon the spectator, of this monotonous repetition of the slight melody there is in the air, must be the reverse of agreeable.

I am fortunately, in the most unexpected manner, put in possession of a conclusive bit of evidence in corroboration of Madame de Blavatsky's story of Michalko's identity as a Georgian, in two letters from a merchant in Philadelphia, which, in view of their public importance, I have obtained his permission to publish *verbatim:*

The first introduces the writer to me in the following terms:

PHILADELPHIA, 430 Walnut St., October 29th, 1874.
Henry S. Olcott, Chittenden, Vt., Eddy's Homestead.

DEAR SIR: Though I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I take the liberty of addressing to you a few words, knowing your name from the *Daily Graphic* correspondence on Eddy's manifestations, which I read with greatest interest.

I learn from to-day's *Sun* that at Eddy's, in presence of Mme. Blowtskey, Russian lady, a spirit of Michalko Guegidse (very familiar name to me) has materialized in Georgian dress, has spoken Georgian language, danced Lezguinka, and sung Georgian National Air.

Being myself a native of Georgia, Caucasus, I read these news with greatest astonishment and surprise, and being not a believer in spiritualism, I do not know what to think of these manifestations.

I address to-day a letter to Mrs. Blowtskey, asking some questions about materialized Georgian, and if she left Eddy's please forward it to her, if you know her address.

I also earnestly request your corroboration of this astonishing fact, materialized Georgian, if he really came out from the cabinet in Georgian dress, and in your presence. If that occurred in fact, and if anybody will regard it, as usually, trickery and humbug, then I will state to you this: There are in the United States no other Georgians but three, of whom I am the one and came first to this country three years ago. Two others whom I know, came over last year. I know they are not in Vermont now and never been there before; and I know they do not speak English at all. Besides us three, no other man speaks Georgian language in this country, and when I say this, I mean it to be true fact. Hoping you will answer this letter, I remain, yours respectfully, M. C. BETANELLY.

Upon receipt of this, I wrote to Mr. Betanelly, answering his questions, giving the names of other spirits that appeared to Madame de Blavatsky, and suggesting that it would interest the public, if he and his two friends would unite in a certificate that they knew the persons in life. Here is his reply :

PHILADELPHIA, November 18th, 1874.

Colonel H. S. Olcott, Rutland. Vt.,

DEAR SIR : I am perfectly willing to give you all information and certificates concerning materialized Georgian spirits at Eddy's. Unfortunately I kept no correspondence lately with my Georgian friends, but I think they are somewhere in New York or out West, but I know they had no personal acquaintance of persons in Georgia that materialized at Eddy's.

I knew Michalko *when alive* in Kütais, and think could recollect his face at Eddy's if I was there at that night. He was late serf of Alex. Guegidse, a Georgian nobleman, and employed servant in Col. A. F. Witte's family. Mr. Witte still lives in Kütais, and occupies a position of an engineer under Russian Government.

I also knew personally late General Faddeyeff, a tall and old Gentleman in Tiflis, who died several years ago. He occupied one of the highest rank in Tiflis under Government, and possessed the Cross of St. Ann, and other merits of honor for his military and civil services.

The names of Hasan-Agha and Safas-Ali-Bek are also very familiar to me.

"Lezguinka" is real National Georgian play and dance. "Tiris, tiris, Barbaré," is Georgian air, commonly song by lower classes and paysantry. "Tiris" in English means "crys," "to cry." "Barbaré is Georgian feminine name." Whole verse means : Crys, crys Barbaré, &c. : this is one verse of the whole and long song, which it is not, I think, necessary for you to describe or translate.

I send you for curiosity, a Georgian weekly newspaper, "The Times" (*Droeda*), published in Tiflis, Caucasus.*

Your obedient servant, M. C. BETANELLY.

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*See PAGE, 474.

Of course I never heard either of the Georgian airs before, and so leave to Mr. Betanelly and his compatriots in this country to speak for themselves. I can only say that the music printed in this chapter, is the music I heard played behind the curtain in Horatio G. Eddy's light-circle on the evening of October 14th, 1874; and now pass on to my next point. After stating that having since made the acquaintance of Mr. Betanelly, he corroborates all that he says in his two letters, and, since they were written, has actually seen the face of a Georgian spirit-friend at the cabinet window of a certain medium.

Among the evidences of the genuineness of the phenomena furnished us on this evening, were: The playing on the guitar and tambourine, and the ringing of two bells, all at once; the playing of the guitar by Michalko, with the instrument held flat against the south wall, farthest away from Horatio; the simultaneous playing of the guitar, at the extreme left, beyond Horatio, with its end resting upon a chair in sight of the audience, and the patting of the lady-sitter's head and shoulders by two unseen hands; and finally, the simultaneous pressure of three hands upon the backs of Mr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. E. D. Stronk, the gentleman and lady who sat with the medium in front of the curtain. Following, as this seance did, immediately upon the pretended "exposure" of the fraud of Horatio, I determined, that no chance to discover trickery upon this particular evening, should be neglected; so I took Mr. Peebles into my confidence, and instructed him to move his arm frequently, and turn it so as to present new nerve surfaces to the pressure of the medium's fingers. That he followed the suggestion, may be seen from the following certificate:

Colonel Olcott:

MY DEAR SIR: Granted the privilege of sitting in the light seance of Horatio Eddy, to witness what are demonstrated spiritual manifestations, I beg to make the following statement:

Taking a seat forward of the cabinet to the right of Mr. Eddy, he tightly clasped with both his hands my bare arm. This done, music was heard immediately, and simultaneously upon three different instruments.

This was followed by hands tapping me on the back — on the right shoulder; and then they were projected from behind the curtain, patting my face and pulling the beard. The hand which I both saw and felt distinctly, was cold, white, and delicate, utterly unlike in shape and appearance, that of Mr. Eddy's. And what is more, during this and other manifestations, I purposely moved my arms in different directions, to be certain that both of Mr. Eddy's hands were still clasping mine.

This hand and arm appearing the second time, there was upon the wrist amber-colored beads. These I not only saw, but I felt and heard them jingle. Instruments of music were played upon at a distance beyond the medium's reach, even if his hands had been at liberty. And yet, during all of these marvels, if I can trust my senses in connection with reason and consciousness, his hands were not for a moment unclasped from mine—neither were the nerves of sensation so benumbed as to prevent, in the slightest, the usual acuteness of feeling.

This materialized hand also smoothed my hair, rung bells, and wrote upon cards before the eyes of both the circle and myself. And I am as certain it was not Horatio Eddy's hand, as I am it was not mine.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Mr. Pebbles is well known as an eloquent speaker and scholarly writer upon Spiritualism, but that does not imply that he is either a fool or a knave. He was recently United States Consul at Trebizond, and is an Orientalist, a Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of India. In Part II of this work, will be found an interesting paper by him, describing some remarkable magical performances he witnessed in the East.

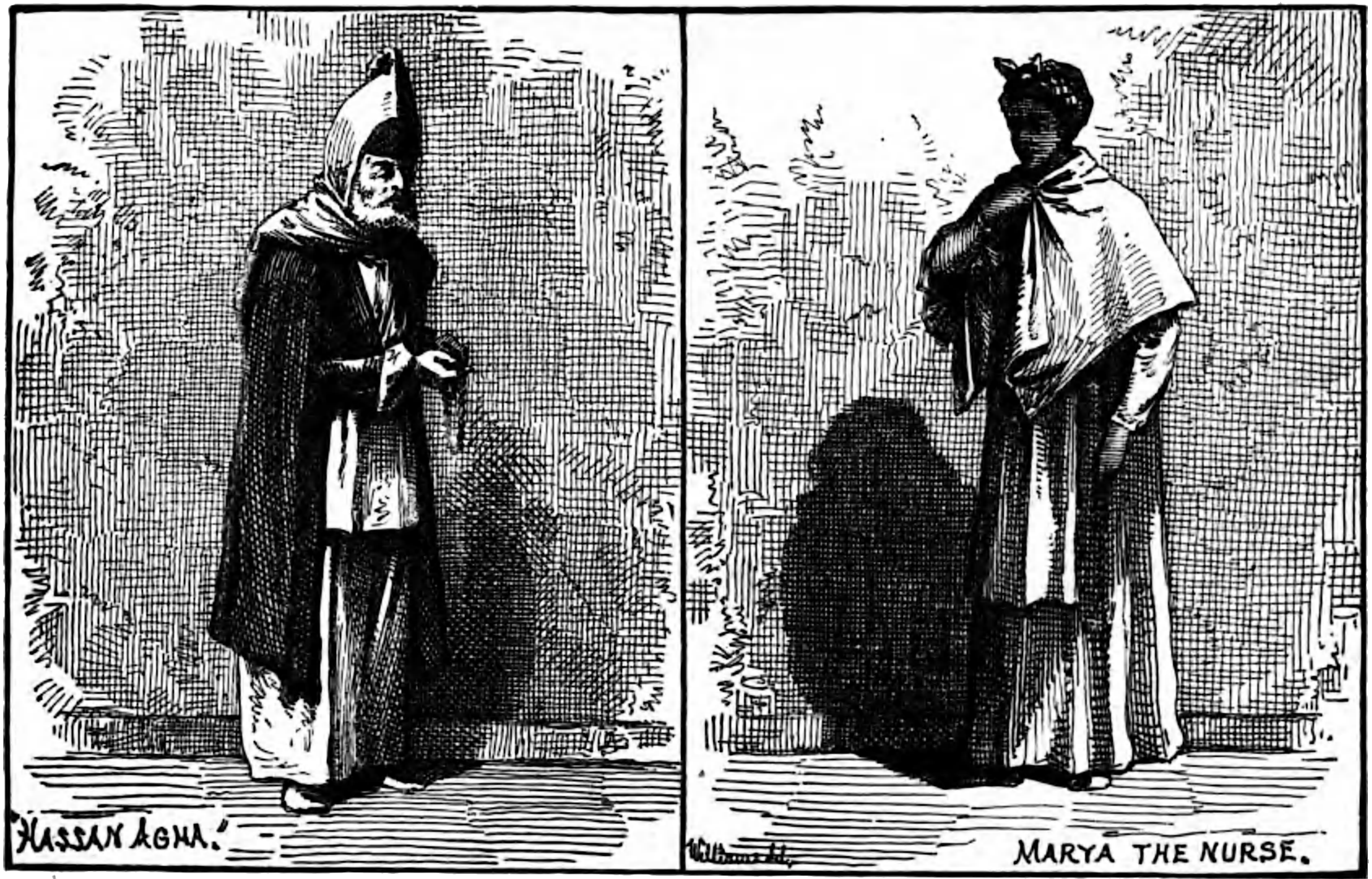
It was upon the following evening that I saw Honto suddenly sink away up to her waist, just as she was about to pass into the cabinet. Three persons—two gentlemen of Philadelphia, Mr. E—— and Mr. M——, and one lady, Miss E. S—— of Albany—have written to me concerning a similar phenomenon which happened in their presence, upon one evening, before my visit, and subsequently to the occurrences certified to in a former chapter. I was in hopes that they would have consented to unite in a certificate to the fact, but all manifest great reluctance to having their names associated with Spiritualism in a public manner. I content myself, therefore, with saying that they are each of excellent character.

It is a curious affair, this progressive disintegration of the "materialized" spirit-body! If we can conceive of the body being made, by a supreme effort of the spirit's will, from the invisible atoms of the atmosphere, there is nothing difficult in the theory that, by a like effort, it could be destroyed. In fact, it is to be noticed that most ghost-stories relate how the apparition suddenly evaporates, or dissolves back into its original unsubstantial elements. Thus the Phantom Carriage, of Chapter Vth, was seen to fade away in the moonlight, and so faded the White Lady of Avenel before the eyes of the affrighted sacristan. But here we have Honto sinking suddenly into the solid floor, waist-deep; and then, with what might be called the stump of a body, sliding behind the cabinet curtain. The same thing happened to Katie King in the course of Mr. Crookes' experiments. He mentions having seen her sink away until nothing remained but her head, which appeared to rest upon the carpet of the room.

Mrs. Bolles' mother fell to pieces, as though every atom of her form had suddenly lost its coherence with every other atom. Why is this? How can the discrepancy be explained? Has one spirit so superior a power over its materialized body that it can only be dissolved in progressive ascension, from heels to head, while another falls into fragments, at the instant it loses its hold on a single one of the molecules of which its evanescent shape is composed? Ah! that is one of the problems that await the philosophical chemist.

The next evening, a new spirit, "Hassan Agha," came to Madame de Blavatsky. He was a wealthy merchant of Tiflis whom she knew well. He had a sneaking fancy for the Black Art, as well as our own mediums, and sometimes obliged his acquaintance by divining for them with a set of conjuring stones, procured from Arabia at a great price. His method was to throw them upon the floor, beside his mat, and then, by the way they fell into groups, prophesy the future and read the past for his wondering visitors. He claimed that the stones possessed some magic property by which and the muttering of certain Arabic sentences, the inner sight of the conjuror was opened, and all things hidden became clear. Hassan's dress, was a long yellowish coat, Turkish trousers, a *bishmet*, or vest and a black Astrachan cap, *pappaha*, covered with the national *bashlik*, or hood, with its long tasseled ends thrown over each shoulder.

Another of her visitors was an old woman dressed in


"Hassan Agha."
Marya the Nurse.

MERCHANT AND NURSE.

the costume of the Russian peasant-women, of whom the artist has given a sketch. She was an old nurse in the family, and took charge of both Madame de B. and her sister in early childhood. She advanced towards the lady, and, after making a respectful salutation, said something to her in her native tongue, of which I could distinguish the words "Michalko" and "*Barishnîa*," which latter means "Miss."

Hassan Agha returned the next evening, and not only staid out longer than before, but, after retiring, reappeared at our side of the curtain so as to give the artist a good look at him. He spoke to Madame de B. this evening, and, listening with close attention, I heard the words *Peshkesh*, *Bolshoi djelha*, and *Backsheesh*, for the spelling and translation of which I am indebted to the lady. The first means "a present," the second and third "a big fortune," and the last, which is only too familiar to every traveler in the East, "Money." "Is it for me?" asked Madame de B. "*Abou*" (for you) answered the old man, with a gracious salaam.

CHAPTER XIX.

GERMANS, KHOURDS, AND HUNGARIANS.

WE had a dark-circle after William's materializing circle, in which the child "Mayflower" demonstrated her ability to see in the dark, as well as we do in the light. Little Lena Lenzberg had brought in her pocket a hair-switch which she wanted the spirit to braid. After the circle was formed and the light extinguished, she laid it in her lap, but had said nothing of her desire until suddenly Mayflower exclaimed: "Oh! Lena, what have you got there? You want me to braid that hair; don't you? I will; but why didn't you bring the other two there are at home?" She crossed the room, took the hair, braided it, and returned it to Lena's lap. She then called her to step out on the floor and see which was the taller of the two. Lena obeyed, and stood back to back with the spirit, with the following result:

CHITTENDEN, October 19th, 1874.

Mr. Olcott:

My name is Lena Lenzberg, and I am thirteen years old. I was at the dark-circle last night. Mayflower called me out on the floor and we measured heights. We were exactly the same. I felt her back and head against mine, and she kissed me after we measured.

LENA LENZBERG.

Lena is rather a short girl for her age, as will be inferred by reading the certificate of a dear little girl from Utica, two years younger, with whom Mayflower tried the same experiment:

CHITTENDEN, October 21st, 1874.

With my father's permission, I state that my name is Cora Cecilia Ehle, and I am almost eleven years old. Papa says I measure 4 feet 6 1-8 inches. Last night, Mayflower called me "Birdie," and asked me to measure my height with her. We stood with our backs together, and I was about two inches taller than her. This was in a dark-circle. CORA C. EHLE.

"George Dix," of whose whistling accomplishments I have previously spoken, gave us a splendid display this evening. He asked Mr. Lenzberg to play on his flute "The Mocking Bird" and "Home, Sweet Home" very softly, which that gentleman did; and Dix whistled a tremolo accompaniment that equaled anything of the kind I ever heard. It was quite as good as the bird-calls, runs, and trills of the old cigar-seller at Evans' Supper Rooms, in London, whom so many hundreds of American travelers must recollect.

The next day was cloudy and cold, and a storm was clearly brewing among the mountain ranges. It was what might be called a fair temperature for manifestations, and we had some good ones. Thirty-one persons attended the circle, and nine different spirits appeared. Honto was dressed in a white dress, with black or dark overskirt; and she seemed determined that we should see more than this, for at one time she came within two feet of Mr. Lenzberg, and lifting her skirt to her knees, displayed a good deal of a pair of white stockings. She had handsome moccasins on her feet.

I noticed very closely, this evening, the vast difference between the size, height, bust, and appearance of the young lady spirit, Maggie Brown, and William Eddy. I do not know what called my attention to her so particularly, but I caught her figure and face in profile in a passably good light, and these details attracted my notice. When she held up her bouquet, as usual, for her brother to look at, her round, white, womanly arm was brought out into full view.

Abraham Alsbach's sister said to him: "*Willst du uns zu haus besuchen?*" to which he replied so distinctly that I caught the sound of the words: "*Ja; ich gehe mit dir nach haus morgen*"—which I undertake to say is more German than both of the brothers together can speak.

Horatio was in one of his ugly moods, this evening, which was, perhaps, attributable in part to a sound berating that old Mr. Brown, the talking spirit, gave him, and everybody in general, at the close of William's circle. I have read of "Katie King's" scolding visitors at the London seances, but if anybody wants to hear the thing in perfection and pretty constantly, let him stop at Chittenden a fortnight, and hear this venerable party express his views and intentions!

I wanted Horatio to allow me to lay my hands lightly outside the shawl, over his hands, after they had been placed upon the bare arm of the gentleman-sitter at his left, but he would not do it, but called up a lady present to hold them there, saying that "one person's word was as good as another's." This was only one of many such rebuffs, so I let it pass, noting it as a suspicious circumstance, and waiting for the time when he should volunteer to give me this convincing proof of his good behavior. But the time never came. Perhaps, because I had not sufficiently shown my good-feeling and fairness; perhaps, —, well, who knows?

It is fair that I should say that the lady reported that he had not removed either hand from the gentleman's arm. Moreover, I must add that Mme. de Blavatsky, who sat at the gentleman's right, declared that she felt one hand on her right shoulder (the one farthest from the medium), at the same instant that the gentleman reported one on each of his shoulders. The guitar, two bells, and tambourine were played simultaneously, and hands of various sizes were shown. Among these, one was too peculiar to be passed over. It was a left hand, and upon the lower bone of the thumb a bony excrescence was growing, which Mme. de Blavatsky recognized, and said was caused by a gun-shot wound in one of Garibaldi's battles. The hand grasped a broken sword that had been lying upon a table behind the shawl. It was the hand of a Hungarian officer, an old friend of the Madame's, named Dgiano Nallus, and a fac-simile of his own signature, written by one of his hands upon a card, is here given.

Dgiano
Nallus

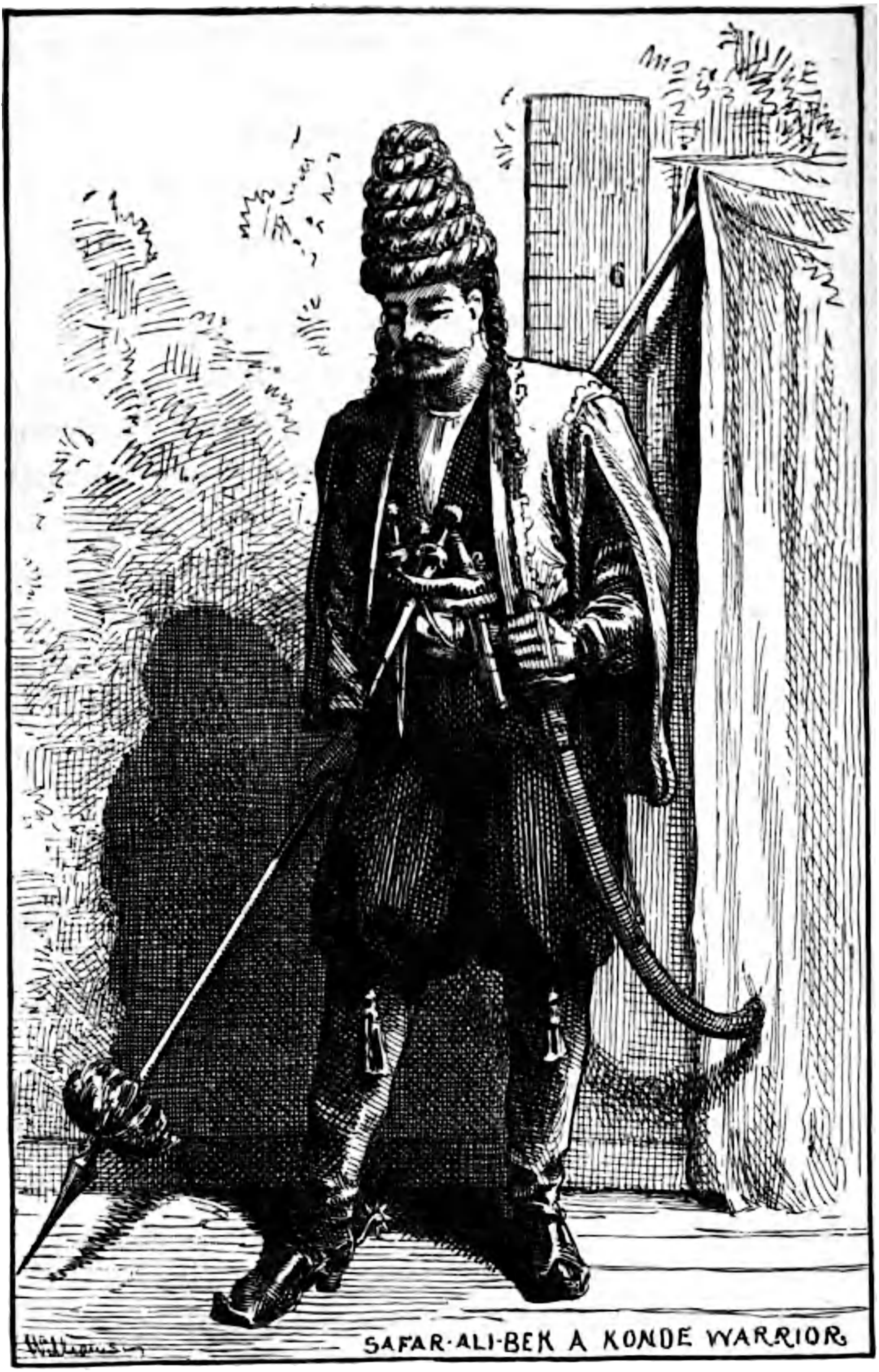
Another signature, written for the same lady. was that of her husband's brother, J. de Blavatsky, a fac-simile of which is also given. She asked in the Georgian language if the spirits would not again play for her the Gouriel air, "Tiris! Tiris! Barbaré;" but instead, a famous Garibaldian march, called "Viva l'Italia" was played upon the guitar. This seemed to me a more satisfactory test than the compliance with her request would have afforded, for it was just barely possible that Horatio might have inferred that she was repeating her demand of the former light-circle, and, having caught the air, would have rendered it for her; whereas, in this case, entirely different music, connected with entirely different associations, but eminently appropriate to the appearance of Dgiano Nallus, the Garibaldian soldier, was unexpectedly rendered.

J. Blavatsky

It is upon such tests as these, spontaneously given, that I have based my confidence in these Eddy boys. Granted that they may be able to tie and untie themselves, "float" instruments, ring bells, and fool intelligent persons into the belief that their hands are on their arms when, in fact, they are in quite a different place; admitting all this, I exclude from my case every individual phenomenon that can be explained upon the hypothesis of trickery, and still, as I conceive, have an abundance remaining to prove their mediumship. If the "grand expositor" had shown the public a theory broad enough to cover all the appearances in William's circle,—the talking children; the wrinkled old men and women; the young girls in the suppleness, freshness, and plumpness of youth, with their white, bare arms, shapely hands, and well-set heads; the diversities in height and bulk, so great as to be inexplicable to any frequenter of the *coulisses* upon the theory of personation; the speaking of various languages, some the most unusually known in this country; the changing of complexions from white to copper, and black to white; the faces without a sign of beard, while the medium wears a black moustache all the while; these, and, further, the exceptional tests given in Horatio's light-circle, and the music-playing and other marvels of his dark-circle, I would have only to confess that my two months' labor had been wasted, and I was one more of the fools of the senses. This is just what I have waited for, and what I have not discovered. Until I do, I stand upon my story of phenomena observed, with the confidence of one whose house is built upon a sure foundation.

Mme. de Blavatsky and I, without pre-concert, applied the same test to one spirit that appeared one evening. He was a great, stout Indian chief, in a red hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins, and the lady mentally asked him to approach very near to where she sat, at the parlor-organ, close against the railing. He did so, and gazing into her face, at not more than two or three feet distance, lifted up one of his feet and showed her the moccasin upon it. He retired into the cabinet, but I fixed my will intently upon him, and desired that he should return once more and show himself to me also. He raised the curtain the next instant, came out, folded his arms, looked at me, lifted his foot and *placed it on top of the railing* with a most defiant air, and then disappeared again from our view.

The last spirit to show himself on that evening, was one of the most impressive figures of the whole four hundred or so I have seen. In 1851 Mme. de Blavatsky was passing the summer at Daratschi-Tchag, an Armenian place of summer resort in the plain of Mount Arrarat. The name means "The Valley of Flowers." Her husband, being Vice-Governor of Erivan, had a body-guard of some fifty Khourd warriors, among whom one of the strongest and bravest, named Safar Ali Bek, Ibrahim Bek Ogli, (the son of Ibrahim) was detailed as the lady's personal escort. He rode after her everywhere on her daily equestrian excursions, and delighted to display his unusual skill as a cavalier. This very man walked out of William Eddy's cabinet in the form of a materialized spirit, dressed to the minutest detail, as when she last saw him in Asia. Madame was playing the parlor-organ that evening, and as the back of the instrument was close against the platform, it brought her to within three or four feet of each of the spirits as they stood outside of the cabinet. There could be no mistaking her old Khourdish "Nouker," and her recognition of him was immediate. He came out empty-handed; but just as I thought he was about to retire he bent forward, as if picking a handful of mould from the ground, made a gesture of scattering it, and pressed his hand to his bosom,—a


SAFAR-ALI-BEK A KONDE WARRIOR

A STRANGE VISITOR.

gesture familiar only to the tribes of Kurdistan; then, he suddenly held in his right hand the most curious-looking weapon I ever saw. It was a spear with a staff that might have been a dozen feet in length (perhaps more, for the butt seemed to extend into the cabinet,) and a long steel head of peculiar shape, the base of which was surrounded with a ring of ostrich plumes. This weapon, Mme. de B. tells me, is always carried by the Khourdish horsemen, who acquire a wonderful dexterity in handling it. One instant before, his hand was empty; the next, he grasps this spear, with its glittering steel barb and its wavy plumes! Whence came it? From Chittenden township, master skeptic?

On the evening of the 20th, every one of the nine spirits appearing spoke to us; an unprecedented circumstance in my experience at Chittenden. Mrs. Pritchard's voice was clearer than usual; Maggie Brown managed to whisper a little; Mrs. Eddy spoke in very loud and clear tones, and advancing to the venerable and excellent Mr. Ralph, of Utica, N. Y., who sat upon the platform, knelt to him, kissed his hands and thanked him for his friendliness to her children—the scene being quite pathetic; old Mrs. Cleveland's mother, a very wrinkled, white-haired dame, came to her daughter for the first time; a little child of a Mr. Whittier, of Massachusetts, a girl of about four years, I should judge, said "Papa! dear papa!" to him; and all seemed to conspire to assist the colloquial powers of the visitors from beyond the dark river.

I never saw Honto in better spirits than upon that evening. It seemed as if she could not do enough to rid herself of her superabundant vitality. Laying a hand upon the banister-rail, she leaped clear over it to the room floor; and then resting a toe upon the platform edge, she leaped back again as lightly as an athlete. Running down the platform, and descending the steps, she caught Horatio by the hand and dragged him, unwilling, after her, up to the platform; then she caught at old Mrs. Cleveland, and placed her beside him; and then, off she went to the other end, for the amiable Mr. Ralph, and pulled him towards the others; and then all four, with joined hands, had a merry dance together.

If any fancy that Honto's face is but a mask covering William's features, let them consult Mr. Ralph, who has had opportunity enough to scan it, dear knows! Her affection for Aunty Cleveland seemed to overflow its bounds, for when the motherly old soul said how happy she felt to see her, the squaw threw her arms (this time materialized) about her and gave her a hearty hug. She materialized two of her shawls at once, pulling one after another out of the wall, and handing the two together to the unseen person within the cabinet. Then she made us a dozen more of all sizes; some of which appearing only as large as a towel, grew longer and wider as she walked back from Mrs. Cleveland, who held one end, until she had spun out of the air a fabric at least 16 feet in length and a yard and a half in width.

Old Mrs. Pritchard not only spoke to her son, but when that gentleman introduced her to Mr. Ralph, who sat beside him, she shook hands with him and addressed him some words of compliment. She did not even neglect Mrs. Cleveland, but called her over and greeted her also. With the three persons standing about her, she then turned to the audience, and told us that that was her son standing there, and she wanted us to know the fact. Mr. Ralph and Mrs. Cleveland, both of whom scrutinized her closely, told me that her face was that of an old lady, very much wrinkled, and that her son bears a strong resemblance to her.

They saw her lips move when she spoke, noticed the color of her eyes, the details of her dress and figure, and felt her hands bedewed with a cold sweat. These facts are noteworthy, inasmuch as William's moustache was well-grown at this time, and his face was rough with a week's beard stubble.

Old Mr. Brown came out strong that evening, and laid about him with his tongue in fine style, giving "reporters" in general, and myself, by innuendo, in particular, a famous dressing down. Mrs. Eaton, also, who had usually been quite friendly towards me, was viperish to a degree. I gave it up as a bad job, after that, concluding that it was useless to make any further attempts to put myself on good terms with the band directing these materializations, for the harder I tried to be kind to the mediums, and deferential and conciliatory to the spirits, the worse off I was. The Shaker Elder Evans seems to give a pretty clear idea of the situation, in his long communication to myself that will be found elsewhere. My influence must have stirred up the materializers, like a steamer's paddles the water.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

THE moon shone brightly the next evening, and everything out of doors favored a good circle. The air was clear and cool; every undulation of the mountain crests came out sharply against the sapphire sky in the glorious light; the little stream in the distance threaded the meadows, like silver set in emeralds; and, far up the valley, a brilliant aurora-borealis shot its trembling spears of ruddy gold to the zenith, from behind the mountain barrier that shut in the horizon. A more peaceful scene I never viewed, and I turned from it with deep sadness to enter the gloomy circle-room, where, judging from what had been going on the few preceding nights, I had every reason to expect demonstrations of ill-temper and antagonism on the part of both the family and their spirit-guides.

Ten spirits appeared to us, among them a lady—a certain Mrs. Fullmer, who had only died the Friday previous. The relative to whom she came sat beside me, and was dreadfully agitated at the thought that one whom she had seen buried only a few days before, should so soon have "burst the cerements of the grave." Poor woman! she was as little in reality a believer in the immortality of the soul, as most of her fellow church-members; who pour their tears upon the coffin, instead of lifting the eyes of their faith upward, to where the disembodied spirit hangs lovingly over them.

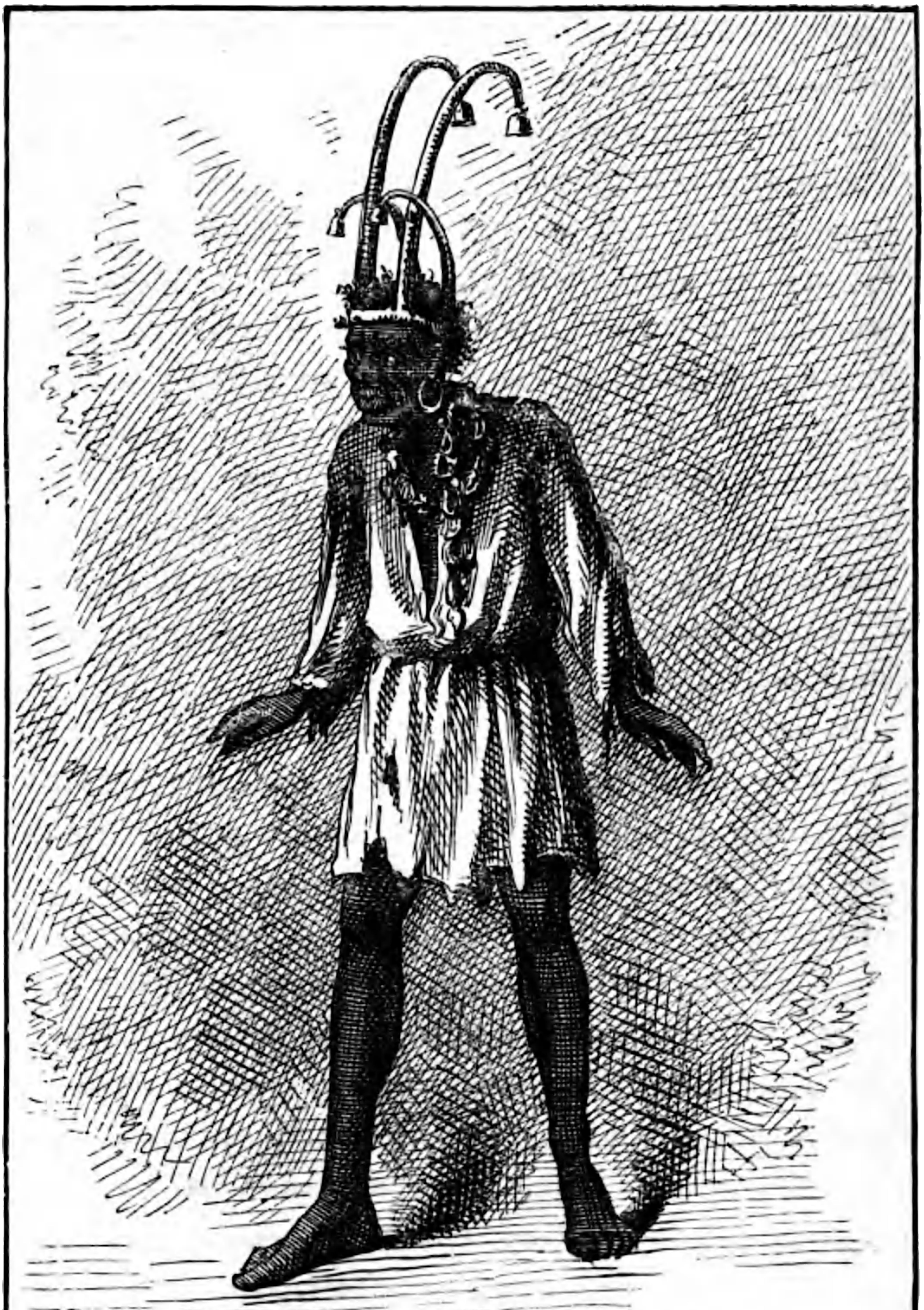
Among the forms to appear, was a man with a long black beard and dark complexion, wearing a turban, a red jacket embroidered with black braid, and inside vest of a flowered pattern, baggy trousers of dark blue or black, a sash around his waist, made of a twisted shawl, and black shoes. A person present, who had been coddled into the belief that he should see Lord Byron at the Eddys', asked the spirit if he were not the great poet, and was answered in the affirmative: the which circumstance made me recall a certain passage at Proverbs xxvi, 5. The vanity, ignorance, and credulity of mortal spiritualists has been the cause of what Mr. Bagenal Daly would call "a moighty sight of illigant lying," on the part of the spirits. It so consoles your costermonger to think he can "chaff" the shade of Charlemagne!

This spirit (who, I may mention in passing, reappeared at my mental request after he had retired,) had hardly been gone an instant, when there came a light-complexioned, white-haired old man, a Mr. Jonathan Bartlett, taller than the diakka "Lord Byron," and dressed throughout in an American costume. He must have been waiting for his predecessor to retire, for he almost passed him at the door; and the circumstance was noted in my book as another proof in favor of the apparitions being something else than personations by the medium.

"Michalko" visited us again the next evening, and spoke to Mme. de Blavatsky in the Georgian tongue; and, after two or three more forms had shown themselves, I saw one of the most singular creatures that ever excited the wonder of a "circle." He was a tall, spare negro, black as ink, and dressed in a curious costume, two features of which were very conspicuous. Upon his woolly head he had a *coiffure*, that would make a sensation on Broadway. I could see an ornamented fillet, or band, and on top of his head four horns with bent tips, something like those of the chamois or some varieties of African antelope, such as the oryx. The points of the two in front were turned backward, and those of the two in rear, forward, while a brass or gilt ball hung suspended from each tip.

Mme. de Blavatsky did not recognize him at first, but he stepped forward a pace or two, and she then saw before her the chief of a party of African jugglers whom she encountered once in Upper Egypt, at a celebration of the feast of "The Ramazan." The magical performances of his party upon that occasion, make one of the most incredible stories in the history of either Magic or Spiritualism, and one feat deserves place in such a book of weird experiences as this. Madame says that, in full sight of a multitude, comprising several hundred Europeans and many thousand Egyptians and Africans, the juggler came out on a bare space of ground, leading a small boy, stark-naked, by the hand, and carrying a huge roll of tape that might be twelve or eighteen inches wide.

After certain ceremonies, he whirled the roll about


JUGGLER FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.
Williams del.

SPIRIT FROM AFRICA.

his head several times, and then flung it straight up into the air. Instead of falling back to earth after it had ascended a short distance, it kept on upward, unwinding and unwinding interminably from the stick, until it grew to be a mere speck, and finally passed out of sight. The juggler drove the pointed end of the stick into the ground, and then beckoned the boy to approach. Pointing upward, and talking in a strange jargon, he seemed to be ordering the little fellow to ascend the self-suspended tape, which by this time stood straight and stiff, as if it were a board whose end rested against some solid support up in mid-air. The boy bowed compliance, and began climbing, using his hands and feet as little "All Right" does when climbing Satsuma's balance-pole. The boy went higher and higher until he, too, seemed to pass into the clouds and disappear.

The juggler waited five or ten minutes, and then, pretending to be impatient, shouted up to his assistant as if to order him down. No answer was heard, and no boy appeared; so, finally, as if carried away with rage, the juggler thrust a naked sword into his breech-clout (the only garment upon his person), and climbed after the boy. Up and up and up, hand over hand, and step by step, he ascended, until the straining eyes of the multitude saw him no more. There was a moment's pause, and then a wild shriek came down from the sky, and a bleeding arm, as if freshly cut from the boy's body, fell with a horrid thud upon the ground. Then came another, then the two legs, one after the other, then the dismembered trunk, and, last of all, the ghastly head, every part streaming with gore and covering the ground.

A second lad now stepped forward, and, gathering the mutilated fragments of his comrade into a heap, threw a dirty cloth over them and retired. Presently the juggler was seen descending as slowly and cautiously as he had ascended. He reached the ground at last, with his naked sword all dripping with blood. Paying no attention to the remains of his supposed victim, he went to rewinding his tape upon his stick, his audience meanwhile breaking out into cries of impatience and execration. When the tape was all rewound, he wiped his sword, and then, deliberately stepping to the bloody heap, lifted off the ragged quilt, and *up rose the little tape-climber as hearty as ever*, and bowed and smiled upon the amazed throng as though dismemberment were an after-breakfast pastime to which he had been accustomed from infancy.

I have seen it stated in the papers that the late William H. Seward, ex-Secretary of State, witnessed a similar feat in India, while on his tour around the world. He saw a man climb a bare pole sixty feet high, standing in open air, and when he reached the top he mysteriously disappeared. After a while his feet reappeared, then his legs and body, and then he came down. It is a great pity that some of our enterprising publishers could not induce Mme. de Blavatsky to write out her memoirs, for they abound in such marvels as these. And, be it remembered, the great negro whom I saw at Chittenden was the chief of the very party who performed the marvel of *diablerie* in Egypt.

But, whoever he was, or wherever he hails from, is it possible that William Eddy could get himself up, in his two-by-seven feet, pitch-dark cabinet, to look like this strange creature, without lamp, paint, looking-glass, soap, or water, and only a small black fringed shawl and piece of plaid horse-blanket, taken from serving their purpose as curtains, to be used as costume?

There are curious stories afloat in Egypt about the powers of the chiefs of this horned juggler's tribe, one of which, recited to me by Madame de B——, is well worth preserving, as a match to the Grecian mythological fable of Europa.

One of them had the reputation of being the greatest sorcerer ever known in that country. By conjurations he could evoke the shape of any person he chose, and make it do his bidding. He was aided by demons, or evil spirits of mighty power, who came and went at his beck and call, as unquestioningly as the genii of the ring and lamp did for the audacious Aladdin.

One day he strolled into the village of Mis-Massia, near the river Nile; and, going from house to house, offered his services to do any little odd-job of *diablerie* that might be required. In Mis-Massia was a pretty maiden, named Esma, who had been abandoned by her sweetheart, Zanoni-Bey, and who asked the conjurer if he could not force the faithless one back to her feet. He said he could, if she could only procure for him a lock of Zanoni's hair, be it never so small an one. Not being able to approach the renegade herself, she sent her little brother, a lad about twelve years of age, on the difficult mission. But he, finding his efforts likely to prove unsuccessful, stepped into a butcher's yard, and cut some hairs from the tail of a black bull that was waiting his turn to be slaughtered, and brought them to his sister, as taken from Zanoni's head. The deception was rendered possible from the fact that the lover's hair was very coarse and black, as much Arab hair is.

Esma, with fear and trembling, delivered the lock to the magician, who began his mystic rites in her presence; thus, at least, showing us that he was no genuine clairvoyant, since he did not discover the cheat. He made his passes and genuflections, sprinkled his powders, and muttered his Arabic charms, until the subservient powers of darkness manifested their presence by shaking the house to its foundations, and the air seemed full of strange and fearful whisperings. After a few more passes, the sorcerer exclaimed the talismanic words which signify that the spell is formed, and handing the lock of hair to the affrighted girl, received his fee, and departed.

Impatiently she waited for night to come, and restore the truant Zanoni to her caresses. She decked herself in her bravest attire, and watched the unprophetic hours pass by, until the midnight call of the muezzin from the neighboring mosque betokened the fateful moment. Suddenly there was a noise like that of distant thunder, the earth shook, the house-door flew open, and there, upon the threshold, she beheld a tall, black figure with horns. Taking it for the conjurer himself, she overwhelmed him with reproaches for his perfidy, but in another moment the dark object disclosed itself as the empty skin of a slaughtered bull, standing erect upon its hind legs. She shrieked in mortal fright, but in vain; the monster, as if carried away with a mad frenzy, precipitated itself upon her, and wrapped her in an embrace of death. Her cries were heard and her struggles witnessed by an old negro servant woman, the only other tenant of the house, who stood awhile, rooted to the floor with terror, and then fell in a dead swoon.

Upon recovering her senses, the morning light shone dimly into the apartment, and there lay the poor Esma, dead and cold, enveloped in the bull's hide. The sorcerer had rehabilitated the spirit of the beast, and endowed it with a mad affection for the love-lorn damsel.

This story was told to Mme. de B—— by Elias Effendi, a dignitary residing at Mis-Massia, who assured her that it was generally believed throughout all that section of country. The adventure occurred only about a year before Mme. de B——'s visit, and the hide of this African Europa's four-legged swain was exhibited to her in attestation of the truth of the narrative.

Mr. Epes Sargent writes me from Boston, under date of December 3d, 1874, as follows:

> "By the way, that curious story of the feat witnessed by Mme. de Blavatsky, where the African juggler throws up a ladder or rope into the sky, is paralleled in a story, which you may find in a record book by George Lunt (Editor of the Boston *Courier*), giving reminiscences of Newburyport, and other places in New England. He relates an incident of the same kind (in some respects) as occurring somewhere in these parts, many years ago."

I regret to say, that I have not been able to obtain access to Mr. Lunt's book in time to use the extract referred to by Mr. Sargent. I cannot imagine how such a thing could have occurred in this country, unless some vagrant Egyptian or Hindoo magician might have wandered this way.

In his voluminous work entitled "Des rapports de l'Homme avec le Démon," (Paris Ed., 1863, Vol. I, p. 15,) M. Bizouard tells us, upon the authority of Chabas' "Paphyrus Magique Harris," that at the highest antiquity, the arts of magic reached such a pass that spirits manifested themselves in full form, bronze statues were made to move and nod, living persons were made out of *menh* (an unfamiliar word. Perhaps it means an image of wax or clay, perhaps a plant. The tiny *mandragora* demon, not larger than a small doll, who attends upon the Egyptian sorcerers, is formed out of a withered plant, at a certain hour of the night, after certain incantations); and the bodies of living persons were taken possession of by evil spirits, who used them as habitations as long as they chose. This obsession is identical with what prevailed in the time of Christ, and the expulsion of these demons by him, finds its prototype in the same power exercised, according to these ancient Egyptian papyri, by the good divinity *Khons*.

The ancient religion of Egypt, which was characterized by magical practices, such as the one related by Madame Blavatsky, fell into decay in the time of Cæsar, in consequence of the impoverishment of the country by a succession of internal and external wars, and the falling off in those revenues which had supported the priesthood and their temples. Salverte tells us (in his "Sciences Occultes: ou Essai sur la Magie," Paris, 1856, 3d Ed., p. 165-6) that many priests of the inferior orders, driven by necessity, betook themselves to Rome, where, in the public squares, for money, they declared prophecies, healed diseases, and evoked the apparitions of the dead.

Modern Egyptians distinguish two kinds of Magic, which they term *Er-Roo'hha'-nee* and *Es-See'miya:* the former is *spiritual* magic, which is believed to effect its wonders by the agency of angels and genii, and by the mysterious virtues of certain names of God, and other supernatural means; the latter is *natural* and deceptive magic; which, it is believed by the less credulous among the Egyptians, finds its chief agents in certain perfumes and drugs, which affect the vision and imagination. (See Lane's "Modern Egyptians," 2 Vols., London, 1837; which forms part of the series known as "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.") The true magic is divided into *'il'wee* (or high), and *soof'lee* (or low), the former being a science founded upon the agency of God, of His angels, and good genii, and on other lawful mysteries; to be always employed for good purposes, and only attained and practiced by men of probity, who by tradition, or from books, learn the names of those superhuman agents, and invocations which insure compliance with their desires. The *soof'lee*, or bad magic, is believed to depend upon the agency of the devil and evil spirits, and unbelieving genii; and to be used for bad purposes, by bad men. "To this branch," says our author, "belongs the science called, by the Arabs, *es-Sehhr;* which is a term they give to wicked enchantment."

The tape and pole climbing tricks above narrated, as well as the enchantment by which poor Esma was deprived of life, in the suffocating embrace of the bull's hide, would, of course, be ascribed to the latter branch of the occult science. Perhaps, the wise men of America might embrace all of William Eddy's apparitions within the same category! This, however, would not be the case in the land of the Pharaohs, for the calling up of the dead is included in the mysteries practised by the professors of *'il'wee.* It appears to make some difference what sort of spirits are evoked, and for what purpose. The thousand and one stories of Scheherezade are filled with descriptions of all these kinds of magic, and the wonderful things done by the exercise of the power of mortals over genii; who of old were subject to the dominion of Solomon, and in later times are the slaves of whomsoever may wear the mystic ring, or rub the rusty lamp.

CHAPTER XXI.

SPIRITUALISM AGAINST RATIONALISM.

IT is remarked by Lecky, in his "History of the rise and influence of the spirit of Rationalism in Europe," that, after the angry passions aroused by the Reformation had subsided, and a more judicial spirit was awakened, the advanced minds of the Eighteenth Century began to view the religious question with calmer judgment, and more philosophical impartiality. Says he:

"It was observed that every great change of belief had been preceded by a great change in the intellectual condition of Europe, that the success of any opinion depended much less upon the force of its arguments, or upon the ability of its advocates, than upon the predisposition of society to receive it, and that that predisposition resulted from the intellectual type of the age. As men advance from an imperfect to a higher civilization, they gradually sublimate and refine their creed. Their imaginations insensibly detach themselves from those grosser conceptions and doctrines that were formerly most powerful, and they sooner or later reduce all their opinions into conformity with the moral and intellectual standards which the new civilization produces. Thus, long before the Reformation, the tendencies of the Reformation were manifest. The revival of Greek learning, the development of art, the reaction against the schoolmen, had raised society to an elevation in which a more refined and less oppressive creed was absolutely essential to its well-being.

"Luther and Calvin only represented the prevailing wants, and embodied them in a definite form. The pressure of the general intellectual influences of the time determines the predispositions which ultimately regulate the details of belief; and though all men do not yield to that pressure with the same facility, all large bodies are at last controlled."

Speaking of the method by which persons usually arrive at opinions, in the investigation of new facts, Mr. Lecky observes:

> "Nothing can be more certain to an attentive observer, than that the great majority even of those who reason much about their opinions, have arrived at their conclusions by a process quite distinct from reasoning. They may be perfectly unconscious of the fact, but the ascendancy of old associations is upon them, and, in the overwhelming majority of cases, men of the most various creeds conclude their investigations by simply acquiescing in the opinions they have been taught. They insensibly judge all questions by a mental standard derived from education; they proportion their attention and sympathies to the degree in which the facts and arguments presented to them support their foregone conclusions; and thus speedily convince themselves that the arguments in behalf of their hereditary opinions are irresistibly cogent, and the arguments against them exceedingly absurd."

I have quoted as much as this from this learned author, because it seems to define so satisfactorily the cause of the prevalent interest in Spiritualism, (especially in the phase presented by the Eddy mediums), as well as the behavior of the churchmen, the philosophical chemists, and the lay materialists, towards believers in the phenomena.

The progress of Rationalism in Europe weakened the influence of the Church, challenged the sources of religious belief, and fostered scientific research. These causes, at work for two centuries, have brought about a crisis which threatens so violent a reaction from our old subserviency to ecclesiastical rule, that every vestige of spirituality is likely to be swept out of our nature, and a bald Rationalism to take its place. The masses, viewing the conflict, seeing the impending crisis, and bewildered at the progress of events that no power of theirs seems potent to control, turn with deep anxiety to the spiritual manifestations, as offering the sole chance for successful resistance to the encroachments of remorseless scientific spirit upon the instinctive longing for and belief in immortality.

Finally, the scientists, setting their opinions by the rule of precedent and education, impatiently listen to the narration of facts, which, contravening their preconceived notions as to the laws of gravity, of chemical combination, of the conservation and correlation of force, they regard as in the highest degree absurd. Lecky himself says, that at present, nearly all educated men receive an account of a miracle taking place in their own day, "With an absolute and even derisive incredulity, *which dispenses with all examination of the evidence.* Although they may be entirely unable to give a satisfactory explanation of some phenomena that have taken place, they never on that account dream of ascribing them to supernatural agency, such an hypothesis being, as they believe, altogether beyond the range of reasonable discussion." Exactly: but what these gentlemen do not consider, and what makes them appear so ridiculous, in the eyes of those who are brave enough to investigate these curious facts in the judicial spirit, is that these phenomena that have taken place are at the same time, not supernatural, not miracles, and not trickery. They happen according to law as does everything else, and if the class of men referred to by Lecky do not bestir themselves, the credit of discovering that law, and defining its forms of manifestation, will fall to persons outside the charmed circle of the Academy.

A reasonable and philosophical spiritualistic belief is as far removed from the superstition of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, as it is from the degrading materialism of the last quarter of the Nineteenth, which blots God out of the Universe, strips the soul of its aspirations for a higher existence beyond the grave, and bounds the life of man by the same limits as those within which the beast of the field, the bird of the air, or the fish of the sea has its being. I sought at Chittenden the material for the formation of such a belief, and if I cannot say that the Eddy manifestations warrant it, it is only because the things I saw, while apparently inexplicable upon any other than the spiritualistic hypothesis, were not happening under test conditions, and hence would not satisfy the judicial mind.

In looking back through the history of Magic, Sorcery, and Witchcraft, in all ages, it appears to me that most of the confusion in regard to the real nature of the so-called diabolical power, comes from two causes: (1) The belief in a personal Devil, powerful enough to cause rebellion in Heaven, divert the allegiance of a large portion of the angelic host, and be constantly at war with God; thus affording to the superstitious a satisfactory ideal of an individualized Evil Power, which could send its demons to torment, and which could be invoked by spells, and propitiated by incantations and sacrifices. (2) The empiricism of scientific men, who either, (as in the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries,) yield to the prevalent anthropomorphic belief, or (as at present) coolly deny the occult origin of phenomena they are too indolent and cowardly to examine.

The verification of these surprising facts of modern Spiritualism, clearly does not necessitate a return to the ignorant exorcisms of earlier times in Europe, or indorsement of the practices of modern "Black Magic," in the countries of the Orient. It would doubtless result in showing that, by the establishment of favoring conditions about us, we might enjoy intercourse with the highest spirits, as well as receive the visits of the most tricky, ignorant, or malicious. The Eddy materializations, if proven true, while unquestionably the highest form of physical phenomena, cannot be regarded as comparable to the inspirational state, in which knowledge, wisdom, and thoughts of beauty pour into the receptive mind of the seer, from the sources of inspiration, and take the form of prophecy and poetry. Such men were Isaiah, Ezekiel, David, Jeremiah, and the other great Hebrews of those days; and the difference between them and the Witch of Endor was just as great, and no other, than that between—say Swedenborg and William Eddy;—the one, the type of the greatest possible spiritual ecstacy, the other, that of the most powerful physical mediumship.

I have been struck with the different light in which the Eddy manifestations, and, in fact, the whole range of these modern phenomena, are regarded by the Protestant and Roman Catholic bodies. The former begin by denying their occurrence, except as examples of legerdemain; but, when confronted with some peculiarly striking phenomenon, either attribute it to an occult force, under control of the medium, or circle, or, as a last refuge, find a satisfactory explanation in the direct interposition of the Devil.

The Church of Rome, on the other hand, admits the facts without argument, and if they happen outside her own jurisdiction, passes them to the credit of Satan. I rode in the cars recently with a very intelligent young priest, who took this ground and cited to me passage after passage from the Fathers in its support. He even narrated, with evident interest, his own experience with *Planchette*, in company with several other priests and sundry laymen, upon which occasion the "little plank" answered mental questions framed in his mind in Latin, in the same language, and wrote Spanish, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian for various persons in the room; the medium being an ignorant Irish girl. This, to his mind, was a clear case of diabolism, and, instead of testing the phenomena with scales or electrode, he was for resorting to "bell, book and candle," and a copious use of holy-water.

This theory of diabolism, might commend itself to a mind predisposed to anthropomorphic belief, if the manifestations were always of either a malicious or lying character; or mere exhibitions of impish power to startle or amuse, like the magical feats of the Hindoo, Egyptian, and Mongolian sorcerers.

The most devout Spiritualist would scarcely hesitate to ascribe to a very low grade of spirits, such marvels as the "mandragora," the transformations at Hindoo ceremonials, or the tape and pole climbing feats described in another chapter; and he would not complain of a resort by the priests to the usual forms of exorcism, set down in the books of the Church, if such might comfort the faithful. But, on the other hand, it would seem to almost any one unreasonable that a mother, seeing her resurrected child, in form as when alive, step out before her, should be asked to regard her darling one as either an imp of Satan, or as brought to her by devilish arts. So, too, it is revolting to one's feelings to believe that pure teachings, conveyed through mediums, are less admirable than they would be, if the person giving them voice, wore cape and stole and chasuble.

> "The simplest peasant who observes a truth,
> And from a fact deduces principle,
> Adds solid treasure to the public wealth."

The occurrence of the spiritualistic phenomena being conceded, the very fact that this belief in their diabolic origin still has a hold upon the public mind, is another argument why the subject should be thoroughly investigated; for it is a reproach that in this boasted age of knowledge and science, so important a matter should be left to conjecture. If we are beset by ministers of Evil, it is time we learn how to array against them a better class of spirits. It is not manly to surrender at discretion.

I was talking the other day with a professor in a denominational college, about the Eddys, when, after hearing fact after fact, and receding foot by foot from his original theory of imposture, he said that, in his opinion, the less Christians had to do with such things the better. In other words, he would retire within the Sanctuary, make the sign of the Cross, and let the Devil go up and down among the people, to entice, torment, and devour!

I have spoken of the cowardice of men of science who refuse to investigate, and content themselves with the assumption of an attitude of contemptuous indifference; but what shall be said of Editors, who secretly believe, but openly denounce? It is within my personal knowledge, that several persons of this class, among the most influential in their profession, are firm believers in the reality of the Spiritualistic phenomena, and yet allow the columns of their journals to be filled with articles exhibiting no less ignorance and malevolence than coarse wit and sarcasm. In what estimation should such panderers be held by conscientious men? (It is perhaps too much to ask persons of weak moral character to champion an unfashionable creed in advance of its general adoption—such work is reserved for men of heroic mould—but they might preserve silence, and not debase themselves, by joining in the hue and cry against what they believe to be the Truth. They might keep their papers, and not their influence, for sale.

Among the interesting queries that have been propounded to me, during the past three months, is one coming from the Secretary of a well-known religio-socialistic community, to the following effect:

"If you could manage to get a materialized spirit to vanish from before your eyes in a lighted room, holding in its hand some small living animal, say a canary-bird, and afterwards re-materialize it; and if the bird should, after its resurrection, hop about, sing, chirp, etc., a good many people would be bold enough to believe that the same thing could be done with a baby. How would that affect ordinary physical death?"

My answer to this is very simple. Firstly, Chittenden was no place for me to try philosophical experiments, neither the Eddys nor their spirit-friends feeling friendly enough towards me to grant me many more favors than other visitors; secondly, I have already described the appearance of several babies, of whom no traces could be found after the seance, and who, therefore, must have disappeared as mysteriously as they came; thirdly, I saw, on the evening of October 8th, the following thing occur: Honto sprang out of the cabinet soon after the circle was formed, and danced about the platform, like a cork on rippling water. She seemed as if enchanted to be in motion, and as if she had a reserve of power sufficient to enable her to do almost anything that any living woman could.

After awhile, she went into the cabinet for a moment, and, reappearing, was followed out by a curious little animal that hugged the floor, and waddled its short legs along, in a most comical fashion. As soon as our first feeling of astonishment passed off, we fell to laughing at this latest importation from the spirit-world. But to old Mrs. Cleveland, who was at her end of the platform, as usual, it was no laughing matter, for when Honto moved towards her, with the little creature after her, the good dame screamed with fright, gathered her petticoats about her limbs, and mounted upon her chair. The spirit-squaw was convulsed with merriment, and the room rang with our sympathetic shouts. She pulled Mrs. Cleveland down, who ran to the other end of the platform and Honto followed her up; until finally, in her terror, the old lady clasped her arms about the roguish squaw, and retreated into a corner. By this time the animal had disappeared, and it was a most amusing thing to see Mrs. Cleveland looking all about, over the tops of her spectacles, as if the dreaded apparition had gone down some crack in the floor. Her confidence restored, she moved towards her chair, but Honto, laughing with us behind her back and making gestures to command our attention, touched and caused her to face about; when suddenly, under the very edge of her skirt, the creature reappeared. This was too much for human endurance, and the massive matron with a despairing shriek leaped down the steps, and rejoined the circle; Honto retreating into the cabinet, with her pet at her heels. Upon inquiry of Mrs. Eaton, we learned that this was Honto's tame flying squirrel. The same authority declared that in the spirit-world people surround themselves with the objects they most loved on Earth, and among them birds and flowers. I have mentioned this circumstance as pertinent to the inquiry propounded in the above query, whether living animals can be made to disappear and reappear, in lighted rooms by spirit-power.

A still more curious thing was done in one of Horatio's dark-circles on the evening of April 25th last, the nature of which is explained in the following certificate from a physician, who was present.

CHITTENDEN, Oct. 21st, 1874.

I hereby certify that in a dark-circle, held on or about the 25th of April last, at the Eddy house, the following incident occurred. The spirit-girl, Mayflower, came running across the room, her foot-steps being plainly audible by all, and said to a lady present, "Oh! Mrs. K. I have caught a bird for you. I am going to make you a present of it. Hold your hands." A sparrow was then placed in the lady's hands, who afterwards told me that she felt both of Mayflower's little hands as she transferred the bird to her own. After it had been examined by all who wished, by lamplight, the light was again extinguished, and "George Dix" said to me, "Doctor, I want you to take that bird." Having done as requested, I was told to strangle it, without breaking its neck, or crushing any of the vital organs. I pinched its neck until after the heart had ceased to beat, and it lay in my palm, limp and lifeless, I dropped it on the floor, and it made no motion. I then, by request, placed it under a glass tumbler, and covering it over with a small plate, put the tumbler on a chair drawn up before me, so that I could place my feet upon the rungs. We were requested to sing, but we had not got through with more than one verse, when George Dix called for a light; and the bird was found to be fluttering about and making attempts to escape from the tumbler. It was as lively as if nothing had happened to it. I must say that the phenomenon was the more remarkable, as it occurred in a room every window and door of which was closed and sealed with strips of paper.

R. HODGSON, M. D., STONEHAM, MASS.

There is but one theory, except the spiritualistic one, to account for this affair, and that is, that a second bird was substituted for the first after the light was extinguished. But, as the bird was in a glass, covered with a saucer, and this upon a chair at Doctor Hodgson's knees, with his feet resting upon the rungs, it would seem rather difficult to do the trick without discovery; unless, (and this is what destroys the whole value of the manifestation,) the first bird, and tumbler and all, were quietly replaced by duplicates, under cover of the singing. Doctor Hodgson, however, asserts to me, in the most positive manner, that he identified the bird by a peculiar disturbance of its feathers, caused by his rude pinching of its tiny throat.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPIRITS AS CARRIERS.

AT a session of the London Dialectical Society's committee, held on Tuesday, April 27th, 1869, Dr. Edmunds in the chair, among other witnesses examined was Mr. Burns, who described certain phenomena that had occurred in the presence of a medium named Mrs. Marshall.

When in London, in 1870, I desired to have a sitting with Mr. Home, but as that celebrated personage was not in the city, I was advised that this Mrs. Marshall was considered the next best medium in England. I visited the lady at her residence in Bennett street, St. James street, Piccadilly, and saw and heard such wonderful things, that I am prepared to give respectful attention to the statements of Mr. Burns and other witnesses. Mr. Burns said that, one night, a ripe peach was brought and placed in his wife's hand by an invisible power, and Mr. Thomas Sherratt exhibited a number of specimens of direct spirit-writing, executed at Mrs. Marshall's house in a fully-lighted room. Mrs. Marshall told me herself that objects of various kinds were often brought into her circles by the spirits, and either laid upon the table or in the hands or laps of persons sitting in the circle. Once, in a darkened room, at a sitting in mid-winter, a quantity of grapes and other hot-house fruit, estimated to weigh thirty or forty pounds, was piled up on the table; and once a spirit-hand opened one of hers and laid in her palm several jewels of fine water. As to flowers of every description, they were brought so often that she could not recall the separate instances.

At the same session of the same committee of the Dialectical Society, Miss Houghton produced some very interesting drawings done by spiritualistic agency, and stated, among other things, that, on the 20th of April, 1867, in the presence of Mrs. General Ramsay, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Cromwell Varley, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Nockolds, Miss Wallace, and Miss Nicholl (now the wife of Mr. Guppy), she suddenly felt something on her head, and upon striking a light discovered that she was crowned with "a lovely wreath of everlasting flowers."

On the 3d of October, 1867, at a circle composed of eighteen ladies and gentlemen, among them several of distinction, fruit of various kinds was brought. Says the witness: "By raps the spirits desired me to wish for a fruit, and I chose a banana, which they promised me, and then said, 'Now all may wish,' which they did, for various fruits, sometimes having their wishes negatived, but in most instances agreed to. The fruits were then brought in the order in which they had been wished for. One lady said, 'Why do you not ask for vegetables; an onion, for instance?' and even as she said it the onion came into her lap. I will give you a list of the things brought; a banana, two oranges, a bunch of white grapes, a bunch of black grapes, a cluster of filberts, three walnuts, about a dozen damsons, a slice of candied pineapple, three figs, two apples, an onion, a peach, some almonds, four very large grapes, three dates, a potato, two large pears, a pomegranate, two crystallized greengages, a pile of dried currants, a lemon, and a large bunch of raisins, which, as well as the figs and dates, were quite plump, as if they had never been packed, but had been brought straight from the drying ground."

Signor Damiami testified before the same committee that, at various seances held in rooms with closed windows and locked doors, fresh flowers had been showered on the company. At Baron Guldenstubbe's house the flowers were so numerous that they "would have filled a large basket, and the fact they were *perfectly fresh* and besprinkled with dew * * * would have precluded any, the faintest suspicion of 'crinoline mystification' or sleight of hand." "I must not omit mentioning," continued the Signor, "that, on examining the flowers, some of which still remain in my possession [after a lapse of two years—H. S. O.], we perceived that the ends of the stems presented a blackened and burnt appearance. On our asking the reason of this, we were told that the electricity had been the potent 'nipper' employed."

Mr. Samuel Guppy, at page 371 of the Society's report, describes a seance with the Spiritual Society of Florence (Italy), at which the question whether spirits could distinguish colors in the dark was effectually answered: "A noise was heard on the table, and the light showed a heap of sugar-plums of all colors mixed together—about a handful. Light put out again; we heard a rattling, lighted the candle and found the sugar-plums all assorted in little heaps of separate colors." At another seance of the same society some of the most eminent Florentine literati being present, the room was, at Mr. Guppy's request, made very warm by the spirits. First came a shower of fresh flowers which fell all about the table, while Mrs. Guppy's hands were held. The light was put out again, and in ten minutes an awful crash was heard on the table as if the chandelier had fallen down. On lighting the candle we found a large lump of ice, about a foot in length and one and a half inches thick, which had fallen on the table with such force that it was broken."

I might quote many similar instances, going to show that the transportation of material objects, sometimes from very remote places, is not an uncommon circumstance in the experience of those who have investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism; but these will suffice.

From what has already been related of the Eddy mediums in my preceding chapters, it will occasion no surprise, when I state that on many occasions, if the testimony of eye-witnesses may be accepted, objects have been dropped on the Chittenden circle-room floor, or laid in the hands of persons in attendance. I have seen among other things, a large stone, weighing some sixty pounds, a cart-wheel, two large mother-of-pearl shells, an ear of Egyptian corn (said to have come from a mummy's tomb), a specimen of a rare mineral, a gold vest-chain, a heavy gold ring, two small spotted shells, a miniature ivory die for a watch "charm," a small quartz-crystal, and a cut white carnelian seal-stone—that were said to have been brought by invisible carriers. The crystal and carnelian were placed in my own hand at two different dark-circles, but it happened in the dark and so I cannot vouch for their genuineness, any more than I can for that of either of the other articles.

Horatio Eddy tells me that he has been the frequent recipient of these ghostly attentions. Once "George Dix" put a spotted snake on his bed; once he brought him a $5 bill to give to one Riley Allen, a sick neighbor; once a bill of like amount for a Mr. Barker; once a sum of money to defray a child's funeral expenses; and once, for himself, a silver-mounted pistol, the seven barrels of which were all loaded except one, which the spirit discharged himself, frightening Horatio out of his wits with the idea that burglars were in the room.

One gentleman whom I met at the Eddy homestead, told me of an instance within his own knowledge, in which seven different communications were written, on an equal number of pieces of paper of as many different colors, and sewed, each with silk of a color to match the paper, upon a child's pocket-handkerchief. Strangest of all, upon each paper was stitched a lock of hair, purporting to be that of the spirit writing the communication, and which they alleged they brought from their own graves. As some of them had been dead many years, the latter assertion may be taken for what it is worth.

Another gentleman visitor asserts that, last January, at his request, he had brought to him some new potatoes, which must have come from afar, as the snow lay deep over the whole of this northern country.

I am witness to the fact that one evening in October, at a dark-circle, a lady who had brought as a present for "Mayflower," a picture of a bunch of roses, painted upon a Bristol board sheet of, say, 8x12 inches, had it taken from her hand, and after the circle it could not be found, although I searched the room thoroughly.

Citizens of Utica will recognize in the signature attached to the following document, the name of one of their most estimable fellow-townsmen, a man of high character for probity and truthfulness:

CHITTENDEN, October 21st, 1874.

DEAR SIR: Please add to what you have already published, the fact that, at a circle held in the lower sitting-room of the Eddy homestead, on the evening of August 27th, 1873, the doors and windows being closed and sealed, a stone weighing sixty-four pounds, was suddenly dropped at my feet. I had noticed the same stone lying outside the house during the day.

GEORGE RALPH, Utica, N. Y.

Colonel Olcott.

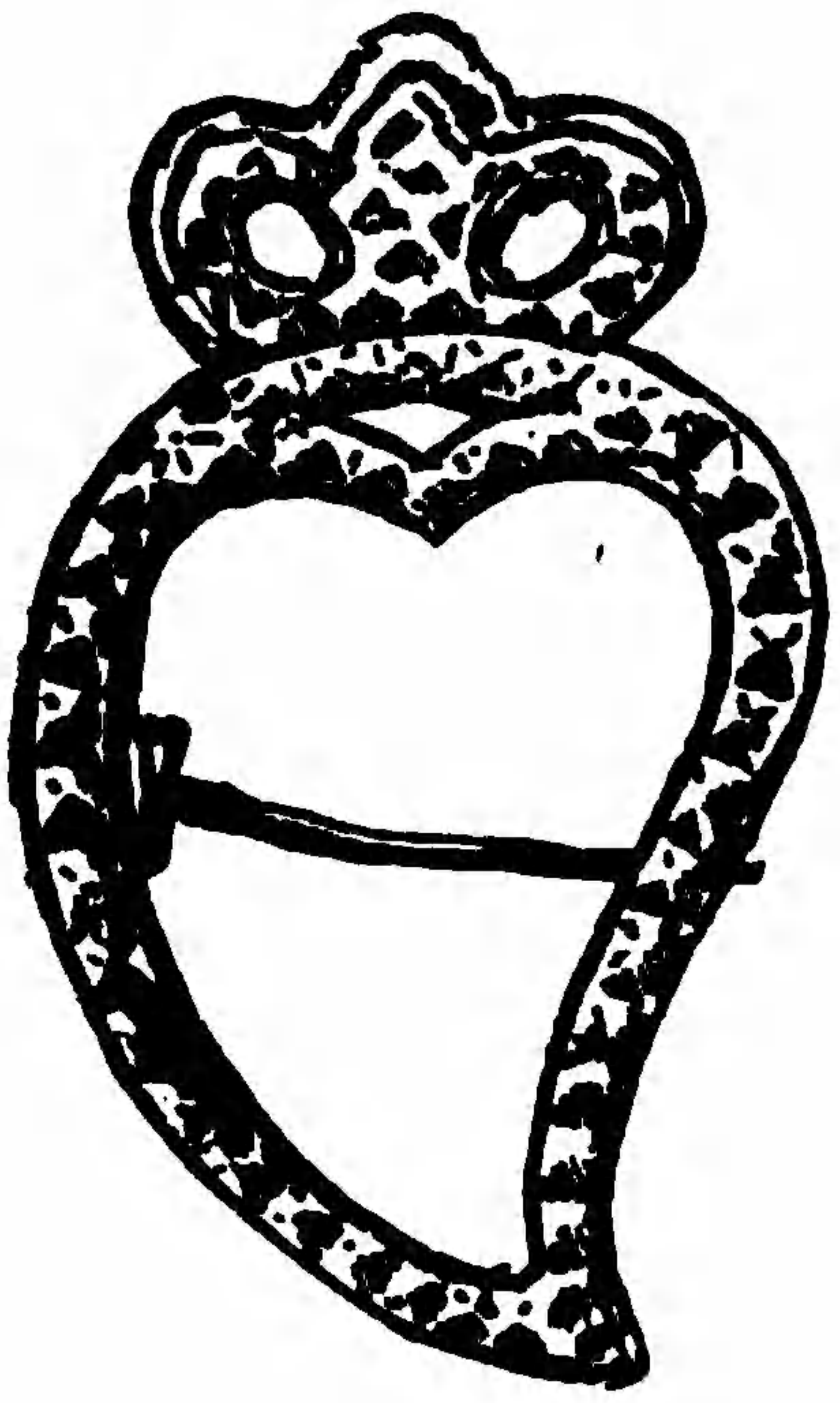
But I doubt if any circle ever witnessed a more astonishing spiritual feat than that which I am about to relate.

The evening of October 24th was as bright as day with the light of the moon, and, while there was a good deal of moisture in the air, the atmospheric conditions would, I suppose, have been regarded as favorable for manifestations. In the dark-circle, as soon as the light was extinguished, "George Dix," addressing Mme. de Blavatsky, said: "Madame, I am now about to give you a test of the genuineness of the manifestations in this circle, which I think will satisfy not only you, but a skeptical world beside. I shall place in your hands the buckle of a medal of honor worn in life by your brave father, and buried with his body in Russia. This has been brought to you by your uncle, whom you have seen materialized this evening." Presently I heard the lady utter an exclamation, and, a light being struck, we all saw Mme. de B.

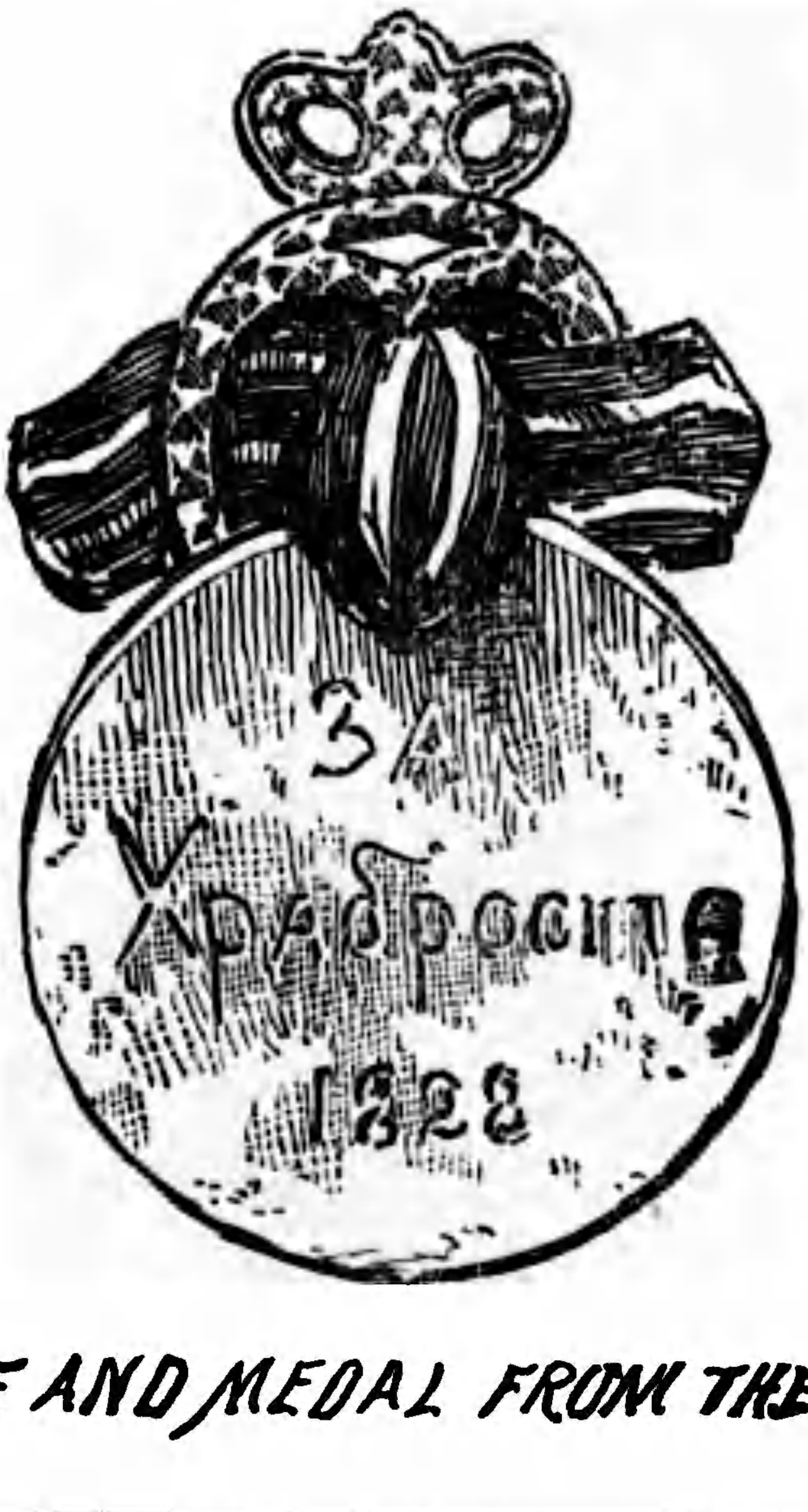
holding in her hand a silver buckle of a most curious shape, which she regarded with speechless wonder.

When she recovered herself a little, she announced that this buckle had, indeed, been worn by her father, with many other decorations, that she identified this particular article by the fact that the point of the pin had been carelessly broken off by herself many years ago; and that, according to universal custom, this, with all his other medals and crosses, must have been buried with her father's body. The medal to which this buckle belongs, was one granted by the late Czar to his officers, after the Turkish campaign of 1828. The medals were distributed at Bucharest, and a number of the officers had buckles similar to this made by the rude silversmiths of that city. Her father died July 15th, 1873, and she, being in this country, could not attend his obsequies. As to the authenticity of this present, so mysteriously received, she possessed ample proof, in a photographic copy of her father's oil portrait, in which this very buckle appears, attached to its own ribbon and medal.

It will be imagined that I felt a deep anxiety to see the picture in question, and later, my desire was gratified. In this chapter, I now am able to present to the reader sketches of the spirit's present, and the whole decoration; the former copied from life, the latter from the photograph. Both are drawn larger than the natural size, and the inscription on the medal has been furnished by Mme. de B. herself. Was there ever a "manifestation" more wonderful than this? A token dug by unknown means from a father's grave and laid in his daughter's hand, five thousand miles away, across an



THE SPIRITS PRESENT.


ЗА
Храбрость
1828

THE BUCKLE AND MEDAL FROM THE PORTRAIT.

THE BUCKLE AND MEDAL.

ocean! A jewel from the breast of a warrior sleeping his last sleep in Russian ground, sparkling in the candle-light in a gloomy apartment of a Vermont farm-house! A precious present from the tomb of her nearest and best beloved of kin, to be kept as a perpetual proof that death can neither extinguish the ties of blood nor long divide those who were once united and desire reunion with one another!

I kept a minute of the time in William's materializing circle that evening. It began at ten minutes of seven, P. M., and closed at five minutes of eight. In the intervening sixty-five minutes, eleven different spirit-forms appeared. Honto remained in sight five minutes, old Mr. Brown two and a half minutes, Chester Packard eighteen seconds, William—his brother—seventeen seconds. The intervals between the appearances of some of the forms, were respectively 4 minutes 45 seconds, 3:10, 2:47, 1:13, and 1 minute. Mrs. Eddy's spirit appeared and addressed us, saying some friendly words to me personally, from within the cabinet. Her last sentences grew fainter and fainter, as though she were receding from us farther and farther, until her voice was lost in the distance.

Among the most noticeable forms to present themselves, was one who seemed to be either a Hindoo coolie or an Arab athlete. He was dark-skinned, of short stature, a lean, wiry, active form, with no more superfluous fat on his frame than has a greyhound in working condition. The artist, writing to me of him, says: "He left a more vivid impression on my mind than any other spirit. I can see him now, perfectly—long, mere bone and sinew, with a cat-like suppleness. For dress, a closely-fitting

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CHAPTER XXIII.

TESTS CONTINUED.

OF all Mr. Crookes' statements concerning his three years' experiences with the spirit "Katie King," none excited more wonder than that about his being allowed to cut off a lock of her hair. The very idea that so immaterial a thing as a spirit—a something less substantial than the very wind that blows, a breath, a hazy vapor, which, even when seen by mortal eye, has seemed no more solid than the mist of morning—that this unsubstantial nothing should not only be able to exert dynamic energies, but hand over to the bold philosopher a ringlet cut from her own head, as a maiden might give a tress to her lover, was on its face absurd. But, nevertheless, it was true, and the same favor has been extended to several others, by this and other spirits. I have already stated that I saw the "Witch of the Mountain" give one of her grizzly locks to Judge Bacon, and the incident related above, in this chapter, tells of seven different keepsakes of the same kind being given by the spirits, at one time, to one person. The artist in one of his sketches represents old Mrs. Cleveland in the act of cutting a lock from Honto's head. I know of at least three different persons to whom Honto gave pieces of her own hair, a portion of one of which I have now in my possession. It is of a stiff, wiry texture, entirely free from gray, and has been fully identified, by an expert of twenty years' experience in the manufacture of hair goods, as of Indian origin. His affidavit is as follows:

STATE OF VERMONT, }
COUNTY OF RUTLAND. } SS.

Henry Williams, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a native of New York city, a hair-worker by trade. That he worked four years for —— Raufuss, of Chatham street, New York, the largest hair-manufacturer in the said city: and ten years for Edward Phalon, also of the said city. Altogether, he has had twenty years experience in the manufacture of hair, and is so familiar with the hair of various kinds used in the trade, as to be able to detect the nationality and quality of any specimen exhibited to him.

And deponent, having been allowed to examine a specimen of hair shown him by Mr. H. S. Olcott, and designated as "No. 1," declares the same to be of Indian origin, and from its length and quality, must have been taken from the head of a squaw. The sample marked "No. 2," deponent cut himself from the head of an Indian squaw in the city of Albany, N. Y., on the 16th instant, at the request of said Olcott, for purposes of comparison. Specimen "No. 3," deponent says is American hair. The specimen "No. 1" he would know anywhere as Indian, and he cannot be mistaken as to the fact. HENRY WILLIAMS.

Witness: M. L. SALSBURY,

STATE OF VERMONT, }
COUNTY OF RUTLAND, } SS.

Personally appeared Henry Williams, of Rutland, County of Rutland, State of Vermont, to me known, and made oath to the above affidavit, this 9th day of December, 1874.

G. R. BOTTUM, Notary Public.

The "Specimen No. 1" referred to, is the lock purporting to have been cut from Honto's head. "Specimen No. 2" was cut by Mr. Williams, at my request, from the head of an Indian woman, who lives, during the winter months in Albany, N. Y., and in summer goes into camp with her tribe. "Specimen No. 3" was cut by me from William Eddy's head. I submitted the first and third specimens to the expert without explanation, and his judgment was given upon them immediately after they came into his hands. When he pronounced No. 1 Indian hair, I tried to discourage the idea, by suggesting that it was taken from some old wig, or from the forelock of a colt's head, but he persisted, and said he would make his affidavit to the fact of its real origin, in any court, at any time.

I may also mention the rather interesting circumstance, that, a few days since, I handed this Honto hair to a boy clairvoyant, fourteen years of age, and the son of a physician, who instantly said: "Why, this hair came from a spirit's head!" I said: "Nonsense! How could I get hair from a spirit's head?" to which he replied: "I don't know; but this did come from a spirit; and there she is, in that room, smiling at me, and holding her hair out for me to compare this with. It's the same, identical hair." I said: "I see no spirit. If she is here, ask her name." The lad conversed with great earnestness with the invisible presence, and finally said: "Pahontus?—Pahotus?—what do you say it is? Ah! yes—*Honto*—that's it. She says it is Honto. She gave it to another man, and he gave it to you." Now, I had not mentioned a word concerning the hair to the boy, or any one else in the room; in fact, I had never exchanged a word with him before; the hair was in my locket, and taken out and handed to him without comment. The theory of mind-reading is sufficient, perhaps, to account for the incident; but as it is interesting in this connection, I relate it.

Another of the series of mechanical experiments attempted by me was suggested by Mr. Crookes' first article in his Quarterly. He said: "The Spiritualist tells of rooms and houses being shaken even to injury by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass-case and supported on solid masonry."

It occurred to me, that in the absence of the means to try so conclusive an experiment as this, I might at least get the spirits to ring a bell under a glass cover, and I was promised that this should be done. Accordingly, on the evening of October 12th, in the light-circle that followed William's materializing seance, I placed my small table-gong upon a tambourine, and inverted a tumbler over it. I was not allowed to hold the tambourine myself, and so, in my eyes, all value in the experiment as a scientific test was destroyed. William Eddy took my place, and I was asked to step a little back. The light was then ordered to be lowered, and we waited for some minutes in silence. At length I heard a faint sound as of the bell struck inside the tumbler. It was almost inaudible, but still an unmistakable sound, and while we listened it was repeated twice almost as feebly. But finally the little bell rang out twice so that all could hear it, and all agreed that the sound came from within the tumbler.

This inconclusive result of what should have been an interesting experiment, is of a piece with many things that happened to me in the course of my long and wearisome investigation at the Eddy house. So far from the importance of my labor being recognized, and all reasonable facilities afforded, I was kept constantly at a distance, as though I were an enemy instead of an unprejudiced observer. As to the family realizing any feeling of gratitude for my disinterested defence of their character before the public, the idea apparently never crossed their minds. On the contrary, I was constantly made to feel that my toleration as a member of the household was a favor for which I should be grateful, and all the kind and polite treatment I could give them, individually and collectively, scarcely availed to make them grant me one favor more than they bestowed upon any visitor. Other persons of both sexes, strangers to them, were at different times permitted to sit close to the platform, upon it, and within two feet of the cabinet door; to shake hands with Honto, to dance with her, to look into her very eyes, feel her hair, and measure heights with her, while I never enjoyed one of these favors. I never had a private seance under test conditions, and a dozen simple but crucial tests, reflecting in nowise upon the honor of the mediums, but calculated to place them in an honorable light, and satisfy the most doubting skeptic of the genuineness of the phenomena, were not even mentioned by me, for fear that I might get my dismissal before my work was done.

It was this state of things that kept me in that gloomy house, amid such unpleasant conditions, two months, to get what I might and ought to have secured in two weeks. I stayed and bore everything because, having once undertaken to accomplish a given thing, it was not my nature to abandon the task while life remained.

I have said this much in no spirit of complaint, but only from a sense of justice to all concerned; to myself, because the public should know that I have neither been favored beyond others nor have any personal preferences to gratify in saying what has been said in favor of these Eddy boys; to the mediums, because it seems to me that if they were nothing but common tricksters, their first impulse, would have been to curry favor with me and try to influence the tone of my writing. I have also been prompted to this explanation, by the fact that various newspapers have given their readers to understand that a greater reliance might be placed upon my story, from the fact that my intimacy with the Eddys, and the superior facilities granted me, put me, as it were, inside the ring, and I had seen, heard, and felt more than any ordinary observer could possibly have done. For what I have seen, heard, or felt, I am in nowise indebted to the favor of the Eddy family, but simply to fair natural powers of observation, supplemented by a sort of grim, bull-dog stubbornness, and a determination to do impartial justice, that kept me at a post I had once assumed.

But it affords me pleasure whenever I receive evidence from disinterested persons that is corroborative of the genuineness of the Eddy manifestations. I am more than willing to have my personal prejudices against the brothers, as individuals, overborne by proofs of their real mediumistic powers. Of such a nature, is the following certificate from a well-known architect of Hartford, who visited Chittenden a twelvemonth since:

HARTFORD, CONN., December 24th, 1874.

COL. H. S. OLCOTT,

DEAR SIR—In answer to your request for a statement from me of what I saw at the Eddys', in Chittenden, I have this to say:

My first and only visit to those remarkable mediums, was in the fall of 1873. I attended the light and dark seances held during three evenings. The facilities afforded me for close and careful investigation were *unusually good.* It was my privilege to examine Wm. Eddy on two occasions before he entered the "cabinet," which was an old closet, off the south room, down stairs, and under the stairs. In my examination of Mr. Eddy's person, just before his entering the closet, I went as far as a decent regard for propriety would permit. I removed his coat, unbuttoned his vest, placed my hands beneath the waistband of his pants, and *fully satisfied myself* that all the clothing he had about him was his usual farm dress—a brown check gingham shirt, coat, pants, and vest. Any person after making such an examination as I did, could have but one conclusion, and that, that Wm. Eddy could not possibly have concealed about his person, the different costumes that were afterwards seen during the seances. The closet being examined before and after the seance, and nothing found but its bare walls, the idea of trickery on the part of Wm. Eddy was too silly to be entertained for one moment.

The closet has been often described by different writers. I did not measure it, but judge its size to be 4 by 8 feet. It was evidently plastered when the house was built, rather coarsely done (the marks of the trowel being plainly seen), flush down with the base boards, which were perhaps 7 inches wide. The floor was the same undisturbed old work, put down when the house was erected, To talk of panels, traps, or possible openings where a confederate could assist, is worse than nonsense; nothing of the kind could possibly be there without being detected by an experienced architect like myself. If costumes were taken in there, it must have been when from fifteen to twenty individuals were looking at the door, and as I sat directly opposite and within ten feet of it, I can safely say that such a thing was impossible. The different costumes seen during the three evenings of my stay, would have filled a *large sized Saratoga trunk.* The first object seen each night, and that in less than ten seconds after Wm. Eddy had disappeared behind the shawl which hung over the door, was a *clean, white, naked hand and arm,* thrust out from behind the shawl. It was evidently a lady's hand and arm. Honto made her appearance next, on each evening. The second night she lighted a friction match which had been placed in the closet for her use, and held the blazing stick directly before her face so that every person in the room saw her Indian face with perfect distinctness.

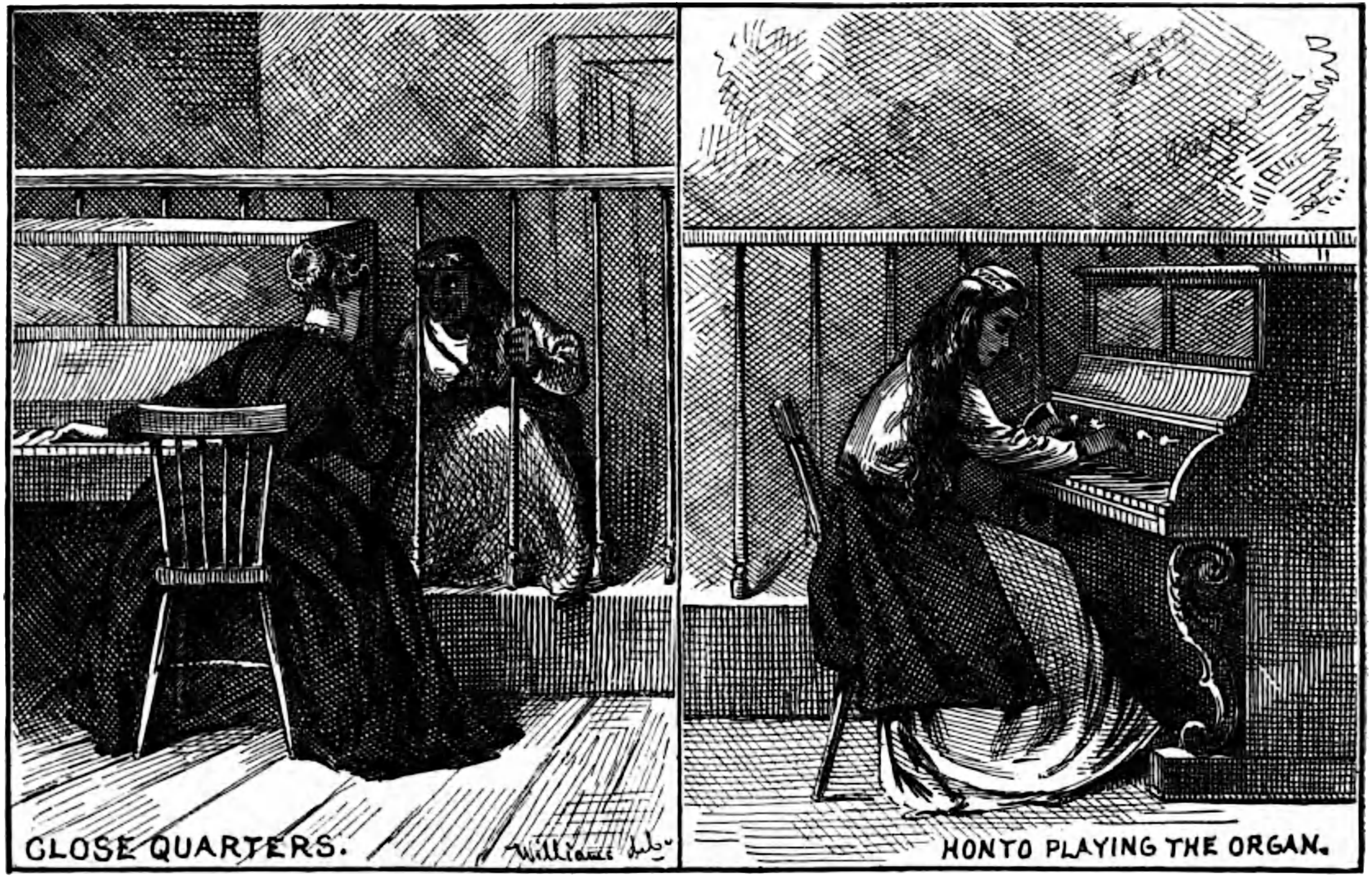
After retiring behind the shawl, an *Indian woman* next appeared, dressed entirely different and in the exact costume of the squaws of the St. Regis tribe. This was a striking and sudden change, and a very remarkable incident withal. The dress was a blue petticoat or underskirt, with a yellow border around the bottom, and a yellow stripe woven into the cloth, six or seven inches above; moccasins, leggins, and the usual tape windings around and above the ankles, were all to be seen. It was not Honto, but some other Indian maiden. The change of costume must have been made in less than one minute, if it was a trick. The forms of men neatly dressed in black, came out, with their white linen bosoms and cuffs plain enough to be seen, to satisfy all that they were not Wm. Eddy, whoever else they might be. One person, nearly half a head taller than Wm. Eddy, came out, and was recognized by several people from Rutland. I saw the features plainly of several persons, who, had I ever known them, I could have recognized at once; my position being so near, and being fortunately blest with good eyes.

In Horatio's light seance, it was my privilege to sit for the ring test. I positively know the ring was in a gentleman's hand in front of me, when I prepared for the test by taking Horatio's *right* hand in my *right*, and his *left hand in my left* (I am particular about this, for the reason that I have seen the performance differently described). The gentleman holding the ring passed it up, and I saw, while holding both of Horatio's hands, a hand above the curtain take the ring from the gentleman, and with a sudden shudder on the part of Horatio, the ring flew from his right arm, on to mine with such force, that it hurt me severely , as it struck the joint of my thumb in passing over. A guitar lying in my lap, the *strings all in sight*, and a lamp burning on the table within three feet of myself, played a correct and lively accompaniment to several dance tunes, whistled by a party present. The head of the instrument was held by Horatio's *muffled hand;* but the strings were struck in the usual place, directly over the hole in the body of the instrument. I could plainly distinguish that as the point of greatest vibration, and also see flashes of electrical light on the strings.

I saw an iron or steel ring fall from Horatio's arm in the broad light. His arms were bound tightly behind his back. The ring was most assuredly on his arm, or else a dozen witnesses didn't know what they saw. A sudden shudder came through him, but no perceptible motion of his hands or arms, and the ring fell upon the floor, and rolled some distance away. These are a few of the essential points I fully and distinctly remember.

Truly yours, S. W. LINCOLN.

One of the sketches upon the opposite page represents


Williams del.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

HONTO PLAYING THE ORGAN.

A MUSICAL SPIRIT.

Mme. de Blavatsky playing the parlor-organ, with Honto as a spectator at very close quarters.

Among the latest and most startling phases of the manifestations, is the actual playing upon a parlor organ by the materialized spirit-girl Honto, herself. The first instance of the kind occurred on the evening of October 27th. Mr. Ralph, of Utica, Mr. Pritchard, of Albany, and old Mrs. Cleveland, were all sitting on the platform, that evening, but were requested to take their seats among the audience, and the benches were ordered pushed a little farther back than usual. Honto then reappeared (she had been out before doing some of her usual tricks), examined the instrument with attention, and, with one foot working the pedal, played a few notes. She then retired to the cabinet, reappeared, and, taking a chair that Mr. Ralph placed for her, sat down and played a wild, disconnected melody as an accompaniment to her voice.

This being her first attempt at singing, the effect was weird in the extreme. Her notes were harsh, wailing, and discordant, and it was almost enough to freeze one's blood to hear it. She repeated this performance four times that evening, and it has been a feature of each night's seance up to the present time. On the evening of the 21st instant, I saw her dance, play the organ, smoke a cigar, make a lot of shawls and tissues, dance a jig with Horatio, take a bracelet from a lady visitor as a present, and heard her sing. Surely, enough for one spirit to do at one performance; a leading woman in a variety show could hardly be asked for more!

CHAPTER XXIV.

PSEUDO-INVESTIGATORS.

THE first time I attended a dark-circle at the Eddys' I contracted a feeling of real affection for the little child spirit (real or imaginary) known as "Mayflower." Her music was so sweet and full of expression, her poetical attempts evinced so tender a regard for the beautiful in nature, her conversation was so child-like and innocent, she seemed actuated by so strong a sentiment of charity and broad compassion for all who came, that I could not help loving her—or, at least, the ideal child whom I pictured to myself as standing in our presence in the darkened chamber.

I think that a love of children and all their ways is one of the strongest traits of my disposition, and it may be well that in this matter of Mayflower's identity I allowed myself to become the willing dupe of my imagination. Possibly there is no such creature as she, and her voice, her speech, and her sentiments are only parts of a clever imposture. I have never seen her, nor felt more than her hand (or *a* hand of the size that I should suppose such a child as she might have), and I have no proof to cite in support of her individual existence, beyond the certificate of the two little girls, already published. I have no conclusive evidence to offer a scientific investigator, that she ever spoke a word, or drew a breath, or took a step; and if my reason could be satisfied upon certain points, I would be ready to admit that every feature of these dark-circles may be a trick.

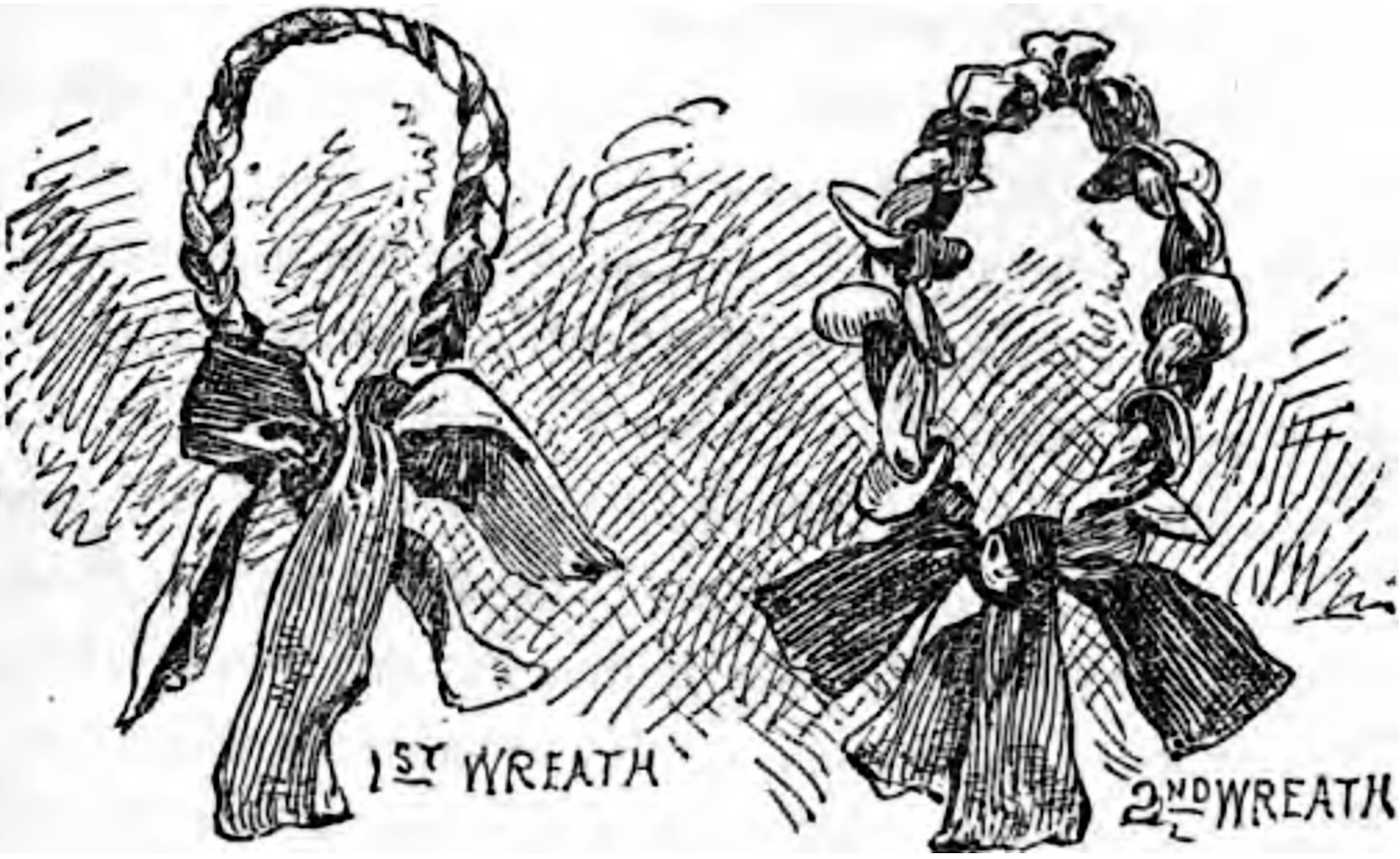
Before doing so, however, I should demand to know how one man, even with both hands untied, and free to move about, could play upon the violin, guitar, concertina, mouth-harmonicon, triangle, and flute, and ring several bells, all at the same moment; how he could imitate the whistling of the wind, the splash of waves, the sucking of a pump, and other sounds, simultaneously with the playing of music of various instruments; how he could see to pick up articles in the dark, to describe things in people's pockets, and reach a particular mouth or cheek to kiss, or a particular hand to shake, for all these things are done in Horatio Eddy's dark-circle. And if all these were explained, I should still want to have the episode of Madame de Blavatsky's father's buckle accounted for. I am ready to concede that the medium may slip his hands out of his bonds and go about in his stocking feet in the dark, strumming instruments, pounding tambourines, and touching people; this has been done before, and exposed before.

Some (a Boston friend of mine included), even say that they have detected Horatio himself at the game. But that explanation does not cover our case, for it does not show how one man can do the work of a half dozen men, or accomplish such a miracle as that of the buckle brought from the Russian grave. Nor does it show how the discordant fiddle-scraping and nasal singing of the mediums, can be transformed into the fine execution and artistic coloring of the music of the unseen violinist, flutist, accordeonist, and harmonicon player of the dark-circles, and the rich soprano and alto voices that sometimes issue from William's cabinet.

Therefore, until the desired explanation is vouchsafed by some closer reasoner than I, I will leave Horatio to prowl about in the dark and play tricks if he will, and hold to my sweet little spirit Mayflower—to stand as an ideal of what my own children and other people's children are like, in the other and brighter world to which they have passed on before.

To resume, then: On this first night, she said to me, that if I would get her some ribbons, she would make me a wreath, such as she had braided for a lady visitor, and which I had admired. On my way to New York, I procured some ribbons of three colors, in Rutland, and sent them up to Chittenden to the care of a Mr. Luther B. Hunt, of St. Albans, a friend of Horatio, who was visiting at the homestead. The parcel and my note, he says, he put in the pocket of his coat, which hung in his bedroom, intending to take the ribbons with him to the next dark-circle, and hold the little maid to the fulfillment of her promise to me. But the same day, William being, as he usually is, "under influence," said: "Mr. Hunt, if you will go up-stairs and look in your pocket you will find something." Mr. Hunt went and searched his coat, but found nothing, and, returning, reported his ill-luck. But William said that he had not looked in the right place. it was in the vest-pocket where the articles were. And in the vest-pocket, sure enough, he found two wreaths, one of which was for me, and the other, for another gentleman.

The next evening there was a dark-circle, and Mayflower, addressing Mr. Hunt, said that he had overlooked the note for me that she had left with the wreath. Another search of the vest disclosed a tiny note, written on a small square of thin paper, and being to the effect that I was her dear friend, and she thanked me for my kind expressions, and hoped I would keep the wreath to remember her by. So, the least I could do was to have the artist make a sketch of her present, that all the readers may see what sort of braiding they do in the other world in the present year of grace.



It struck me a few days afterward that, as Mayflower was in so complaisant a mood, she might not be unwilling to give me another specimen of her skill, accompanied with something of a test; so, putting the wreath in my pocket, the next time a dark-circle was to be held, I said nothing of my intention to any one. After the light was extinguished, and the room was so dark that one could not see a hand held close to one's eyes, I took out my wreath and quietly laid it in the lap of the lady sitting beside me. Presently Mayflower's voice said: "Oh! Mrs. ——, what have you got in your lap? It's my wreath! Mr. Olcott, you want me to braid it over again for you?" I said I did, in another pattern and with the ribbons passed through some perforated sea-shells, such as I had heard she had used a long time before for another friend of hers. She replied that she had no shells with her at the moment, but she would get some and re-braid my wreath and return it to me the next time we met. Although no one had known of my purpose, and the wreath had been discovered by Mayflower lying in the lap of a person who did not know what I had placed there in the dark, I thought it better to make assurance doubly sure, so I reached over, and taking the wreath from the lap of the lady on my left, *I dropped it on the floor* at my right, where no one but myself knew it to be, and no one who could not see in the dark could discover it to pick it up, But when a light was struck soon after, *the wreath was gone.* It was returned to me on the evening of the 26th of September, under curious circumstances.

There was a great power manifested in the dark-circle that evening. The Indian dance was given with yells that made some of the timid ones shiver with apprehension, and the dancers stamped on the floor until it seemed as if they must go through into the dining-room below. Then "George Dix" whistled, and played a solo on the fife, and gave us "The Storm at Sea;" and Mayflower elicited unbounded applause by her accordeon and harmonicon playing with the bell accompaniments, which you may be sure was listened to in profound silence. I have seen no such description of this spirit-music, as that given by Thackeray's friend, the late Robert Bell, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1860 He is describing a dark-circle of Mr. Home's, at which an accordeon was played:

> "We listened with suspended breath. The air was wild and full of strange transitions, with a wail of pathetic sweetness running through it. The execution was no less remarkable for its delicacy, than for its power. When the notes swelled in some of the bold passages, the sound rolled through the room with an astounding reverberation, then, gently subsiding, sank into a strain of divine tenderness."

Mayflower's playing is not always alike, sometimes being less sweet and expressive than others; but I have heard it on occasions when the above eloquent description would hardly exaggerate its effect upon the audience.

After the concert, "George Dix" requested Joe. Rugg, the faithful farmer of the family, to strike a light and bring a small stand and a glass of water. These directions were complied with, and the water being placed upon the stand, the light was extinguished again, and, for a moment, we were in total darkness. But soon the candle was re-lighted, and we discovered the glass of water *inverted* upon the stand, the water within the glass, and nothing over the mouth to keep it in. The light was put out again, and when again called for, the stand was upside down on the floor, and the tumbler, with its contents, right side up, balanced upon the point of one of the legs.

The light was extinguished for the fourth time and re-lighted, and then what should I see but the tumbler on the floor, at my feet, the water all gone, and my wreath, re-braided and decorated with sea-shells, inside, as dry as a bone! The artist, on page 377, gives us a sketch of the new wreath, and in the series of four small pictures, we have the successive stages of this manifestation depicted. With characteristic irreverence, I suggested that the water had disappeared down the medium's throat, but George Dix told us that it had been dissipated into a fine mist, and was held suspended in the atmosphere of the room.

I wish that some of the wiseacres who have accounted for the appearance of child-forms in the materializing circles of William Eddy, on the theory that they were pillows, could only have seen a few of them before showing their ignorance so painfully. I wish that my witty, fellow Lotos Eater, the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, had taken the trouble to visit Chittenden, before putting himself on record as such a hasty generalizer upon the spiritualistic phenomena, as he does in a recently published letter to *The Daily Graphic.* Hear him talk about William Eddy and these baby spirits:

> "No one feels like laughter at the sight of the devoted wife hungering to find in the fantastic figure, donned in dim twilight by some sham medium, the beloved shape of her dead husband, or in the agonized mother longing to recognize, in the painted knees of a charlatan, exhibited in the same darkness, the rosy cheeks of her darling, gone from her forever. We cannot laugh at these exhibitions of wifely or maternal love, but we should scorn and denounce the impostors who make a living by playing on these noblest affections of human nature."

Painted knees, quotha! William Eddy's painted knees! Why, can a man's knees walk detached, and say "Papa" and "Mamma," and "I am happy," and throw kisses to us, and courtesy, and all that sort of thing? Could they, even if they were painted "dunduckety and mud-color, edged with sky-blue scarlet?" Can a man of 179 pounds, and five feet nine

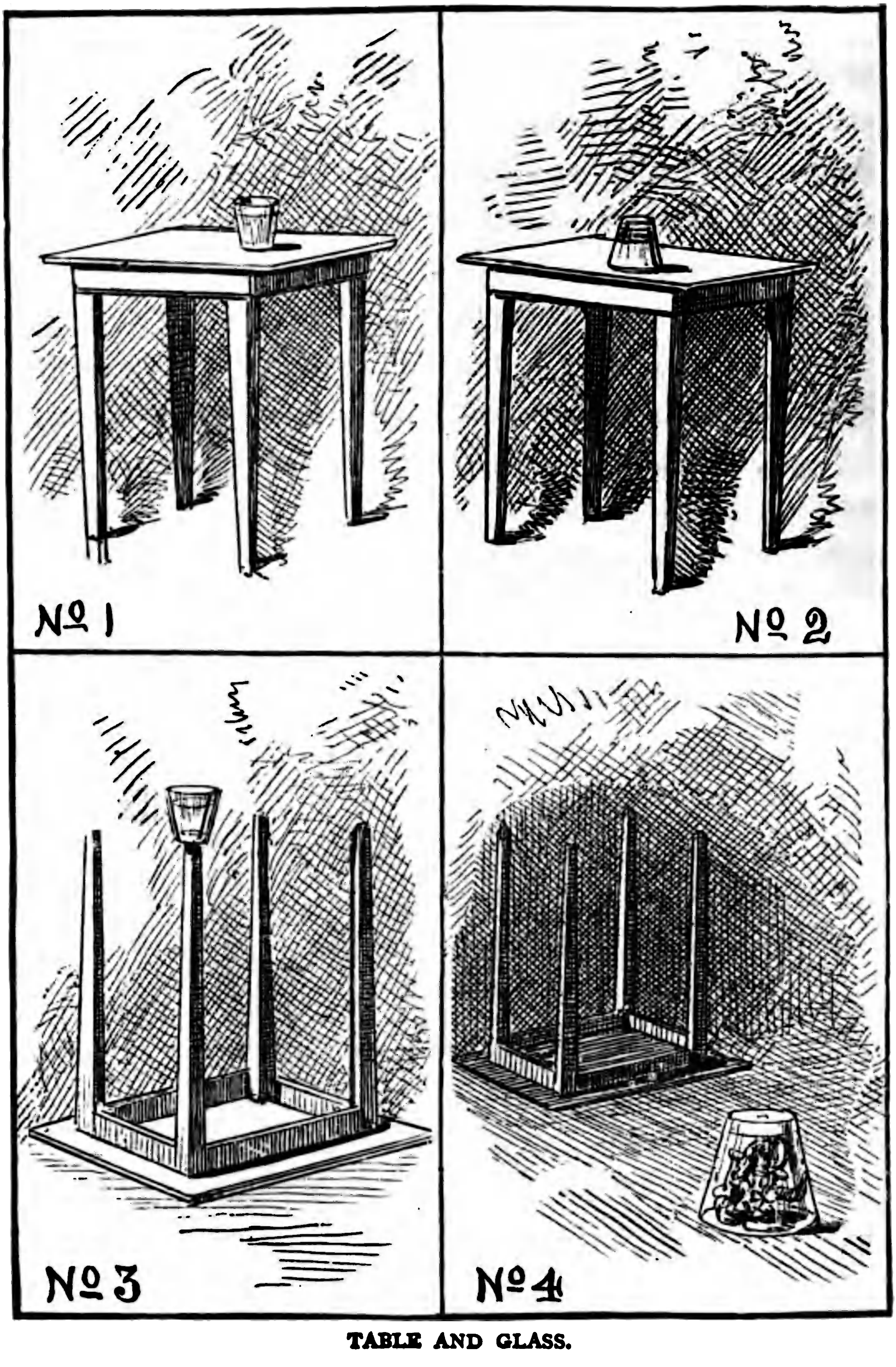

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TABLE AND GLASS.

inches, dressed to represent a young girl with bare neck and arms, a weight of 120 pounds, and a height of, say, five feet one inch, walk up and down the stage, fondling his own knee as if it were a baby, and making it stick simulated thumbs into an imaginary mouth, and pass false chubby arms around his neck, and move them about?

We had one dose, recently, from a pseudo-investigator, in a puerile explanation of phenomena he never saw, by the application of a theory that wouldn't even fit the few things he did see. Let us be spared a repetition. If certain men of prominent social, political, or professional standing, are asked what they think about "materialization," why cannot they be honest enough to say they know nothing about it, and not put themselves up for the ridicule of those who do?

The discovery of apparently so gross a fraud as the more recent of the "Katie King" materializations, in Philadelphia, in the presence of the Holmes mediums, even if real, does not invalidate one single genuine phenomenon of this class. Foolish Editors, anxious to disbelieve the possibility of the reappearance of the dead in materialized form, may indulge in exhibitions of premature hilarity, may announce the exposure of "this latest and most dangerous humbug," and vote the spiritualistic delusion finally and effectually disposed of, but their ignorance and prejudice plead in their behalf for lenity of judgment. We had just such behavior from them in 1847, when self-sufficient wise men explained away the Rochester rappings upon the knee-cap and toe-joint theory. There is no occasion to doubt that this recent jubilation will result in the same confusion of face to these expounders as did the other; and as fifty of the same kind have, since that time.

The phenomena of modern spiritualism have agitated society for more than a quarter of a century, and the interest in the subject is tenfold greater to-day than ever before, by the confession of its bitterest opponents, It is not doubted by the best informed investigators, that the very persons whose trickery is claimed to have been shown up, are powerful mediums. Some day we will see a new principle of investigation adopted, and mediums will be judged as such, apart from their merits or demerits as individuals. Then, skeptics and believers, alike, will neither be, on the one hand elated. nor on the other depressed by the discovery that all mediums are more or less given to the imitation of the genuine phenomena which occur, under favorable conditions, in their presence.

Occupying, as I do, a neutral position between the two classes, I am both surprised and amused to see how they are affected respectively, by each new revelation like the one to which I have referred above. No one should undertake the difficult work of investigating this or any other branch of knowledge, unless he is able to view the whole ground, note every detail whether favorable or unfavorable, and pursue his labors with the "passionless calm of science."

The above paragraphs had hardly been written, when the post brought me a letter from a respected and perfectly trustworthy correspondent which serves as a commentary upon my remarks concerning the probable mediumship of the Holmes'. Says the writer:

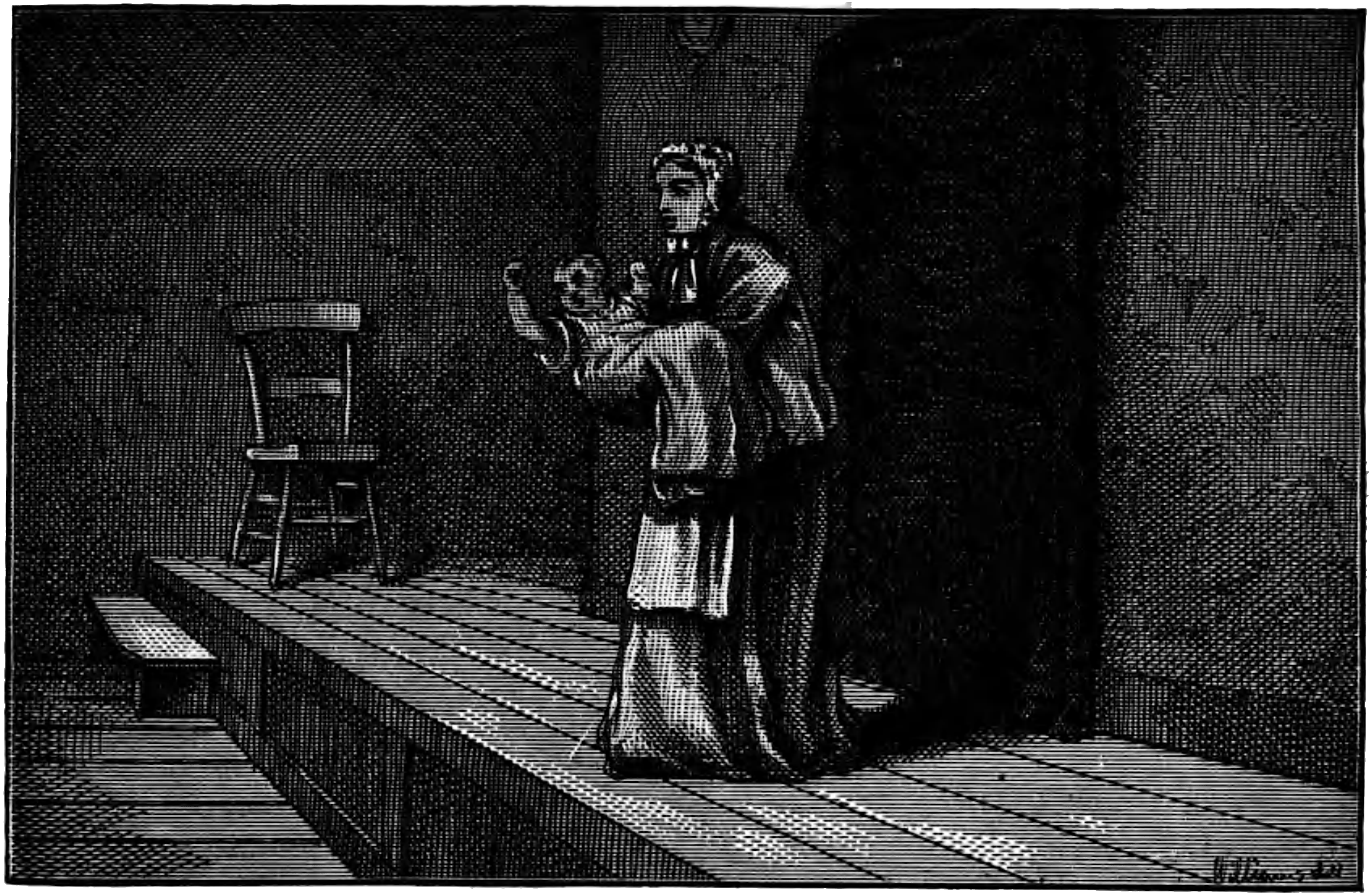
> "I have seen, as yet, no satisfactory explanation of the phenomena which I witnessed (at the Holmes seances, last summer. H. S. O.) and 'till I do, I shall not, simply because I cannot, believe them to have been trickery. Why do they not tell us who the John King was, *whom we saw standing by Katie's side, while the mediums sat with Mr. Owen and myself, holding our hands.* The levitation of the form of "Katie," which I saw, was *not* simulated by getting upon a "black stool." I saw distinctly the lower limbs, and white, bare feet, moving in the air, as if the form were partially reclining. Nor do I in the least believe that the apparent dissolving of the form was produced by "black cloths." I saw too much that is not yet accounted for, to make me yield up my confidence in its genuineness."

At this present, the Holmeses are protesting their veritable mediumship. It is a pity that some unbiased person could not investigate the case under proper test conditions. It seems the more necessary, since in addition to all other sources of confusion, cards of a very contradictory nature, as to the reality of the Holmes phenomena, from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, and Gen. F. J. Lippitt, of Boston, have just appeared in the *Banner of Light.* The latter gentleman is the author of an article in the December *Galaxy* entitled "Was it Katie King?" in which he describes a number of phenomena which appear impossible of simulation. Among these may be mentioned the fact that, after the face of the supposed materialized Katie King had been exposed rather longer than usual, the eyes began to sag, and appear as if melting; but upon the spirit's withdrawing into the cabinet for a minute or so, she would reappear smiling, and with her features perfectly natural again.

Because a man has seen some tables turn, or heard a few raps, or caught Foster, or Home, or the Davenports, or even one of the Eddys, sometimes playing tricks when conditions were unfavorable for genuine manifestations of the occult force, why should he rush pell-mell into the ditch of sweeping conjecture, and besmear such reputation as he may have for impartiality, acumen, and thoroughness? Fifty or fifty thousand cases of mediumistic trickery do not invalidate a solitary genuine fact.

Dear old John Brougham has turned the hose of his inspired wrath upon the fire of investigation that reddens the whole intellectual horizon, and he hopes to put it out by declaring that: "As for the last new, childishly ridiculous phase of the prevailing insanity, 'materialization,' it is so gross and manifest a cheat, that one's common sense revolts at the villainous compound of impudence and profanity; to discuss it seriously would be a waste of words!" I see the dear old fellow now, at whist in the Lotos Club, sipping his brandy and soda, and uttering, *ore rotundo*, this grandiloquent diatribe! But it will not avail. People of pluck and intelligence are not to be diverted from their hunt after the truth, by either ridicule or invective.

This is the time of a death-struggle between Religion and Materialism. The gladiators are fighting for all they hold dear in the way of opinion; they waste no words, but grip each other, and look into each other's eyes, each watching and waiting for the chance to hurl the other into the deep abyss of oblivion. It is too late to try to stop this issue; it is here; we are in its midst; and that is why people will hear all that can be said of these Eddy "materializations," and of all the minor phases of



THE LOST DARLING.

this wonderful manifestation from the other world to this.

Now, if either of my esteemed friends, previously mentioned, had been at Chittenden on the evening of October 1st, what would he have seen? Through the dim twilight of the circle-room he would have seen upon the platform the figure of a woman with a child in her arms. He would have seen this woman in white, step forward to the railing, and stand there, stroking the baby's head, looking towards a lady in the audience, and waiting to be addressed. He would have seen the baby move its head as a living child does, and the woman pat it, and apparently smooth its soft hair as a mortal woman would a mortal child's, to keep it quiet. He would have seen a group so real that all preconceptions about painted knees or painted anything else would have left his mind at once, and he would have sat there, as we did, wondering whence these forms had come and how long they would tarry.

And then, as the lady spectator caught the resemblance of the figure to her dead sister, he would have heard a wail break from that mother's heart, and her imploring cry to be allowed to go up and embrace the darling whom she had last seen in its coffin, and had despaired of ever seeing again. If his eyes were not by this time moistened with the tears of human sympathy, as John Brougham's certainly would have been, he would then have seen this spirit-woman on the platform kiss the babe in her arms and fondle it, and hold it out over the railing towards its mother, to give assurance that it was in good hands, and rejoice her heart with at least the sight of her child, if she might not take it to her bosom and cover it with kisses. Heavens! could a man of refined feeling witness such a scene as this, not an uncommon one at the Eddys', and not rejoice with the mother over the finding of the lost one, and grieve with her when, in another moment, it passed away from her sight into that world of shadows that lies as a borderland between us and eternity?

Such value as these observations of mine at Chittenden may have, is largely due to the fact that they are corroborative of the experiments of Mr. Crookes, under strictly test conditions. While his results do not strengthen mine, since the circumstances surrounding us both were entirely different, and inferior in my case to his, yet mine do his; for I have, in all human probability, witnessed three or four hundred appearances of spirit-forms, similar to his "Katie King," in the solidity of their bodies, their physical movements, the manner of their appearance and disappearance, and their use of speech and display of mental action. If in any one instance I could have seen Honto disappear under test conditions, or, when she was outside the cabinet, have been allowed to see William Eddy inside; or if, after lining the cabinet sides, ceiling, and floor, with some impenetrable fabric, and shutting William in in such a way that he could not possibly have walked out without my knowing it, spirits had presented themselves to my view, then the whole of the other three hundred and odd apparitions would have counted on the credit side of my balance sheet, with the Eddy mediums.

In my own mind, I am satisfied that no fraud was perpetrated by William, but that is not conviction based upon the firm rock of mathematical demonstration. It is a sentiment, not an axiom. And yet, I do not know that I can blame these boys for acting as they did towards me. I must not judge them by an arbitrary standard, such as I would apply to my own case.

I can put myself in the place of the Eddy family, and see that if a stranger whose habits, thoughts, and ways were utterly unlike and antipodal to mine, were to come, unasked, and plant himself as a sort of sentinel to watch my every movement, study my very thoughts, scrutinize my slightest action, and force me to see him on the alert, by day and night, for a long succession of weeks, I should feel like putting him out of the window, if he would not use the door the carpenter made. I don't think that the plea that it was all for the good of the public, and in the interest of science, would make it any pleasanter to reflect that he regarded me as a liar and cheat, until I had proved to his satisfaction that I was not. This, if I were ever so honest; while, if I were only a little and semi-occasionally disposed to help things along when they lagged, or if the person were bent upon digging into the roots of things, to discover principles and laws of which I knew little and cared less, I should wish him to remove, with bag and baggage, and not vex me or my spirit-band with isms and ologies, when we were only bent on producing certain physical phenomena for the consolation of the average Spiritualist.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SHAKERS AS SPIRITUALISTS.

THERE appeared in the *New York Daily Graphic*, of date November 24th, 1874, a lively and interesting report of an interview between one of the Editors and Frederick W. Evans, one of the chief elders of the Society of Shakers, at which time strange assertions were made.

Among other things, Mr. Evans said that eleven years before the rappings through the mediumship of the Fox girls, similar and much more striking phenomena had run their course throughout the peaceful settlements of this devoted people. The children were first seized with trances, or clairvoyant sleeps, in which they would answer questions correctly, and display the power of seeing objects and persons without the use of the corporeal eye.

The affair got bruited about among the brethren and sisters, and the spirits first manifesting themselves in the Lebanon settlement, passed on to Watervliet, and so, in turn, to all the sixty communities of the Order. The Shakers took the communications at first, much as the world's people do now; believing the stories told by the invisible beings, and keeping a record, which was afterwards published in sundry books, the titles of two of which were "Holy Wisdom" and the "Sacred Roll."

Mr. Evans claims to have first defined (in 1860,) Spiritualism as a science and not a religion. He says that it should be studied in the same manner as Agriculture, Chemistry, or any other of the physical sciences. He declared that it ran through three phases in his Society, and the report continues thus:

"What are those?"

"The first is the 'test phase.' In this, the seeker is principally interested in ascertaining the reality of the communications and their genuineness. We wish to test the mediums, and inquire whether the manifestations are really what they pretend to be."

"What is the second phase?"

"The second phase is the 'judgment phase.' In this, social relations are established between those in and those out of the flesh. Attachments were formed between the spirit-world and the mediums, and the attachments began to take the form of criticisms. The spirits instructed and reproved. The second phase was a phase of judgment on the individual and on society. During the whole of this phase, we were forming a relation with the higher spirits, and they were instructing and criticising us. Then it was that Spiritualism began to be a ministration of religion. That was what caused our people to interblend Religion and Spiritualism. We attached an infallibility to the manifestations, similar to the infallibility which the Christian world attaches to the Scriptures. The second phase was a phase of judgment, for purging out everything that was wrong in the character of the individual—correcting faults, reproving error, and amending the life and disposition."

"What do you call the 'third phase?'"

"The 'missionary phase.' When the second phase was finished, and the revelations had been received from the highest spirits, then we preached the truth to the lower spirits, We were missionaries to the other world. Religion was ministered to us by the higher circles of spirits, and we ministered to those who were below us. Then it was that the work of judgment took effect among those spirits, and they would confess their faults and the sins of their lives, just as though they were in this life. I have heard many spirits confess their sins."

"You are a medium, then?"

"Yea. All the Shakers are mediums. There is scarcely an exception. These confessions are made to the mediums, and then they would repeat it aloud. The spirits would obsess an individual, and then the confessions would be made."

"Do you have any of these manifestations now?"

"Yea. We can have as much of them as we like. The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

"What kind of confessions were made by the spirits?"

"Some of the most interesting confessions were made by members of a tribe of Indians. These came and confessed their sins to us, and said they would join our order. Then we would appoint them elders and elderesses, and then they would go off to their tribe and preach to them, and the spirits of the tribe would confess to them and they would become Shakers. When they had done this they would come again to us, just the same as if they were in the body. For instance, one or two elders might be in the room below, and there would be a knock at the door, and the Indians would ask whether they might come in. Permission being given, a whole tribe of Indian spirits would troop into the house, and in a few minutes you would hear 'whoop' here and 'whoop' there, all over the house."

"But nobody in the rooms above had known that the elders had admitted the Indian spirits?"

"Nay. We only knew it who heard them ask permission to enter. But in a few minutes after permission was given, everybody in the house would be obsessed. You would hear the men and women talking as if they were Indians. No theatricals that ever you saw on earth were equal to it. They would act out what they were simulating. They would sing new songs entirely unknown to our people, and sometimes they would sing in a foreign language that none of us knew. The mediums would converse together as if they were Indians, and not as themselves."

"You never let the outside world know what was going on?"

"Nay indeed. What took place among us was so wonderful that it seemed incredible. And if we had published it to the world, we should all have been sent to Bedlam."

"Don't you think that modern Spiritualism is much the same thing as the visions of monks and nuns in the Middle Ages?"

"Certainly. That is the proper explanation of them through all the ages. The visions of St. Theresa were merely spiritualistic visions, just such as we have frequently had vouchsafed to the members of our society."

"And necromancy and magic belong to the same category?"

"Yea. That is, when Spiritualism is used for selfish ends, and probably mixed with fraud and pretence, like doctor-craft. If you editors of papers were to turn your criticism upon doctor-craft, with its abominable frauds and shams, and pretences, and poisonous drugs, you would be doing a real service to mankind."

"Well, reverting to your spiritual experiences—how is it that you never published them to the world?"

"We have always known that we should have a work to do in relation to Spiritualism, but we did not know when that work would begin. The manifestations lasted seven years, then they ceased. The spirits told us when they left us, that in a very short time they would give manifestations everywhere, from the palace to the hamlet, all over the world. We knew that we should have to work at the appointed time, but we knew also, that Providence would point out to us the way and the method in which we should work. It was four years, before we had any evidence of the truth of what the spirits had told us. Many of us had begun to doubt; we thought that they had deceived us. But when the Rochester manifestations began, then all knew that they had told us the truth. So I and another member of the society went off to Rochester to question the spirits. I asked them if this was the work for which we had so long been waiting. They told us yes! Immediately that we entered the room, the rappings were made on the table and all around us in the most remarkable manner. The spirits manifested great joy at our arrival. I saw that the room was full of spirits. Margaret and Katherine Fox left everybody to come and assist us in our conversations with the spirits. We sat down and held long conversations with them. We asked them if the work for which we had been so long waiting had really commenced. They said 'Yes, it had.' I then asked them if they would show themselves in materializations. I asked them if they would act in the same way upon material elements, as they had acted upon spiritual elements. They said, 'Yes.'

"Then you consider that the recent materializations are genuine?"

"Yea, certainly. I visited the Eddys at their homestead, and I am certain their manifestations are genuine. I was up there about three weeks ago. Colonel Olcott is doing a good work there, and I will say that he is correct so far as I was a witness of what occurred."

"How many Shakers visited the Eddys?"

"Myself and John Greaves."

"How long were you there?"

"Three nights."

"How many different apparitions did you see?"

"Between twenty and thirty men and women."

"Did you or Mr Greaves see any spirits of relatives?"

"We did not; nor did we care about seeing any. We were perfectly satisfied with the manifestations that we saw. There was no possibility of fraud. As soon as the manifestations began, the spirits called us to the first benches. They knew us immediately. The materializations were very pretty. No Shaker spirit came forward."

"Did you speak to the spirits yourself?"

"Yea, I did; and got answers from them. I saw no person that I knew at all. I think they were perfectly genuine materializations. Even if we had dectected actual fraud on the part of the Eddys, I should still be convinced that the materializations were genuine. It is not at all uncommon for the best mediums to practise fraud. I detected a downright fraud on the part of that boy Henry Phelps."

"Ha! Where did those manifestations occur? I have heard something of them."

"At Stratford, Ct., about twenty-five years ago. As soon as I heard of the manifestations I went down and visited his father. Stratford was a quiet little place that was composed of retired priests and deacons. Dr. Phelps was a retired D. D. His son became a medium, and the manifestations broke out right in the middle of this quiet village. His father told me that it would have been better for him if his house had been burned down, than that these things should have occurred. The spirits were so eager after this boy that they tore his clothes off his back, and if he went into any house in that village, they pelted it with stones and broke all the windows. The father said, that as soon as he saw me drive up, he was impressed that help was come. I took the boy with me to Lebanon. The manifestations by spirits through his mediumship were wonderful. Yet one evening when I was out driving with him, he began making raps in the wagon with his heels. He wanted me to believe that they were spirits. I said, 'Henry, let this be the last time that you attempt such tricks as that with me'"

"What has become of him now?"

"I really do not know. I have spoken about Spiritualism in England. I spoke before a great crowd of the aristocracy, in St. George's Hall. I told them that Spiritualism ought to be one of the elements of a civil government; that it would answer the purposes of a police in the suppression of evil, and of an army and navy in the protection of the nation. I said they ought to at once get rid of their army and navy and proclaim England a non-resistant power, and then fall back on Spiritualism as a means of national defence. See what a power I had over them then."

"What is your general opinion of these multiplied manifestations that we hear of in these days?"

"It is the descent of Spiritualism from the Shakers to the world. We had the manifestations first; but we kept quiet about it, and did not let the world know anything about it. But the spirits promised us that there should come a time of manifold spiritual revelations to the world, and here they are. It is infallible evidence that the world cannot gainsay. Why even the Mormons have had spiritual revelations."

"You do not mean to convey the idea that the spiritual manifestations confirm the truth of Mormonism?"

"Yea, to a certain extent."

"Why, I should have thought Mormonism the very antipodes of your belief.'

"Mormonism is much better than your New York Christianity."

Frederick W. Evans has filled too large a place in the public view during the past thirty years, to require that I should say more concerning him, in this connection, except, that he is a man of decided intellectual power, a skilled controversialist, an enthusiastic propagandist, devoted to his Society, and possessed of excellent practical administrative powers. Seeing such a remarkable report as the above, I thought it would be well to get his answers to certain questions touching the Eddys, and spiritualistic matters in general, and therefore addressed him a letter, his reply to which, is as follows:

MT. LEBANON, December 1st, 1874.

H. S. OLCOTT—RESPECTED FRIEND:

Your queries of the 26th ult., are at hand.

"1st.—Could you, as a medium, see the band of spirits controlling the Eddy manifestations; who were they, and of what moral and intellectual degree of development?"

Let me answer *evasively*. I think the *immediate* materializing spirits are influenced—controlled—by other spirits, in and out of the body. They who *plan* the labor on a farm, do not always *perform* the labor. When mediums and spirits are interblended—mixed up

—with the physical elements; and are not too intellectual or spiritual-minded, materialization and de-materialization are most possible.

"2d.—Did you see the evidences of a fraudulent intent and fraudulent practices, in either brother? If so, which, and to what extent?"

I did not see the least sign of fraud, nor did I *feel* any during my sojourn. There was no temptation to fraud, that I could discover.

"3d.—Most mediums, in America, seem to be attended by Indian "Guides," Why so? Because they are now in your initial stage of development of 1840?"

Because America is the home of the Indian. While in the body, they lived much in the lower spirit world. When out of the body, they go not far from the physical world and their old haunts. They are of, and in the country—part and parcel of the earth, and are attracted and attached to the matter of which earthly human beings are compounded. Also, the Indians have a sense of having been forced from their homes and hunting grounds on earth. They have a feeling of want, like children whose earth-life was prematurely cut off. Injustice has been done. Their earth-life is not yet completed. They seek compensation—may seek revenge on the pale-faces. This is under a law referred to, Rev. vi., 9. "I saw, under thy altar, the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony that they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell upon the earth?"

When Shakers labor with such restless souls, they turn the edge of their feelings from persons, to the principle which produced the wrong. We would make a poor slave ashamed of his, or herself, by showing that as did the slave-holder, so would do the slave, with the same powers.

The rich and poor, the victor and vanquished, the Indian and white, are, in the sight of God, all one, until faith and conscience make a difference. Let civil governments understand that they do not diminish the number of criminals by sending them to prisons to instruct criminals younger than themselves; nor do they get rid of them by capital punishment.

"4th.—Do you know whether materialized spirits intend to address the public themselves from the rostrum, before this epoch passes away? And when will it pass away?"

In an article published in the old *Spiritual Telegraph*, I foretold that manifestations would yet be made to whole villages, towns and cities. And in a book entitled "Tests of Divine Revelation," re-published in London, 1871, I predicted that spirits would yet obsess persons, and that the unspiritual Protestant sects would not be able to exorcise them.

In Stratford, Ct., Dr. Phelps gave us the following statement: "The ministers and deacons called a meeting for the purpose of exorcising the spirits from my boy and girl. When assembled in a room, each with a Bible in his lap, as a talisman, and while praying, the Bibles were thrown by the spirits at the heads of the priests and deacons, until they broke up the meeting.

" 5th.—I know a noble family in Europe, who assert that for more than two centuries they have been caused the direst calamities, by a wicked ancestor's spirit, who leads them to murder, arson, pillage, incest, &c. Can such a fiend be reached by any influence within the control of your society, and the cause removed ?"

A society of zealous, primitive Methodists, who could proselyte the members of the family on earth, would make it easy for us to lead that wicked spirit to confession and repentance.

"6th.—Do the spirits, with you, feel interest enough in my work, to admit me to one or more private sittings with you, so that I may be furnished with important facts for the book I am about to publish ? If so, when, etc. ?"

You are welcome to visit us at any time for the why and wherefore of our faith in spirits. If you come seeking a *sign*, I cannot assure you that any sign, save that of a cross against *Generation*, will be given. Nor yet do I know that a sign will not be given. The times are, as the English would say, big with coming events. If you look over my St. George's Hall lecture you will get some idea how I feel.

The *Graphic* Editorial breathes the right spirit. Robert Dale Owen and I belonged to the same school—the Hall of Science—in New York, in 1830. We were both materialists. I related to him the spirit-manifestations which converted me to Shakerism. I corresponded with Robert Owen, his father, and he visited Mt. Lebanon. Should you come, as per invitation, you may see the whole correspondence.

The *Graphic Interview* was well done, with some mistakes. "*Shakers are all mediums*," hardly conveys a right idea. "*Everybody in the house was obsessed*," should be *many*, instead of *all*. "*I and another member went to Rochester*," —it was New York, where the Fox girls were holding seances.

Your statement that the spirits at Chittenden have not fed you philosophy and wisdom, is somewhat remarkable. It goes to confirm our position, that, *at present*, it takes all the concentrated power of the spirits to effect materialization ; because of general unbelief, induced by general self-indulgence. *Use* should be the law of action for all human beings.

If you go to those spirits, seeking, with all your heart to see some dearly loved lost one, with whom you had been in intimate social, emotional relation, you will have no difficulty. But if you go, as evidently you have done, deeply exercised upon principles, prying into the source, the philosophy, the religion of the manifestations, the Eddys will wish the Old Harry had you—and the spirits will help them to send you to him.

Spiritualism went out from this Order. I have always supposed it would return to this Order, and that then the manifestations, controlled by a Christ spirit, would be attended with gifts of healing, gifts of divine revelation, &c., and the organization of Pentacostal Communities, simultaneous with corresponding changes in the Civil Government. A new Heaven and a new Earth,

"And when will it pass away?"—(4th question, last clause.) Never more. The two worlds will become like body and soul—"there will be no more sea,"—disordered spiritual elements,—unclean spirits, out of which "*The Beast*" arose. And there will be time no more, for all will be Eternity.

When I was at Eddys, the *Witch of the Mountain* came, in the beginning of the seance, and delivered a beautiful panegyric upon Shakers and Shakerism, without naming them; depicting, in glowing colors, the blessedness of those who, in earth-life, conquered their *passions*, and lived in physical and spiritual innocence.

At the close of the seance, *Mayflower*, the Little Spirit, said, "The Shakers, notwithstanding the reproaches cast upon them, are the most virtuous, self-denying, and holy people, upon the face of the earth.

I consider Mormonism a revival of ancient Judaism—the God—Tutelar Deity, of the Jews, is probably the controlling spirit of Mormonism. He allowed polygamy 2,000 years ago. Why not now?

But the Mormons have abolished poverty and prostitution; and from children and youth the "*Social Evil.*"

Is not that better than New York and co-Christianity? And would it not be well for Christians (?) to stop persecuting Mormons, until there are no poor—no hire of harlots—and those law suits are settled? F. W. EVANS.

In 1856, Mr. Evans wrote to Robert Owen, making the same statement regarding the outbreak of spiritualistic manifestations among the Shakers, in advance of their appearance in the outside world. During the seven years of the continuance of the phenomenon, hundreds of spiritual mediums were developed throughout the eighteen societies. Says Mr. Evans, in the letter referred to:

> "In truth, all the members, in a greater or less degree, were mediums. So that physical manifestations, visions, revelations, prophecies, and gifts of various kinds, of which numerous records are kept, and, indeed, divers operations, but all of the same spirit, were as common as gold in California."

He says that these spiritual manifestations were of three distinct degrees. The first, being for the complete convincement of the junior members; the second, for the work of judgment, the judging and purifying of the whole people by spiritual agency; and the third, for the ministration of millennial truths, to various nations, kindreds, tribes and people, in the *spirit-world*, who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And that spiritualism in its outward progress will go through the same three degrees in the world at large, being only yet in its first degree in the United States. Spiritual manifestations, he maintained, were God's answer to the hearts' cry of earnest men and women, seeking facts, not words, in attestation of the "Word of Life." (See Howitt's "History of the Supernatural." Ed. 1863, London. Vol. II, p, 194.)

His affirmation of the genuineness of the Eddy materializations, it will be seen, is unqualified and positive. He neither detected any fraud on the part of either of the brothers, by his external powers of observation, nor by his internal function as a seer; in which particulars he goes beyond the position I should be willing, at present, to assume. But I must admit that, in my case, I am hampered by the exercise of only the ordinary faculties, and therefore may have contracted suspicions that time would prove groundless. If they were not mere suspicions, unsupported by what I consider adequate evidence, I should not hesitate a moment in stating what they are. If I withhold my unqualified endorsement of the entire genuineness of their verity, in the face of such an apparently overwhelming mass of evidence, it would ill become one who desires to proceed to his conclusions with deliberation, to throw suspicions into the scales, which are trembling in the effort to find a balance.

The files of many of the leading secular newspapers furnish ample testimony in favor of the Eddy mediums, and very little against them. Perhaps I should qualify by saying, very little that is entitled to consideration. There are many hasty accounts of single seances, either by persons who went to Chittenden to find support for pre-conceived prejudices; or by others, who could not see the forms distinctly enough in the obscurity of the chamber, to distinguish their physical contrasts with each other, and did not remain long enough to so familiarize their eyes with the light, or themselves with the features of the room, so that they might judge of these peculiarities of form, stature and bearing, as compared with those of William Eddy.

Strangely enough, Mr. Evans' views of the genuineness of the Eddy materializations, find unqualified endorsement by a sect, communistic like his, but its very antipode in one of the fundamentals of belief, I mean the so-called "free-love" society called "The Oneida Community." A committee, consisting of Dr. T. R. Noyes and Mr. F.

Wayland Smith, visited Chittenden on the 2d of November, and upon their return published a report in the *Oneida Circular*, the official journal of the Community, which I have the permission of Mr. Smith to use in this Chapter. He charges me, however, to give it as the expression of his individual opinion concerning the Eddy manifestations; adding that the Community are investigating Spiritualism through their own mediums, and in time will give an authoritative opinion upon the subject.

After describing the committee's arrival at Chittenden, their reception by the Eddys, and the materializations at several successive seances, the writer says:

"The third evening Honto was dressed very prettily, having a bright, phosphorescent diamond on her forehead, and another in her belt. The light from these rose and fell constantly. Her skirts were quite short, so that her stockings and moccasins were visible. She played and sang, danced, and then asked for a pipe. Horatio lighted his for her. She took it and smoked vigorously, so that the light from the burning tobacco reflected on her features, enabling me to see distinctly her copper-colored cheek, the bridge of her nose, and the white of her eye. She smoked and played at the same time, and was so overcome with this double intoxication of her senses that she remained out too long. She suddenly handed back the pipe, and started rapidly towards the cabinet, but just as she reached the curtain, she collapsed into a shapeless heap on the floor, only one hand being distinguishable. The curtain fell back over her, and in half a minute she again appeared, apparently as bright and strong as ever.

"At Horatio's 'light-circle,' the tambourine rattles; the harmonicas sound; the guitar is held up in plain view and thrummed; the bells are thrown about; hands of different sizes and shapes are thrust through the opening between the shawls and passed over the faces of the persons, sometimes tweaking their beards with unpleasant force; a hand minus the little finger is held up over the top of the curtain; a large black chair, which has been placed near the table in the recess, is held out horizontally by a strong hand which grasps one leg; the visible hands write on cards, names and messages for various guests, etc. At one time, I saw the guitar held up above the curtain by its extreme head, the strings being turned towards us, so that I could see their whole length, in which position it was vigorously thrummed, and yet, though there was a bright light shining on it, I could not see that any thing touched the strings to cause the sounds. All this time the three persons in front of the curtain sat motionless. The supposition that it was their hands which we had seen, and which had caused the manifestations I have described, is, from the nature of the circumstances, their position, etc., simply absurd."

The "dark-circle" phenomena also excited the wonder of the Committee. Says Mr. Smith:

"But the most wonderful thing was the ring test. The candle was lighted, and we saw that Horatio was securely tied, as at first. Then, by his direction, an iron ring six inches in diameter and of three-eighths inch metal was found and placed on one corner of the table. Elder Evans, who had that day arrived, was then invited to sit in Horatio's lap and see that he did not stir. A lady also changed her position, so as to sit in front of the Elder and hold his hands. Thus there could have been no collusion or trickery. The candle being now extinguished, the fiddle sounded for a couple of minutes, when the light was again called for. The match was no sooner struck than we saw the Elder still seated on Horatio's knees, Horatio still securely tied. But the iron ring was now on Horatio's right arm above the cord, and his coat had been taken off and lay on the floor beside him! Then the medium said, 'Mr. Frost, please open the door for two spirits who cannot get in.'

"Mr. Frost took the candle and went to the door. Returning instantly, he placed the light on the table, within two feet of the ring as it hung on Horatio's arm. Then, while we were all looking directly at it, we saw the ring drop to the floor and roll away I had previously marked this ring, by scratching a bright spot on the inside of the weld with my knife. I now picked it up, and found it to be the same ring. When the ring was put on, and again when it was taken off, Horatio Eddy, the medium, underwent a violent shudder.

"I have now brushed hastily over the main facts which came under our observation. I am aware that Dr. Beard, and many other skeptics, are exerting themselves to prove that all these phenomena are produced by jugglery and tricks cleverly executed by the Eddy brothers. But after studying the men as carefully as possible during the four days we lived with them, I cannot believe them dishonest. It would tax my credulity much more severely to believe that this is jugglery, than to believe that it is what they say it is, the work of spirits; for to believe that it is jugglery, is to ascribe to these two simple farmers all and more than all the combined skill of every prestidigitator who has ever visited us. The most that the skeptics undertake to prove is, that many of these phenomena *might be produced* by sleight of hand; no one has been able to prove that any of them are so produced by the Eddys."

Mr. Smith writes me that they "have found a very peculiar medium in Syracuse, N. Y., who gets direct writing in a good light, under very satisfactory conditions," and sends me a printed report of the visit made to him by the Communists." Says Mr. S.:

"This medium is a broker, moves in the best society, and does not allow his name to be mentioned in this connection. I suppose there are a hundred such in the country, who will come out of their shells by and by, when Spiritualism has become somewhat less unpopular with the would-be wise men of the world."

Every investigator, of respectable social position, can indorse the correctness of Mr. Smith's concluding remark. I, myself, have met within the past fortnight in private families, in different cities, two lady mediums, whose Spiritualistic phenomena are of the most wonderful character, equalling anything I ever read of, except the materializations that are now attracting so much attention. When the ban is removed, the world will be astonished to discover how many mediums were long since developed in the circles of our best society.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUMMING UP.

I THINK I occupy, at the end of this series of Chapters, the only secure ground for any person worthy of a moment's thought as an investigator, and it is the one assumed by every intelligent physician in diagnosing an obscure case. I have reasoned by exclusion. That is to say, I reject everything that happens in the presence of these mediums which could be accounted for on the hypothesis of fraud. The physician, placing himself by the bedside of his patient, first carefully notices all the symptoms, and then proceeds with his diagnosis. He says to himself that the trouble assuredly is neither such, or such, or such a disease, nor is it included in a certain group of diseases; and so, telling off malady after malady, he finally reaches either the precise thing he is looking for, or, at least, such an approximation to the truth as to suggest the trial of a certain class of remedies, until the specific is found.

This is what the investigator of these spiritualistic phenomena should do. Given a certain thing done in his presence, he ought to attempt to explain it as: (1) a trick; (2) the result of some known cause—such as electricity, odic force, or the subtle influence that one person has over the imaginations of others; (3) these all failing, then he ought to observe closely enough to learn whether some new, powerful, occult force is asserting itself; or (4) whether relations had really been established between the world we live in and the world we are tending to. Now all this is within the scope of scientific inquiry; the territory beyond belongs to the Church. It is for Science to observe the facts, deduce the law, and define the conditions; for Religion to follow the moral causes in this life to their moral consequences in the next. This is the true middle ground upon which the two contending powers can compromise in the great conflict that is upon us, and the terrific nature of which is so clearly defined by Tyndall, Draper, and others. Says Professor John W. Draper in his most recently published paper, entitled "The Great Conflict":

> "Whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe and America, must have perceived that there is a great and rapidly increasing departure from the public religious faith, and that, while among the frank this divergence is not concealed, there is a far more extensive and far more dangerous secession, private and unacknowledged."
>
> "So widespread and so powerful is this secession, that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. The time is rapidly approaching when it will give rise to serious political results."
>
> "Ecclesiastical spirit no longer inspires the policy of the world. Military fervor in behalf of faith has disappeared. Its only souvenirs are the marble effigies of crusading knights reposing in their tombs in the silent crypts of churches."

After noticing that the antagonism between Religion and Science commenced when Christianity began to attain political power, and defining the true cause of the same to be found in the natural expansion of the human intellect, through the irresistible advance of human knowledge warring against the compression arising from traditionary faith and human interests, he says:

> "Can we exaggerate the importance of a contention in which every thoughtful person must take part, whether he will or not? In a matter so solemn as that of religion, all men, whose temporal interests are not involved in existing institutions, earnestly desire to find the truth. They seek information as to the subjects in dispute, and as to the conduct of the disputants."

What a curious law of creation; how beneficent and wise, that every human want seems to be provided for at the proper time! Let any one thing necessary for our existence, comfort, or progression fail, and some substitute is found. When the forests in Europe were in danger of extinction, coal was discovered; when the whale fishery failed, mineral oil was struck in Pennsylvania; when the discovery of the iron ores of that region offered us a new source of wealth, the uses of anthracite coal were first learned by the accident of a careless laborer; when the progress of the world demanded the overthrow of ecclesiastical imperialism, the printing-press came to enlighten mankind. That not only dispersed secular knowledge broadcast, but proved the most powerful ally of the Church itself, in widening the boundaries of true Religion. So, also, when the increase of population called for ampler methods of communication by sea and land, steam offered itself as the great desideratum; and, in the progressive development of the same need, the electric telegraph came to unite all the people of the earth together in a constant, heaven-descended tie.

In view of all this, who dares say that, at the very instant of this "great conflict" between Science and Religion, when the latter is looking about for better weapons to meet the onslaught of her traditional foe, this spiritualistic manifestation has not been made? If there is anything not beneath contempt in the phenomena, they are calculated to arrest the attention of both antagonists—of the Materialists, because, if they are real, their position is untenable; of the Religionists, because, in their verity they would find an impenetrable armor of defence and an invincible sword of offence against the opponents of Immortality.

Dr. Draper says:

> "The attention of many truth-seeking persons has been so exclusively given to the details of sectarian dissensions that the long strife, to the history of which these pages are devoted, is popularly but little known."

And so we may say that the strife between Science on the one side, and Religion on the other, has been so bitter, deadly, and engrossing, that neither side has had either the time or disposition to notice the rise and secret development of modern Spiritualism, which, after twenty-seven years, has now reached a point where it no longer entreats but commands general attention.

The recognition of this fact is what first prompted me to attempt the investigation of the alleged spirit "materializations" of the Eddy mediums, and the reader will bear me out in the statement, that all my efforts have been to interest American scientists in the phenomena to such an extent that they would commence real investigations, in comparison to which these of mine are but child's play.

I am happy to say that I have succeeded. I have the best of reasons to know that not only one but a dozen professors in different colleges read all my articles, discuss the facts, and are beginning to feel a call to the work. And I am also glad to know that many clergymen—so many that I would not like to state the number—are, for the first time in their lives, opening their eyes to the fact that "this materialization business must be looked into." Within a single day of twenty-four hours, I have received requests from three orthodox ministers in charge of prosperous congregations, that I would try to have them admitted to the Eddy circles, and one other was at Chittenden a short time ago, and voluntarily wrote me a certificate of what he had seen.

In a certain place near New York, I know of a congregation of eight hundred persons, of whom, according to the pastor's statement, three hundred are reading about Spiritualism, and some are beginning to hold circles in their private houses. The ministers of two of the churches in Rutland, united with a large number of their most influential fellow-townsmen in giving me an invitation to describe, in a public lecture, the things I saw at the Eddy homestead.

As a final and most conclusive proof of the general interest, I need only point to the universal discussion of the subject by the secular newspapers. Says the Rutland (Vt.) *Globe*:

"Colonel Henry S. Olcott, the commissioner of *The Daily Graphic* to investigate and report upon the Eddy "manifestations," has stirred up a breeze throughout the country. Before his first letter from Rutland appeared, the subject of Spiritualism had not been even mentioned in the secular papers since the appearance of Mr. Crookes' articles and Mr. Alfred Wallace's pamphlet in England set Europe agog. Now the New York dailies discuss the subject editorially—

nearly all have sent reporters to Chittenden, and their example has been imitated by the journals of Chicago, Hartford, Rochester, Albany, and many other cities. Whatever may be the truth about the Eddy affair, there can be no question that the public mind is very much excited upon the question whether the spirits of the dead return to us or not."

This from a Rutland paper which has all along reflected the bitter and disdainful spirit of the community in which it is published, is something remarkable.

Now these are results—positive, tangible results; and I may well turn to both scientists and churchmen and quote Dr. Draper's language, with the change of a single word, thus:

> "So widespread and so powerful is this (interest), that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force."

It is the bare narration of facts that has accomplished so much. I have confined myself almost exclusively to such phenomena as have been witnessed by myself or others. I have not attempted to inculcate any of the doctrines of the Spiritualists, as I find them in the works of Mr. Owen, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Peebles, or other writers. Nor have I attempted to elicit from the talking spirits of the Eddy band their views upon the laws of their own existence and communication with us. True, it would have been a waste of time to have made such an attempt, for the Eddy circle is about the most unpromising of places for that sort of thing. One goes there to see phenomena, not to discuss philosophies. It was sufficient for me if I could see one spirit materialized under such conditions as precluded the possibility of self-deception. That fact was enough to set the world to thinking, for it opened up a boundless realm for scientific discovery and philosophical and religious inquiry. Let us see how far we have gotten on our way towards the truth.

In the first place, it has been proven that, after making every allowance for fraud on the part of the mediums—for Horatio's removing his hand from his neighbor's bare arm in the light-circle, for his untying and rebinding himself in the dark-circle, and for William's personating every alleged materialized spirit that approximates to his own height and bulk—we have a large balance of marvels to account for.

We have the writing of certain names that the medium had no means of knowing; the exhibition of detached hands of various sizes and colors, some deformed by accidental pre-mortem causes; we have the simultaneous playing of musical compositions by such a number of instruments that one or even two men could not have done it; we have the playing of Georgian and Circassian and Italian music by invisible performers, in response to requests made in languages that neither the medium nor any other person in the room, except the asker, understood; we have the pulling of a spring-balance by detached hands unlike the medium's, one with a finger amputated, and the other with tattoo marks upon the wrist, which, in each case, would prove that the medium had nothing to do with the pulling; we have had the playing upon an instrument and the display of hands, beyond the reach of the medium, and when his position and movements were all under easy scrutiny; we have had the passage of a solid iron ring upon the arm of the medium, and its transfer to my own, with both of the medium's hands held by mine, and also the dropping of the same solid ring from the medium's arm to the floor, in the light, with a lamp standing within two feet of the medium.

We have had the execution of airs upon various musical instruments in concert, in a style so utterly unlike the best efforts of the medium as to preclude the idea that he could have been the performer upon either one of them; we have had, finally, the appearance of a multitude of figures emerging from a closet, where, in the nature of things, it was impossible that any mortal person except one man could have been, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and differing in size, apparent weight, manner, sex, age, and complexion from that person—to make no account of those whom he might have personated if he had been supplied with the appliances of the actor's art.

We have, moreover, and especially, seen some of these figures dressed in Oriental costumes and speaking Oriental languages, besides others who conversed audibly in the modern tongues of Europe. Of the appearance of children and even little babes in arms; of the appearance of two of the former at one and the same time; of the speaking of words and sentences by various children I have heretofore given such circumstantial accounts, and the substantiation of my statements is so easy, that I cite the facts as among the most wonderful of the proofs accumulated during my protracted investigation.

It will not escape the notice of the unprejudiced and intelligent reader that in the above enumeration I have not included one of the things reported by me which admits of doubt. I have omitted a whole array of so-called "manifestations" which might be imitated by an unprincipled and clever medium.

I omit some things that have been described in this series of Chapters, such as the writing of names in characters which are suspiciously like Horatio Eddy's manuscript; the drawing of objects in his light-circle and bed-room; the bell test; the weighing of Honto, which, nevertheless, I regard as a genuine test; the making of my two ribbon wreaths; the bringing of material substances into the dark-circle, and a great many more matters, not because in any one case I have doubts amounting to conviction that fraud was attempted or consummated, but because there is, in my opinion, enough left to challenge the closest scrutiny, and arouse the greatest wonder, after passing by everything about the genuineness of which there can be two honest opinions.

Referring to the spirit-writings, (so claimed,) of which fac-similes have been given, it should be observed that the imitation of handwriting in documents, instantaneously produced, is, like most other phenomena of modern Spiritualism, nothing new. I have found, in Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians" (Vol. I, pp. 362-3.), an account of the magical performances of a very celebrated Sheikh, named Isma'ee'l Ab'oo Roo-oo's, on the occasion of a visit to him by two Egyptian gentlemen, one of whom was known to, and indorsed by, the author. The Sheikh being asked to show proof of his skill, complied.

One of the visitors asked that coffee might be served to them in his father's set of cups and saucers, which he knew to be at home, a long distance off, In a few minutes the coffee was brought, in the identical cups he had named, or what appeared to be the same. He was next treated to sherbet, in his father's own glasses. He then wrote a letter to his father, and, giving it to the Sheikh, asked that it might be answered. "The magician took the letter, placed it behind a cushion of his deewa'n (divan), and, a few minutes after, removing the cushion, showed him that his letter was gone, and that another was in its place." The visitor opened and read the letter, and "found in it, in a handwriting which, he said, he could have sworn to be that of his father, a complete answer to what he had written, and an account of the state of his family, which he proved, on his return to Cairo, to be pefectly true."

I now ask the reader to refer to my report of the Katie King affair, in Part II, and examine the fac-similes, there given, of the specimens of direct spirit-writing, obtained by me at two different seances with a non-professional lady medium, which seem to be the most curious and striking manifestations of the kind on record. In the light of such facts as these we may well suspend judgment as to the source of the writings given to me through Horatio Eddy's mediumship.

That I am very far from satisfied with the results attained at Chittenden is already known. This arises from the fact that if barely a fair chance had been given me to apply tests and prescribe conditions, I would have made this work one of the most interesting ever written in its array of conclusive experiments. There never was so great an opportunity afforded to the investigator to obtain satisfying proof of the immortal existence of human spirits, nor ever one so maliciously and ignorantly destroyed by spirits or mortals. Mr. Crookes' investigations were limited by the tests he could apply to a single spirit, or at most one or two more, while here were nearly or quite four hundred encountered, nearly every one of which ought, if their appearance had been regulated by intelligent control, to have aided in the contribution of something valuable to our store of knowledge.

But it is idle now to deplore what cannot be mended. We have gathered together enough to point the men of science in the direction which they should take. Enough has been rescued from oblivion to show the church the importance of neglecting no longer the chance that offers to get proof palpable to sustain them in their defence against the assault of the Materialist and the Atheist. The harvest truly is ready, but the laborers are few.

There being no chance to fortify our philosophy or improve our system of ethics by the teachings of the Chittenden ghosts, it will be asked, as indeed it already has been many times, of what use are these phenomena? What do they promise to effect for the welfare of mankind? It is not my province to answer. It suffices that these are the phenomena—permitted to occur, in the providence of God, or by procurement of the devil, as you will—a positive, easily proven fact.

It surely needs no great discernment to see that if they are not fraudulent they demand instant investigation. And to the further question, why, if they are real manifestations, they are made in such a place, among such people and such surroundings, I simply reply that I do not know. In other times it was a cause of reproach among the Pharisees that Christ was born in a stable among beasts, and was followed by disciples of base birth, instead of seeing the light in some stuccoed palace in the Jerusalem Fifth avenue, and having a company of perfumed aristocrats at his heels. I leave it to the straw-splitters to settle the question to their own satisfaction, and content myself with recording the fact that the phenomena of Chittenden are apparently real, at least to a certain extent, and they cannot be ignored any longer.

And now let me state a few facts by way of conclusion. I have heretofore confined my narrative to accounts of the reunion of separated families and the visits of friendship made by the people of the other world to those they love in this. I have reserved for my last Chapter an incident that shows that the time has possibly come when the trite adage "murder will out," is to have a terrible significance. It is always so much pleasanter to dwell upon the agreeable than the horrible, upon what attracts and charms rather than upon that which startles and appalls, that, I take it, no further explanation will be required of the fact above stated. But if any other reason were needed for the reservation of the story of the Griswold murder for the last Chapter, it may be found in my desire to leave upon the minds of a certain class of readers a strong impression that, should the investigation of these spiritual phenomena result in the confirmation of their verity, a most important source of aid to the cause of justice might thus be discovered and availed of.

If materialized spirits can address audiences, as I have heard them in the Eddy house, is there any reason why, after a time, they may not take the stand in a court of justice and testify against their murderers? What a day to be remembered would that be when the fictions of Shakspeare's imagination should be paralleled by the facts coming within our personal experience; when our modern Hamlets, Banquos, and Duncans would stalk into the presence of judge and jury and show their bleeding wounds to the horror-stricken assassin.

Now, of course, this will appear absurd to the great majority of persons who read this, and so it would have seemed to me before I went to Chittenden and saw what I did there; but what does the reader say when I tell him that on the evening of September 28th I saw the spirit of a woman who was murdered on the night of Sunday, August 27th, 1865, at Williston, Vt., by a New York rough named John Ward alias Jerome Lavigne, by the procurement of her son-in-law, Charles Potter? That after her murder the woman appeared there with all her wounds upon her and described the whole scene? Does that look as if it were quite so absurd to imagine that the same thing may, one day, be seen in a court-room, either with or without the presence of a "materializing medium?" It is prophesied by the spirits at Eddys' that next September they will address the audience in that circle-room in full light and with people sitting about them upon the platform; why should not an equal effort be made to deter from crime, and, if need be, punish it?

Mrs. Sarah Walker Griswold, a lady sixty years of age, lived with her husband on their farm in the town of Williston, and their adopted daughter and niece and her husband, Charles Potter. On the morning of the murder the Potters, their children, old Mr. Griswold, and Potter's brother went to Canada, leaving with Mrs. Griswold only a small boy, about thirteen years of age. On Monday morning a neighbor went to the house and discovered the body of Mrs. Griswold lying, half-naked, in a calf-pen some rods from the house in a horribly mutilated condition.

The surgeons "found wounds on the left side of the head, fracturing the skull, which were undoubtedly produced by some blunt instrument. On the right side of the head were four or five contusions, probably made by the same instrument. There were also several stabs in the neck, one about two inches in length, from left to right, and severing the right external jugular vein. These wounds were evidently made by some sharp-pointed instrument. Two cuts were found on the back of the left hand, also on the back of the right hand, and one an inch and a half deep on the left side of the chin, passing to the right up to the centre of the lip. The knees were badly bruised as was the left side of the chest."

In due course of time the murderer was tracked and brought to justice; and the guilt of Potter being brought home to him, he also fell into the hands of the law. The artist has represented, in the picture accompanying this, the appearance of the spirit of Mrs. Griswold when she first came to the Eddy circle-room. When I saw her she presented a natural appearance, and was neatly attired in a white dress. On a previous occasion she was seen by a friend who knew her in life, a Mr. P. P.

Wilkins, of Winooski Falls (Vt.), who writes me that: "Mrs. Griswold materialized herself and I recognized her. She grasped my hand and presented me with a flower." The motive prompting Potter to the murder was a threat on her part to change her will so as to cut off his wife and himself from any share in her property, which she had accumulated in California in the course of a long residence there.

The series of cuts relating to Honto, and the one introducing Mrs. Pritchard in a group with her son,* are designed to show that I am warranted in the assertion that the exact height of certain spirits has been ascertained by comparing them with that of living persons. Here we have Mrs. Pritchard measuring with her son, and the spirit squaw in such close relation to Horatio (whose height is 5 feet 11 inches), Mrs. Cleveland (5 feet 7 inches), Mr. Pritchard (5 feet 5 inches), and Mr. Ralph, of Utica, N. Y., that even if I had never seen her standing with her back against my scale affixed to the wall, at either side of the cabinet-door, I need have been at no loss to discover that she bears no resemblance in this particular to William Eddy, whose height (5 feet 9 inches) and weight (179 lbs.) have already been stated. If more has been said of this girl in these Chapters than of any other single spirit, it is because she has been oftener seen and more closely noticed. She holds the same relation to the Eddy circles, in frequency and variety of her appearances and acts, as does Katie King to the circles of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, of Philadelphia. It is not true that she

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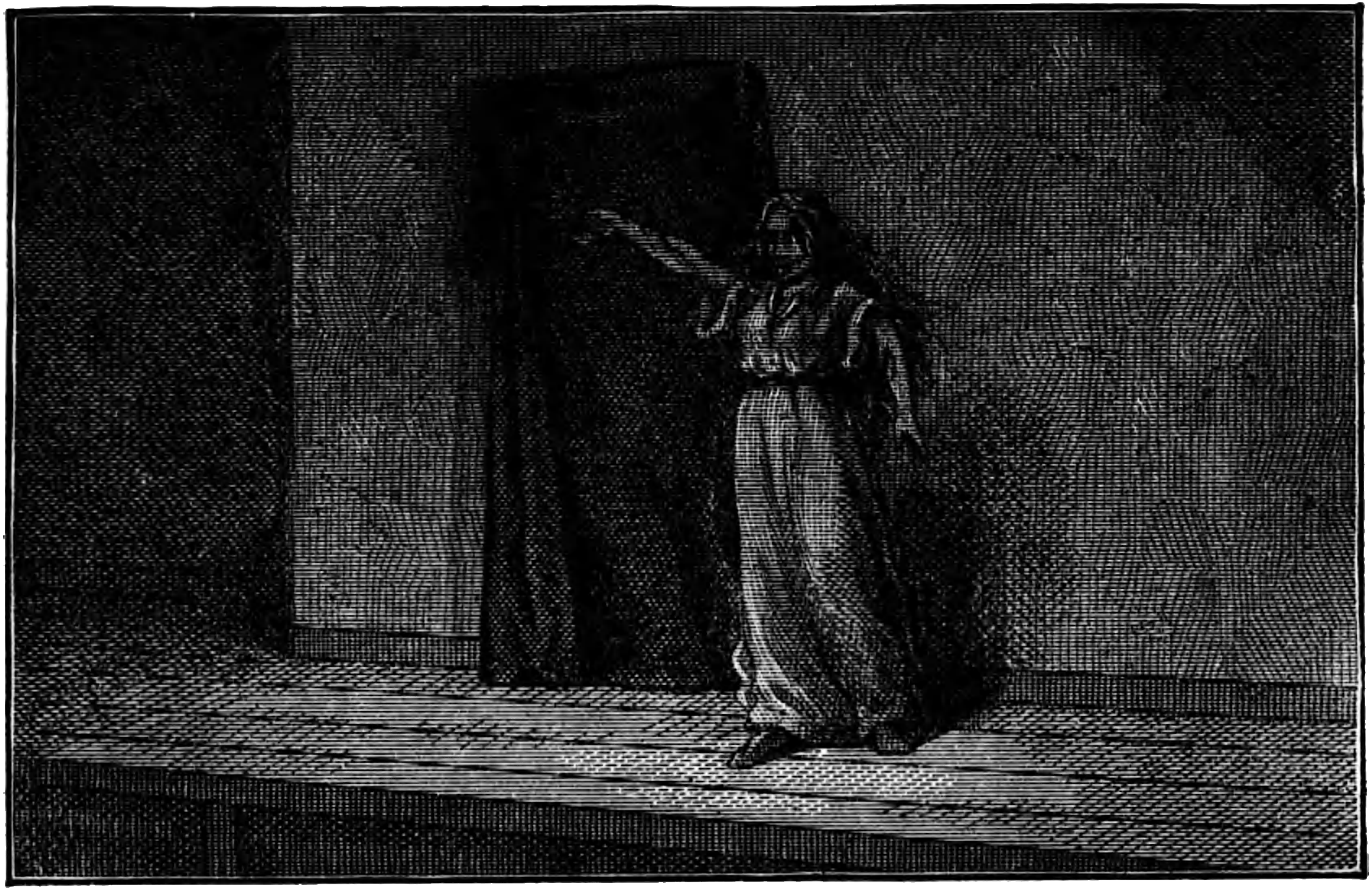
* See PAGE 265.



THE MURDERED WOMAN.

is always the first spirit to appear, nor that she appears every evening, as the attentive reader will recollect; but she causes more of a sensation than almost any other of the weird visitors at the Chittenden seances by the vivacity of her performances, her thorough enjoyment of the situation, and her great flow of animal spirits. If it is ever discovered that she and her medium are identical, I shall have to confess that there are possibilities of deception in the transformation of personal appearance within the reach of this Vermont farmer, beyond anything I ever read of since the tales of the Yogiswara and Peruvian sorcerers, and of Zilto, the necromancer of the Court of King Wenceslaus, at once excited my wonder and aroused my skepticism.

And now I turn my face away from Chittenden, and close the record of my interesting experiences at that place; leaving each reader to digest the facts, and form a belief for himself. I doubt if three more memorable months were ever passed by any one; and in future years I shall never be able to recall the secluded farmhouse and its ghostly memories, without thinking of Tom Hood's verse:

> "And over all there hung a shade of fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

PART II.

THE KATIE KING AFFAIR.

I HAVE stated, in the Preface to this volume, the circumstances under which my investigation of the Katie King *fiasco*, in the city of Philadelphia, was undertaken. When I expressed the hope (see Page 385) that some unbiased person would investigate the case, under proper test conditions, it was farthest from my thoughts that I would be the one selected for the disagreeable task. I had neither set myself up as an inquirer into the general facts of Spiritualism, nor was it a part of my plan to embrace any comprehensive survey of the subject within the limits of this work. The Eddy manifestations were my theme, and such other matters as I might introduce were intended either to aid in arriving at a just opinion concerning their genuineness, or, at the most, to show how the phenomenon of "materialization," was regarded by the leaders of opinion in this country.

But, when the Philadelphia journals heralded the fact that Katie King was no spirit, nor Nelson Holmes and his wife mediums, I was at once importuned, by many respected correspondents, to institute such an inquiry into the facts as might reveal the exact truth to that great body of the public who had relied implicitly upon the reports of Mr. Owen and General Lippitt, and adopted a belief in the actuality of the so-called materializations.

These requests at last became so numerous and so urgent that I could no longer doubt as to my duty in the premises. I was perfectly aware of the difficulty I should experience in sifting the truth out of the multitude of conflicting reports that had reached the public ear through the newspapers. I knew the thanklessness of the task—the certainty of abuse by one party or the other, whatever decision I might give—the misrepresentation of my motives—the challenging of my conclusions. I was only too well assured that a skeptical public would neither be grateful if I should prove the "materializations" fraudulent, nor friendly if my tests should have an opposite result. I knew all this, but, nevertheless, did not alter my determination, for several reasons. In the first place, I recollected the words of M. Bailly, the great Frenchman: "In every error there is a kernel of truth: let us seek to detach that kernel from the envelop that hides it from our eyes"; secondly, I had Mr. Owen's own authority for it that "when a man of honest motive, seeking only the truth, plainly and impartially narrates his experience, that which he says usually bears with it to the upright mind an internal warrant of sincerity" (see his *Footfalls*, p. 55); and, finally, none but moral cowards hesitate to perform their duty, because of possible personal consequences. So, on or about the 27th of December, 1874, I addressed a letter to the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in which I stated that if Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were willing to submit their mediumship to the proof, and would agree to place themselves under such test conditions as I might prescribe, I would come to Philadelphia and make the investigation.

I received, by return mail, a letter from Mr. Owen, in which that most respected and honorable gentleman was good enough to express himself as follows:

> "I am rejoiced at your proposal, and shall always hold myself your debtor for having made it. Accepted or rejected, proving or disproving the materializing powers of the mediums, it can eventuate only in good."

The letter covered the desired invitation from the mediums; which was in the following language:

No. 825 Tenth Street,
PHILADELPHIA, December 28th, 1874.

DEAR SIR:—

The undersigned, being willing to afford to intelligent and impartial investigators proofs of the reality of our mediumship, and, especially, of the appearance of materialized spirit-forms through the same, and having confidence in your ability, and disposition to do equal justice, hereby invite you to attend our seances, and agree to submit to such reasonable scientific test conditions as you may prescribe.

(Signed.) JENNIE HOLMES,
for self, and Mr. NELSON HOLMES, absent.

To Colonel H. S. OLCOTT.

Upon the 29th, I notified Mrs. Holmes that the invitation was accepted; and, upon the following Tuesday (January 5th), I was in Philadelphia, ready to begin. I found, however, that Mrs. Holmes was at her husband's place in Vineland, N. J., where he was lying very ill with a hemorrhage, and that she would not be in town until the following week. I concluded, therefore, to employ the interval of time in possessing myself of all the attainable facts of the case, and, to this end, sought interviews both with the principal parties through whose instrumentality the alleged exposé had been made, and with those who still had confidence in the honest mediumship of the Holmeses.

I obtained from both sides such documents as might assist me in arriving at a correct judgment. Among them were original letters from Mr. Holmes to various correspondents; letters from the pseudo Katie King; notes written by the alleged spirit to Mr. Owen, to Dr. Adolph Fellger, and to Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, at various times during last Summer, and handed to them through the cabinet-window; the original manuscript of the communication supposed at the time to have been written to Mr. Owen by the detached spirit-hand of Frederick W. Robertson, but now alleged to be a fraud and deception; and, finally, files of the Philadelphia newspapers, containing the details of the alleged exposé. I tried to secure a personal interview with the woman who pretended to have personated Katie King and deceived the public, but was unsuccessful; it being asserted, falsely, as I afterward discovered, that she was not in town, nor was her whereabouts known.

That my readers may understand the nature of the problem presented to me for solution, it will be necessary for me to make a brief statement of facts.

"In May, 1874," according to a pamphlet issued by Dr. Henry T. Child, a Philadelphia Spiritualist, "a spirit was materialized" at the seances of Mr. Nelson Holmes and his wife, Mrs. Jennie Holmes, "and appeared at the aperture of the cabinet in which Mr. Holmes was sitting, who gave the name of 'Katie King.' Several other spirits appeared, some of whom were recognized." On the 20th of the same month, the author tells us, the spirit of John King, Katie's father, also made its appearance and was identified. Dr. Child saw him, and "conversed with him for some time." The spirit, moreover, expressed a wish that the Doctor would write out a correct account of his, (King's) earth-life, from his dictation. He informed him that he had known him (Dr. Child), for years "as a writer and worker," that his guides had been at first quite reluctant to have him, (King), come, lest he should take the Doctor "out of the earth-form," but that no harm should result if the Doctor would only set to work to write out the ex-buccaneer's autobiography. The result of this colloquy was, as Dr. Child informs us in his Preface, that he gave an hour in private each day to John and Katie, and "received from them" the narratives embodied in the pamphlet in question.

It will be observed that our author unqualifiedly asserts two facts; (1) That the materialized spirits of the man John King, *alias* Sir Henry Morgan, and the girl Katie King appeared at the seances of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes; and (2) that the same spirits visited him an hour each day, and dictated the autobiographical narratives which compose the pamphlet to which allusion has been made.

Upon examination, these narratives prove to be very explicit and circumstantial accounts of the earthly experiences of the man and girl; the manner of their deaths; their experiences and progress in the world of spirits; and their relations to the present spiritualistic movement upon our earth. They are mutually corroborative, and at the same time, indorse the reality of the spirit appearances in the Holmes cabinet. To make his certification of their genuineness and importance more emphatic, Dr. Child uses, in the concluding paragraph of his Preface, the following language:

> "These narratives, and especially the concluding one, enter quite fully into an explanation of the spiritual manifestations. The statements are of a profound character, and the writer, *as an amanuensis*, asks for them the most candid and deliberate consideration."

At page 35, he introduces the narrative of Katie King, (the same whom he tells us he saw so often at the Holmes seances) with the assertion that "On the fifth of June 1874, Katie and her father came to me in my office, and after a brief conversation, she said, 'I am now ready to begin my narrative,' and I wrote the following:

> "My Dear Friend and Brother:—
>
> I should be very sorry if you inferred from the manner *in which I appear and speak to you* and other friends when *I am materialized* that that is a criterion of my present condition etc."

Here we have the positive assertion, by the Katie King dictating to Dr. Child, in his office, that the Katie King whom he had seen materialized at the Holmes' and who had addressed him rudely, was none other than herself; and the public was led by this assertion, as well as by interesting articles contributed by General F. J. Lippitt, to the *Galaxy* Magazine, of December, 1874, and by Mr. Owen, to the *Atlantic Monthly*, of January 1875, as well as by frequent contributions by the latter to the newspapers, to imagine that at least the Katie of the public seances was really a visitor to us from the other world.

Such was the general belief until about the 5th of January 1875, when a card was published by Mr. Owen, to the effect that circumstantial evidence had come to his knowledge which made it necessary that he should withdraw his previous expressions of confidence in the Holmeses. A similiar card was issued by Dr. Child, who gave notice that, from and after that date, he would have nothing more to do with the seances of those mediums. On the 15th, Mr. Owen wrote me as follows:

> "You may have seen in the *Banner of Light*, or quoted from it, a brief note of mine withdrawing the assurance hitherto given by me of confidence in the Holmeses. An explanatory article from me will appear in the *Banner* of December 19 (next Saturday).
>
> I believe they have been latterly playing us false, which *may* be only supplementing the genuine with the spurious; but it does cast a doubt on last summer's manifestations, so that I shall probably not use them in my next book on Spiritualism. It is a loss; but you and Mr. Crookes have amply made it up."

I quote the above because the same in substance has been said by Mr. Owen in the public prints, and these paragraphs succinctly define his position at the time. The promised explanatory article made its appearance at the time designated, and set forth that the writer had some reason to fear that the spirit Katie King had been personated by a woman hired for the purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and that there was more or less doubt if any of the apparent materializations had been genuine. A long letter from Dr. Child was also published, taking the same position. Of course the matter at once acquired very wide notoriety; the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, at various times gave free and detailed accounts of the manner in which the fraud had been perpetrated; and the patient and credulously skeptical public for the thousandth time thanked the gods that this spiritualistic humbug was finally, and forever exploded.

There was still alas! a flavor of aloes in the sugar pill. The *real name of the woman* claiming to have enacted the part of Katie, as well as that of the person, through whose instrumentality she had been detected and induced to expose the nefarious plot, *were carefully concealed.*

On the 9th and 11th of January, the *Inquirer* printed what purported to be an autobiographical sketch of "Katie King," duly attested by her oath, under her pseudonym, before William B. Hanna, Judge of the Orphans' Court, in the presence of William W. Harding, L. Clarke Davis, John G. Ford, A. C. Lambdin M. D., Joseph Robinson and John J. McKenna. At this same interview: "the robes, coronet, etc. used by Katie King, by which name she must be known," were produced and identified, and in the *Inquirer* of the 9th, there appeared, in the editorial columns, the following certificate:

> "I hereby certify that I witnessed the signing of the above confession of KATIE KING, and that it was signed, declared and affirmed to be true *by the person who appeared at the seances* of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, No. 50 North Ninth Street, and No. 825 North Tenth Street, *as the materialized spirit of* KATIE KING.
>
> HENRY T. CHILD M. D., No. 634 Race St.

This certificate was given four days after I arrived in Philadelphia, and had announced to Dr. Child, in person, that I was about to make a thorough investigation into the facts, and into the mediumship of Mr. and

Mrs. Holmes, under strictly test conditions! It will be observed that its identification of the unknown woman as the supposed spirit Katie King is unqualified and precise;—as much so, almost, as Dr. Child's previous certification of the identity of the spirit of the Holmes seances, with the spirit who dictated her autobiography to him, in his office, during the months of May and June, 1874.

Reading it in connection with the statements of the pamphlet, it is difficult to escape a conviction that a witness who could so place himself on both sides of a case would be turned out of court as incompetent. If Mr. Owen was deceived by tricksters into believing the cunning wench of the cabinets a materialized spirit, no graver charge could lie against him than that of surrendering his caution too easily to his credulity; but with Dr. Child the case is far different. He was not, like Mr. Owen, obliged to depend alone upon his external senses for the formation of his convictions, for, as he informs us in his pamphlet, he "has long been subject to influences from the interior world, and having been accustomed to see and hear spirits, has learned, etc." This inner sense, this unerring instinct of the soul, it was that told him, in the privacy of his office, that the real John and real Katie were talking to him, both there and at the Holmes seances, and his certification of the fact gave force to the public belief that the apparitions were real.

That a man so doubly sure, and a seer so doubly endowed could, at one moment, act as biographer for a girl spirit, whose identity was made an hundredfold more certain by weeks of familiar intercourse, and, at another, certify that the veiled woman exhibiting her tinsel robes and flummery coronets before a council of editors, was the self-same phantom, makes it absurd to place any weight upon his testimony, except as supported by that of others, or by documents that have not been tampered with. This, of course, is said with no ill-feeling towards Dr. Child, and he himself must have already apprehended the position into which his precipitate action has forced him before the public. His friends, who know him best and feel assured of his personal integrity, may charge him only with a shocking lack of discretion; but the outside world, who are never nice (and alas! too often unjust) in their estimate of motives, are quite as likely as not to find their explanation for this change of front in the promise or realization of personal advantage; which, for aught I can prove, may be the very opposite of the truth.

While this witness is upon the stand, one question must be asked: If the Katie autobiography was dictated by the same person who showed herself at Holmes'; and the signer of the Hanna affidavit is the same woman who appeared "as the materialized spirit of Katie King;" and Eliza White was the one who swore to the affidavit, then it must have been Eliza White who dictated the Katie autobiography to Dr. Child; or, no autobiography was dictated; or, the spirit-girl is a reality, and Eliza is a liar, and Child's later certificate does not convey the truth: which of these is true?

The voluminous document, so strongly certified by the worthy Doctor, demands a brief analysis at this point. It comprises a personal narrative, and numerous letters from Mr. Holmes and one from his wife to the pseudonymous Katie King.

The woman begins by stating that she writes "this narrative in the interest of truth, and for no other purpose than to expose the guilty; from no prospect of personal gain, and entirely without malice towards any one." She tells us that she "was born on the first day of January, 1851, in Massachusetts," that she proposes to be known by the public only as "Katie King," and adds: "Like all others, I have, of course, a *real name* (*sic*), but the public have no interest in knowing what it is. I was married (foolish girl) when I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age. I have one child eight years old. *My husband died upward of two years ago,* leaving me without any means of support, and through my own exertions I have provided for my child and my aged mother."

She was helped to a sum of money by "a very near friend of her mother's," and with it set up as a lodging-house-keeper in the city of Philadelphia; in which capacity she received Mr. and Mrs. Holmes under her roof as tenants, in the month of March, 1874. These persons began to give "their pretended spiritual manifestations," but Katie King did not appear until some time afterward. A description of the "dark seance" of Mrs. Holmes follows, in which she asserts that the speaking of spirits in audible voices, and the physical manifestations, are to be explained as trickery and deception. The dark seance is followed by one for "materialization," in which faces purporting to be those of spirits are exhibited at the apertures, or windows of the cabinet, but which, our informant tells us, are only masks such as can be purchased in the shops for "ten cents apiece." "They are placed," says she, "in the hands of the medium and raised up to the aperture, and by him manipulated to suit surrounding circumstances."

Shortly after they were settled in a new house, in Ninth street, the project of engaging this woman to personate Katie King was broached by Mrs. Holmes. Prefacing the confession with the remark that it is useless to repeat all the conversation that passed between them, although there might be two opinions upon that point, she says: "I made up my mind to play the part for a short time, hoping that something better would turn up in my interest: in the meantime I would be earning my expenses and doing no one any harm." Her *début* occurred on the evening of May 12th, her fair form being clad in a thin, white French muslin robe, fastened with a belt, a white veil thrown over her head, and her face and arms being whitened by a free application of cosmetic. The cabinet had been duly constructed with a view to this fraud, by being placed in front of a door communicating with an adjacent bed-room, and a false panel was made in its rear wall, through which the pseudo "spirit" could make her entrances and exits. The reader will please note this fact, for there will be occasion to refer to it again.

Everything worked to a charm. The face of our fair but frail one was shown at the aperture to an admiring circle, withdrawn, shown again, some words were whispered by her, and "Materialization" was a fixed fact. It became the talk of the town, crowds came to witness the lovely apparition, and money flowed into the coffers of the fortunate showman who, she gives us to understand was none other than Dr. Child himself.

We are let into the secret of Mr. Owen's appearance at the seances, Dr. Child transmitting to him an invitation from "Katie" to come and see her; much the same as I, myself, was, at a later day, invited to come.

He, like myself, was glad of the opportunity to see a spirit, so pure and gentle, face to face, and in due course moved to Philadelphia, and was at once addressed in terms of filial tenderness by the fair ghost, and reciprocated her affection. She wrote him notes, gave him a lock of her golden hair (cut from a wig), received presents of beads, and crosses, and flowers from him, and generally, used his established reputation and ripe scholarship as a means of profitable advertisement for her disgusting trickery. Things went on thus from bad to worse, dupes being made by hundreds, if not thousands, and the fame of the spirit spreading throughout the whole world, wherever books are read and newspapers taken.

Meanwhile, remorse entered the soul of the actress in this comedy of shame, and, in her pitiful story, she paints us a picture of herself as she tossed on her couch in the still watches of the night. "After the first two or three nights my whole nature" says she, "revolted at the idea of this gross deception * * *. The interest manifested by the people kept increasing, which only aggravated my sensitive nature (*sic*). I was often sick at heart; I felt that I was guilty of a great crime. Night after night was my pillow wet with tears; the heart would overflow with grief. I appeared to be surrounded with a cloud of sorrow from which there was no escape. Here was my helpless little boy, and frail, old mother looking to me for bread. In my troubled dreams I seemed to see their eyes riveted on me, saying, 'Our whole hope and dependence is on you.'" But the theme is too painful; let us draw the curtain upon this sacred sorrow of the conscience-stricken woman! Poor widow! Sweet boy! Helpless old mother!

Success naturally made both the mediums and their ally bolder, and many pranks were played from first to last. Among these she mentions the simulated fading away and re-forming of her shape, by the help of black cloths; the appearance of an Indian-squaw spirit; the apparition of the late General Rawlings, by some scoundrelly confederate whose name is suppressed; the writing of a communication to Mr. Owen, by the detached hand of the spirit of that famous divine Frederick W. Robertson; and, finally, the taking of her photograph, in the character of Katie King, by daylight.

But Nemesis was on her track, and her day of detection came. A gentleman attendant at the seances, whom she describes as having "a very mild, modest manner," and whose name, in spite of her attempts at concealment, has since been declared in sundry newspapers to be W. O. Leslie, a railroad contractor residing in Philadelphia, called at the house one day, while the Holmeses were taking their vacation in Blissfield, Michigan, (and she was in sole charge of the premises), and interrogated her. She saw that he suspected her identity with Katie, and she shuddered; as, indeed, one of so high-strung a temperament might be expected to do. But nevertheless she lied to him, and the mild, modest-mannered man took his leave. Then how "mean" she felt, "for she had told a *falsehood*, and furthermore, the gentleman knew that she had. If any of our readers," she ingenuously remarks, "have ever occupied the humiliating position of having been caught in telling a *fib*, and experienced the mental suffering which follows, particularly to those who have a sensitive disposition, they will know something of the experience of the lady on this occasion."

But the gentleman did not press matters, and for a time she was safe.

The Holmeses left for the West in July, and our autobiographer says that by preconcert she followed them on the 8th of September, reaching Blissfield on the 12th, and appearing in her favorite character at a seance the same evening. Blissfield being a small village, she was confined to her room constantly for fear that she might be recognized, and a weary time it was to her. After a fortnight had elapsed a circle was held one evening to accommodate a party from Adrian, and an initial person named "Mr. B" caught her in his arms, and came near exposing the whole deception. But she escaped from him, through a clever *ruse* of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and this brought matters in that quarter to a close. She and Mrs. Holmes left for Cold Water, Mich., and gradually found their way back to Philadelphia, via Toledo.

Tired and disgusted with the whole affair, she now "called on Doctor Child," stated to him that she was penniless, asked him to help her recover some forty dollars the Holmeses owed her, and promised that "if he would comply with my request, *I would tell him all* *about the particulars of Katie King, that I was fully posted in the matter, and would tell him everything.*" But the Doctor turned a deaf ear to her, which excited her amazement; as well it might.

She encountered Mr. Holmes at the Doctor's house, and, a few days subsequently, entered into an arrangement with that person, to write a letter to the former retracting what she had said; for as she remarks "Necessity knows no law: I had just ten cents in my pocket." The letter was dictated to her by Holmes, and by her mailed to an acquaintance in Massachusetts, to be re-mailed thence to Doctor Child, and thus convey to him the impression that she was far away from Philadelphia.

She no longer lived under the same roof with the Holmes family, and one day was surprised by a visit from the "mild and modest" Mr. Leslie, who taxed her outright with having played the part of Katie, and *offered her pecuniary assistance,*—"substantial aid," she calls it; and adds that he put the question, "Now please state to me how much it will take to relieve you from your present embarrassment." This sort of argument proved as efficacious as it had before on various occasions, when advanced by Holmes; and, one by one, she produced the stock of crosses, beads, and jewelry, which she had accumulated in her character-part by the donations of admiring visitors at the seances.

The concluding scene of the comedy was soon played. On the evening of the 5th of December, a mock seance was held, at which she enacted for Mr. Owen, Dr. Child, and two others, the "business" of her spirit *role*, and Mr. Owen's card was forthwith given to the public. It is safe to say that no document connected with this subject ever made a greater sensation. It was a staggering blow, not only to the great multitude of lukewarm investigators, but also to Mr. Owen's warmest personal friends. These latter could not forgive his making so unqualified a recantation of all his previous guarantees of the value of his experiments with these mediums, without, at least, devoting some time to putting their mediumship to the proof, and so discovering and separating the true manifestations from the false.

I have thus rapidly sketched the story of this woman, so as to compress within these few pages the substance of a statement which occupies thirteen columns of solid type in the *Inquirer*. The salient points of her pretended revelation may be stated as follows:

(1) She says she was born on the first of January, 1851.

(2) She has a real name, but the public have no interest in knowing it.

(3) She is a widow; her husband having died two years ago.

(4) The mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes is a gross misrepresentation *in toto*, not only the pretended "materializations" being fictitious, but also the phenomena which occur in their dark seances.

(5) As early as May, 1874, she began to personate Katie King, in a trick walnut cabinet, provided with movable boards in the back, by which she entered it from an adjoining bed-chamber.

(6) The notes given by Katie to Mr. Owen and others were written by her.

(7) The locks of hair given by her to various persons were cut from a wig she wore.

(8) She was burdened by shame and grief at the deception she practiced, and the falsehoods she told.

(9) She played the parts of other spirits beside Katie, and a confederate of hers appeared as General Rawlings.

(10) The photograph sold by Dr. Child as that of Katie King, was in fact her own portrait.

(11) She joined the Holmeses in Michigan, and there played Katie to small but select audiences, and was once actually caught in the arms of a skeptical investigator.

(12) She offered to divulge the fraud to Dr. Child, if he would pay her, or cause the Holmeses to pay her, a sum of money.

(13) She resumed the criminal relations of conspiracy with Holmes, and in pursuance thereof wrote the letter to Child retracting her previous assertions to him.

(14) She finally was offered money by her Unknown to expose the swindle, accepted the proposition, and gave, on the evening of December 5th, a mock seance. It should be stated, further, that, both at this seance, and at an interview with Mr. Owen and others, the next day, she was so closely veiled that no one had a glimpse of her features. "Katie was so completely

disguised," says she, "*no one would have recognized her as the same who had personated the spirit.*"

The italics are mine, and are designed to call attention to a performance wholly in keeping with her behavior throughout this affair. In the concealment of her name; the concealment of the name of the person designated in her autobiography as an "amateur detective," since asserted to be Mr. Leslie; in the veiling of her face at the mock-seance and subsequent interview; worst of all, in the swearing to her affidavit under the cover of an *alias*, we have conduct that is calculated to make us view with the greatest suspicion both the veracity of her statements, and the motives actuating her to make them. When we add to this the alleged fact of her concealment in Philadelphia, while pretending to be elsewhere, at the time of my visit, and the failure of my attempt to get a sight of her, such confidence as might have been generously accorded to the story of a self-confessed swindler, liar and cheat is wholly destroyed.

A person paraded before the public in such a character as she assumes, must of course expect to be closely criticised, and have inquiry made into her antecedents; for her reputation for truth, and her moral character have a most important bearing upon the question whether her tale shall be believed. The word of states' witnesses is always taken with great caution, and few juries are disposed to deprive an accused person of liberty or life upon such testimony, when unsupported.

I am sorry to say that an investigation into the personal history of this woman discloses little to her credit, and much to the contrary. Her real name is Eliza Frances White, but she is said to have passed under a number of aliases, at various times. Her family name is Potter, and she was born in Lee, Massachusetts, apparently long before the date sworn to in her pretended autobiography. Her father, a stone-cutter by trade, moved to Canton, Connecticut, and died there. Her mother and the rest of the family were then thrown upon the bounty of Wilson B. White, commonly called "Bub" White, and took up their abode in the town of Winsted. Eliza lived with White for some ten or twelve years, and bore him a son, but I have been unable to ascertain whether they were married.

At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the 19th Connecticut Volunteers, a Heavy Artillery regiment, as Drum Major, and Eliza joined him in the defences of Washington City, where she cooked for an officers' mess, and worked so hard to support herself as to gain the commendation of her husband's superiors. After a lapse of a year and a half, the regiment was ordered to the front, and Eliza is reported to have abandoned herself to a life of immorality in Alexandria. Upon the return of the regiment, at the close of the war, White settled down in Winsted, and became the proprietor of a low drinking-saloon called the "Rock House." He also traveled with a "side-show" of natural curiosities and clog-dancers and ballad-singers, and Eliza took part in both dancing and singing.

The Winsted *Press* says of her:

> "It seems that Katie has been known here as the wife of Mr. Wilson B. White. She left him a while since, Winsted being too 'stoopid' and monotonous for her enterprising spirit, and, following the leadings of her own sweet will, tarried a while in Brooklyn, then in Manhattan, and finally dropped down upon the city of brotherly love as a soft, white, spiritual thing, direct from that other
>
> * * * city of love,
> Where saints and angels dwell."

The Waterbury *American*, another journal of the vicinity, enters more into details, thus:

> "Katie King alias Mrs. White also had some experience in the variety show business. Some years ago her husband, familiarly known as "Bub" White, gave a sort of variety entertainment, under canvas, on the fair grounds in Litchfield, while the annual county cattle-show was in progress. The show consisted of a wild-cat 'as ferocious and untamable as a South American hyena,' a singing boy 'with a voice like the mocking-bird's,' and 'Bub,' who was a violin player, composed the orchestra. Katie King made her *debut* on that occasion as a serio-comic vocalist, and as she was endowed with a good share of personal charms, and appeared in a bewitching costume, she took immensely, and the country swains poured out their 'dime and a half' like water."

Disagreement of a serious nature finally occurred between the pair, on account of White's enforced support of Eliza's family, and the interference of an intemperate son of his in the government of the household. The result was that, in or about January, 1874, she left

Winsted with her own child, a boy of nine or ten years, and has been shifting for herself in Philadelphia ever since. An uncle residing in Brooklyn advanced her some $600 to set herself up in the lodging-house business, and her meeting with the Holmeses followed soon after.

Her sworn statement that she is a widow of two years' standing, is false. I have recently seen and conversed with White himself. I pressed him to inform me if he were ever married to Eliza, and he declined to answer, remarking that "a man was not obliged to say anything to criminate himself." Her statement that she is dependent upon her own exertions for support, for herself and son, he unhesitatingly contradicted; for he says he is worth considerable property, and is ready to provide for her whenever she returns home and agrees to behave herself. In fact, as we walked together through the streets of the village, he pointed out several tenements which he said were his property. Other persons corroborated this statement, and I found that it was generally admitted that he was in comfortable circumstances. He has a poor opinion of the woman's dramatic talents, and does not regard her as competent to fill an engagement in a "variety theatre."

Upon inquiring of a number of respectable citizens of Winsted, I found that her reputation for morality was not good, but how much of this is due to prejudice I cannot say. Parties formerly connected with her husband's regiment agree in the statement that her conduct in Alexandria was not that of a virtuous woman.

That her reputed husband is not dead, as she alleges, the following certificate will show:

WINSTED, CONN., Feb. 5th, 1875.

I hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with a woman named Eliza White, whose maiden name was Potter; I also know Wilson B. White, commonly known as "Bob" White, the reputed husband of the said Eliza; I am also acquainted with her sister who is the wife of James Adams, and also with her brother.

The said Wilson B. White is now and has been for many years a resident of this town, but the said Eliza is now in the city of Philadelphia, as I am informed; and is, or was at last accounts, living in the same house with a family of spiritual mediums, whose names I do not know.

STEPHEN W. SAGE,
Chief of Police.

While in Philadelphia, I met a gentleman named Allen, said to be a Justice of the Peace at Vineland, N. J., and, as I learn by inquiries made at Lee, Massachusetts, a trustworthy person, who gave me much information as to Eliza's early history, which, at my request, he put into the form of the following affidavit:

"City of Philadelphia,} *ss.*
State of Pennsylvania.}

"Hosea Allen of Landis Township, Cumberland County and State of New Jersey, a Justice of the Peace, being duly sworn according to law deposes and says, that he has read an article published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of January 9th and 11th, 1875, entitled, "Katie King," "Her full history as related by herself," which article is supported by the affidavit of "Katie King," in which she states she was born on the first day of January, 1851, in the State of Massachusetts, and that she, in collusion with Mr. Nelson Holmes and his wife, Mrs. Jennie Holmes, did, at No. 50 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, during the last Summer, fraudulently personate a spirit-form known as "Katie King," from the 12th of May, 1874, and other alleged spirit-forms which appeared after June 20, 1874, at the seances given by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, at that place. And deponent further says, that he lived at Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, from 1838 until 1863, that from 1842 until 1857 he was superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School of that town, that about 1846, Eliza Potter, (since married to a man by the name of Wilson B. White,) became a pupil in that Sunday-School, that she was at that time apparently about six years old, and that he has every reason to believe she cannot be under thirty-five years, that she attended the school at irregular intervals for six or seven years, and continued to live in the town several years after she left the school; that during that time she was a very wayward girl, and caused her father a great deal of trouble; that she was so untruthful that those to whom she spoke never knew when to believe her, and that her moral reputation in other respects, was as bad as it could be. Deponent further says that in June last, he visited Mr. and Mrs. Holmes at No. 50 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia; that on entering the sitting-room on that occasion, he saw and recognized Eliza White (formerly Eliza Potter), who at once recognized him and called him by name; that he remained at the house two days, during which time he saw and conversed with her frequently, and cannot be mistaken as to her identity. That on the same afternoon, Dr. Henry T. Child, assisted by a mechanic and himself, put up the black walnut cabinet which was afterwards used at the subsequent seances, that they only completed the work a short time before the circle was to meet on that evening; that he remembers distinctly that Dr. Child called his attention to the fact that the battens were being fastened with forty screws; that as the cabinet was then constructed in his presence, it was impossible for any one to have entered it or left it by way of the adjoining room, or in any other manner, without being seen by all present. That just before the circle commenced that evening, he, deponent, left his room in the third story, and in passing the door of the front room, which is directly over the circle-room, he saw Mrs. White sitting in that room, that frequently while the circle continued, he heard Mrs. White distinctly humming tunes, the front windows of both rooms being open, and he also heard her walking about the room. That five or six different faces appeared at the apertures of the cabinet; also, several hands and arms were thrust out of the same apertures during the seance, among which "Katie King" appeared several times. That the latter spoke in an audible whisper from the cabinet several times; that while she was so talking, the singing of Mrs. White in the room above became so annoying as to cause remark by those in the circle, and interfered with the hearing of the voice from the cabinet, and that he cannot be mistaken about the voice humming or singing being that of Mrs. White. Deponent further says that it was impossible for Mrs. White on that occasion to have personated "Katie King;" and he further says that he asked Mrs. White during his stay at the house, whether she had attended the seances at that place, to which she replied, she had attended them but once, and that she thought them wonderful.

"In Testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix the seal this 22d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

HOSEA ALLEN, Esqr."

"Sworn and subscribed this 22d day of January, A. D. 1875.

FRANCIS HOOD, [Seal]
Alderman."

This witness, if unimpeached, convicts Eliza of more perjuries than one, for he not only challenges her age, but also shows that, upon at least one occasion, it must have been physically impossible for her to have been down stairs personating Katie King, when, up stairs, in the chamber overhead, she was making such a racket as to disturb the seance while Katie was out of the cabinet, among the spectators. I give this affidavit for what it is worth, and those who know Judge Allen better than I can decide what credence to accord to his statements. I should add that Dr. Child's friends deny emphatically that he assisted in putting up the cabinet; and, on the other hand, will say that Judge Allen's story of Mrs. White's being up stairs upon the evening in question, has been corroborated to me by the statements of others who were present.

If the reader will now refer back to Eliza's statement that she began her personations of Katie King in a trick walnut cabinet in the Ninth Street house, I will venture a few remarks upon that head.

In her "Autobiography of Katie King," she describes the cabinet as being made of dark, or walnut boards across one corner of the room, and illustrates the same by a diagram, which it is not worth while to copy here. Now, it happens that in his article in the December *Galaxy*, General Lippitt (a gentleman of the most unimpeachable honor) describes the cabinet from which he saw Katie emerge, as quite a different affair. He says:

> "The cabinet or sanctum in which spirits were said to clothe themselves in mortal forms, consisted of the following simple arrangement: The bedroom door was left open at an angle of 60 deg.; on the opposite door-post a second door was attached, which came out to meet it at the same angle; and when the two doors thus met, the recess formed was obviously an equilateral triangle, just large enough to comfortably contain the medium, Mr. Holmes, seated in a chair. Whenever this little sanctum was to be used, the light was excluded from above by a triangular piece of wood laid across the tops of the two doors. This cover was lined on the inside with black cloth, as were also the insides of the two doors. The air being thus shut out from the little closet, the necessity of the air holes through the wood partition was apparent. Through the one of these two doors which faced the spectators, at the height of some five feet from the floor, was a circular aperture or window, about ten inches in diameter, at which the faces were to be seen. A black curtain hung on the inside of it, which was drawn aside just before a face presented itself.
>
> The most searching examination of this sanctum, which was usually made by invitation just before the sitting commenced, both on the parlor and on the bedroom side of the board partition, failed to detect the slightest indication of any trap, wire, or other arrangement for the use of machinery or for deception. The first two three evenings I attended, I made a careful examination myself and on one occasion jointly with a professional magician, a pupil Blitz, who told me he was perfectly satisfied that "there was chance for any trick there."

General Lippitt, in a recent communication to the *Banner of Light*, says that the cabinet Eliza describes was not erected until the 5th of June, whereas his attendance at the seances occurred in the early and middle part of May. It scarcely needs an enumeration of the wonderful phenomena witnessed by that gentleman—such as the melting out of Katie's eyes, when she had been too long exposed to the light; the simultaneous appearance of numerous little and big hands at the aperture; and the identification of sundry spirits by their relatives—to satisfy us that Eliza's pretended revelations have no bearing upon his experiences.

I pass over, for the present, the remaining points made in the so-called Autobiography, because the best answer to them is to be found in the report of what occurred during my investigation of the Holmes mediumship.

I cannot too earnestly press upon my readers the attitude I am determined to maintain towards this whole spiritualistic question. What I am in search of is proof positive that the partial or complete materialization of spirit-forms has occurred, and can occur again under laws now occult. I have not, nor will I play the part of the *mouchard*, searching out the immorality of mediums or the trickeries they resort to, except in so far as it may be necessary, in the one case, to weigh their testimony, and, in the other, to learn how their roguery may be made impossible of repetition. It is nothing to the cause of Science that ninety-nine times mediums have tricked, but it is of prime importance to it to know that in one solitary case there has been an exhibition of genuine materialization. The one grain of wheat outvalues the whole bin-full of chaff, for that grain may, some day, lead to an abundant harvest, over the whole earth.

It will be found, therefore, that in this particular instance, as in that of the Chittenden manifestations, I will spend very little time in trying to discover whether the mediums cheated often or seldom, whether Eliza White glided out of the cabinet frequently in Katie's costume, and whether the correspondence of Nelson Holmes has been tampered with. I assume here, as I did in Vermont, that the mediums can cheat, that they will cheat if necessary, and that they are disposed to cheat if the investigator should relax his vigilance for a moment. And so presupposing, it would be the sheerest waste of time for me to search back through the whole

American and English career of the Holmeses, to discover how often, if ever, they played upon the public credulity.

But what I went to Philadelphia to discover, and what I mean to discuss, is whether Eliza White's charge that the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes was a sham, and their materializations a wretched fraud upon the credulity of Mr. Owen and hundreds of other honorable and earnest persons.

Our case is now nearly disembarrassed of irrelevant features, Dr. Child's certificate to the identity of Eliza White and Katie King having been shown to be worthless, by reason of his previous self-committal to the contrary fact; and Eliza's own affidavit-narrative being inadmissible in evidence, by reason of her impeachment by good and sufficient witnesses. Both she and her indorser being turned out of Court, the whole question of the existence of Katie and John King is reopened, and we must fall back upon the facts, I have been enabled to collect, under my own test conditions, to ascertain whether Mr. Owen and General Lippitt ever saw a real spirit-form in the Holmes' circle-room.

If any further proof of the utter worthlessness of Eliza's statements concerning the part she pretended to have played in the Philadelphia comedy were required, it is more than supplied in the following document:

50 N. 9th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., 18 August, 1874.

MR. and MRS. HOLMS:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I will try and get your things shipped by next week. I could not see the furniture man to-day but will to-morrow. Doctor Childs comes in here with Dr. Paxson, Mrs. Buckwalter, Mr. Leslie, Mrs. Childs, and they hold seances and go on just as though they owend the house. I don't think Childs is a friend of yours. He don't act like it. All the time priying into evrything and all he cares for you is to make money off of your mediumship. The man that called the other day has called again yesterday. His name is Leslie. He said "Mrs. White are you a medium." I told him I was. He said I saw your advertisement in the *Daily Item* last June but I colld to-day to ask you if you know anything about the Holmesses as everybody says that it is you that is playing Katie King. Now you are a poor woman and I can't see why you do it. You look a good deal like Katie King and if you know anything and will tell me all about it, several gentleman and myself well pay you $1000, and stand by you and guarantee to protect you, and we will pay you the money in advance. We want to stop all this spiritual business that is going all over the country and we will put the Holmesses down if you will only tell me and my friends all you know about it. I told him I did not know anything about your affairs, that if you were not genuine mediums there was none. I did not see how it could be a humbug as the people had tested the matter in such a way and had published all over. He said yes I know all that, but we think you are the one that plays K. K. and if you will tell us we will pay you and stand by you. I told him I could not tell anything as I didn't know anything. Soon after a man called to see me about the same thing he does business 1210 Market street. I think his name is Roberts. He came one night to see your seance with a party of young men to tear the cabinet down and catch somebody, but they had their trouble for there pains. He is the same one that tried to frighten you by sending a lawyer to get his money back. He talked a long time but acted very strange. I told him same as I did Leslie. Now what does all this mean I wish you would come back to this city. I think it would be best for you as I don't hear anything talked off but K. K. and the Holmesses. How funny that everybody should think that I am the spirit. How absurd. But all this causes me great trouble and I don't like it. I think I will try and keep the house a month. Mrs. Hannis, who lives at 262 Madison Street, will go in with me I will try my hand with her a month. Evans is at me all the time to know if I will take the house. That $50 you gave me to live on and to take care of your things and ship them is all gone, but I guess something will turn up to help me out. Your friend Frank. Your friend

FRANK STEPHENS.
ELIZA WHITE.

State of Pennsylvania, } ss.
City of Philadelphia. }

Nelson Holmes and Jennie Holmes being duly sworn, severally depose and say that the above is a true copy of a letter received by them at Blissfield, Mich., in the month of August last, from Mrs. Eliza White, alias Frank Stephens; that they have each of them seen the said White, alias Stephens, write, and that the original document of which the above is a copy, is in her handwriting, and the handwriting is identical with other letters received from the same person.

And deponents further say that after they returned from the West to Philadelphia the said White, alias Stephens, came to see them to complain that Dr. Henry T. Child had not paid her for the rent of the house No. 50 North 9th St., which deponents occupied before going West, but which the said White, alias Stephens, took for one month upon her own responsibility, but with some expectation that the said Child would see the rent paid if deponents would return to the said house; and the said White, failing to induce deponents to agree to refund the said rent, which indeed they were unable to do, significantly remarked that a number of gentlemen of wealth, including members of the Young Men's Christian Association, were ready to pay her a large sum of money, and she need not trouble them any more.

In testimony whereof the said deponents have hereunto signed their names this 25th day of January A. D. 1875.

NELSON HOLMES.
JENNIE HOLMES.

Sworn and Subscribed, this 25th day of January A. D. 1875.

FRANCIS HOOD,
Alderman.

Here we have our frail Eliza asserting, in a very emphatic fashion, in confidential correspondence with her ex-lodgers: (1) That she has been tempted by Mr. Leslie in the sum of $1,000, and also by a Mr. Roberts to confess that she played Katie King; (2) That she denied to both of them unreservedly that she had ever done so, and asseverated the genuine mediumship of the Holmeses, but nevertheless Mr. Leslie persisted in his suggestions and offers; (3) That she does not understand what this all means, and hopes the Holmeses will return to Philadelphia, and thus relieve her of all this importunity. When we compare this letter of the 18th of August with her letter from North Cambridge, Mass., to Dr. Child, repudiating all knowledge of fraud in the Katie King affair (which she now avers was written by Holmes' dictation), we have very strong *prima facie* evidence that her whole story of having personated the spirit is false.

The Mr. Leslie she alludes to is no doubt the person of that name who finally engineered the exposé of December 5th, for he was a constant attendant at the seances, and no other Mr. Leslie has been mentioned in connection with this affair. Mr. Roberts is a nephew of Mr. J. M. Roberts, a wealthy gentleman of Burlington, N. J., and a staunch friend of the Holmeses from first to last. He informed me that his nephew had acknowledged to him that an officer of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, called upon him several times last summer, and tried to enlist his services to help break down spiritualism, in general and the Holmeses in particular, but that he had declined. Moreover, he has recently re-affirmed, in a letter to General Lippitt, his denial, and protested against his being included among the conspirators. I know no more of the facts of the case than appears in the documentary evidence, and leave it to the parties interested to fight it out among themselves. It certainly will strike the public as strange that Eliza White should so circumstantially describe the visit and importunity of Mr. Roberts, if no such things had ever occurred; and the only possible explanation of the mystery must be sought either in the personation of Mr. Roberts by some other individual, or a deliberate falsehood on the part of Eliza—a falsehood without apparent motive.

In the interest of good morals, it is to be hoped that Eliza's hints of the connection of her tempters with the Young Men's Christian Association have no warrant in fact; for it would be regarded as an infamous outrage in this day and country, for any religious body to resort to bribery and the subornation of perjury, for the purpose of crushing out any other religious faith.

There is still other evidence going to show that Eliza was not always, if ever, Katie King, for, on the very evening when she was exploding the whole humbug, by giving a mock-seance to Mr. Leslie, Mr. Owen, Doctor Child and another, the things happened that are related in the following affidavits: which, but for burdening my report with redundant testimony, I might have had corroborated by numerous other affidavits to the same effect.

State of Pennsylvania, } *ss.*
City of Philadelphia. }

W. H. Westcott, being duly sworn, says that he resides in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania; that on the night of the 5th of December, 1874, he in company with some fifteen or twenty persons was present at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, 825 North Tenth street, where a seance was being held; that between the hours of eight and ten o'clock on said night, while Mr. Holmes was in the cabinet, he saw issue from the cabinet the spirit-form of what is known to be "Katie King;" that she first came to the aperture, showed her face several times, spoke to the audience, was recognized by many of those present, who had seen her on several occasions at No. 50 North 9th Street, and afterwards she opened the door and stepped out among the audience. This she repeated three times during the seance. And deponent says that the "Katie King" who appeared on the said evening was the identical spirit who had shown herself during the preceding two months at the same place through the mediumship of the said Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

In testimony whereof the deponent has hereunto signed his name this 25th day of January, 1875.

WM. H. WESTCOTT.

Affirmed and subscribed, this 25th day of January, A. D. 1875.

FRANCIS HOOD,
Alderman.

State of Pennsylvania, } *ss.*
City of Philadelphia. }

Adolphus Fellger, M.D., being sworn, says that he is a practising physician in the city of Philadelphia and resides at Number 154 North 11th Street; that he has read the foregoing affidavit and knows the facts therein stated to be true, he having been present at the seance described. And deponent further says that he has seen the spirit known as "Katie King" in all perhaps eighty times, is perfectly familiar with her features, and cannot be mistaken as to the identity of the Katie King who appeared upon the evening of December 5th, for, while the said spirit scarcely ever appeared of exactly the same height or features two evenings in succession, her voice was always the same, and the expression of her eyes and the topics of her conversation enabled him to be still more certain of her being the same person.

AD. FELLGER, M.D.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 25th day of January, 1875.

WM. P. HIBBERD,
Alderman.

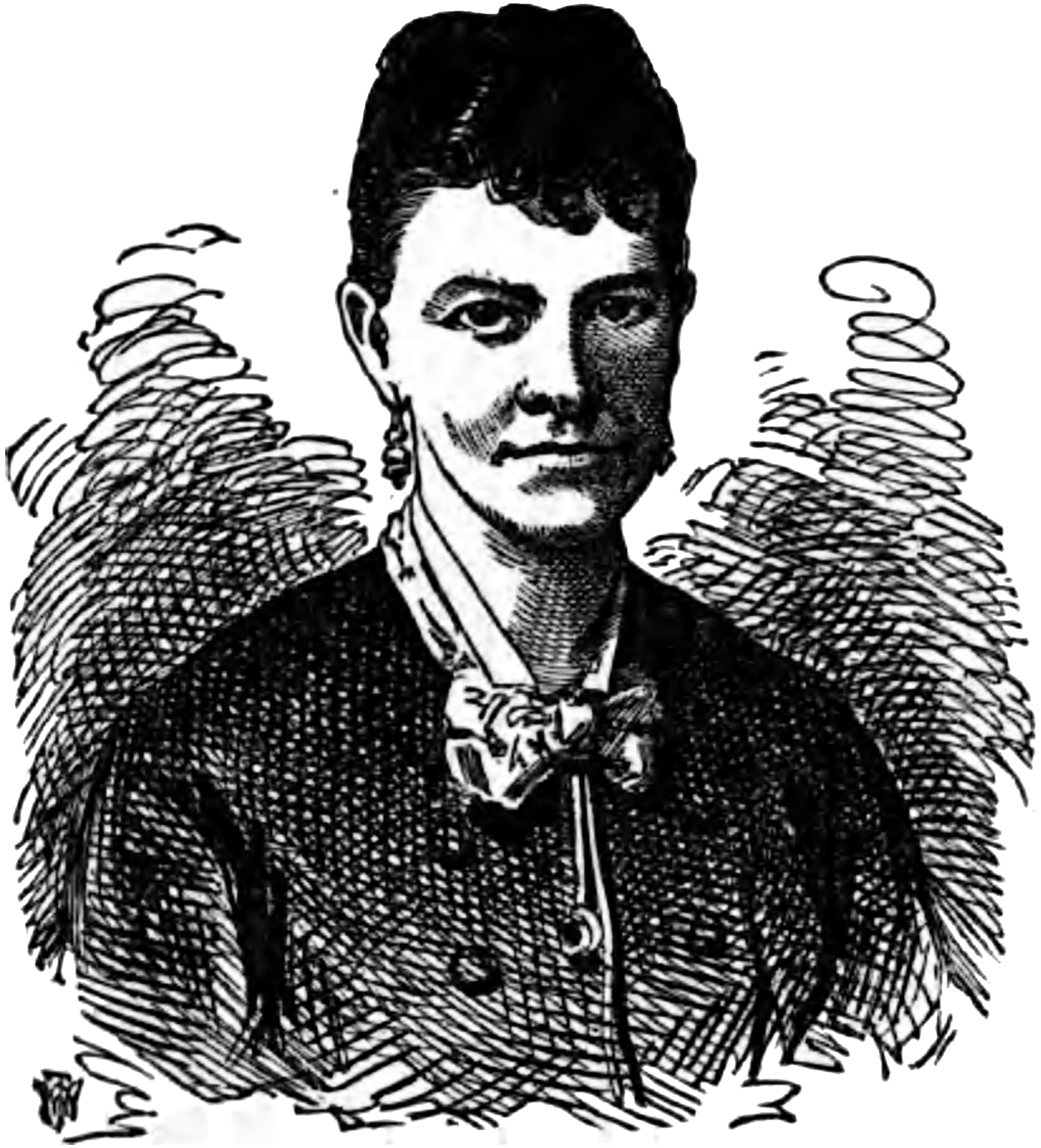
Doctor Adolf Fellger, who signs one of these affidavits, is well-known and widely respected as a physician in Philadelphia. He is beloved by all who have been so fortunate as to make his acquaintance. Mr. Owen describes him, in his letter to me of December 28th, as "a popular and highly esteemed German physician of this city," (Philadelphia), and his simple word would outweigh a score of affidavits of your Eliza Whites.

Again, I have before me sundry letters written by Mr. Holmes to Eliza White and Doctor Child from Michigan, which speak of Katie King's having appeared in their circles out there. On the 25th of August, he writes to Dr. Child that they held a seance on the at which "Katie came and showed herself splendid," while on the 28th he writes to Mrs. White instructions about packing and shipping his furniture from Philadelphia. Clearly Mrs. White could not be in the latter city occupying the house, and in Michigan playing the part of Katie King at one and the same time. On September 4th, he writes to Child, that "K. K. comes to us better than ever, but seems troubled about something that we can't find out. What does she tell you?" And Eliza does not pretend, in her affidavit to have gone West before the 12th of September. Who, then, was personating Katie before her arrival?

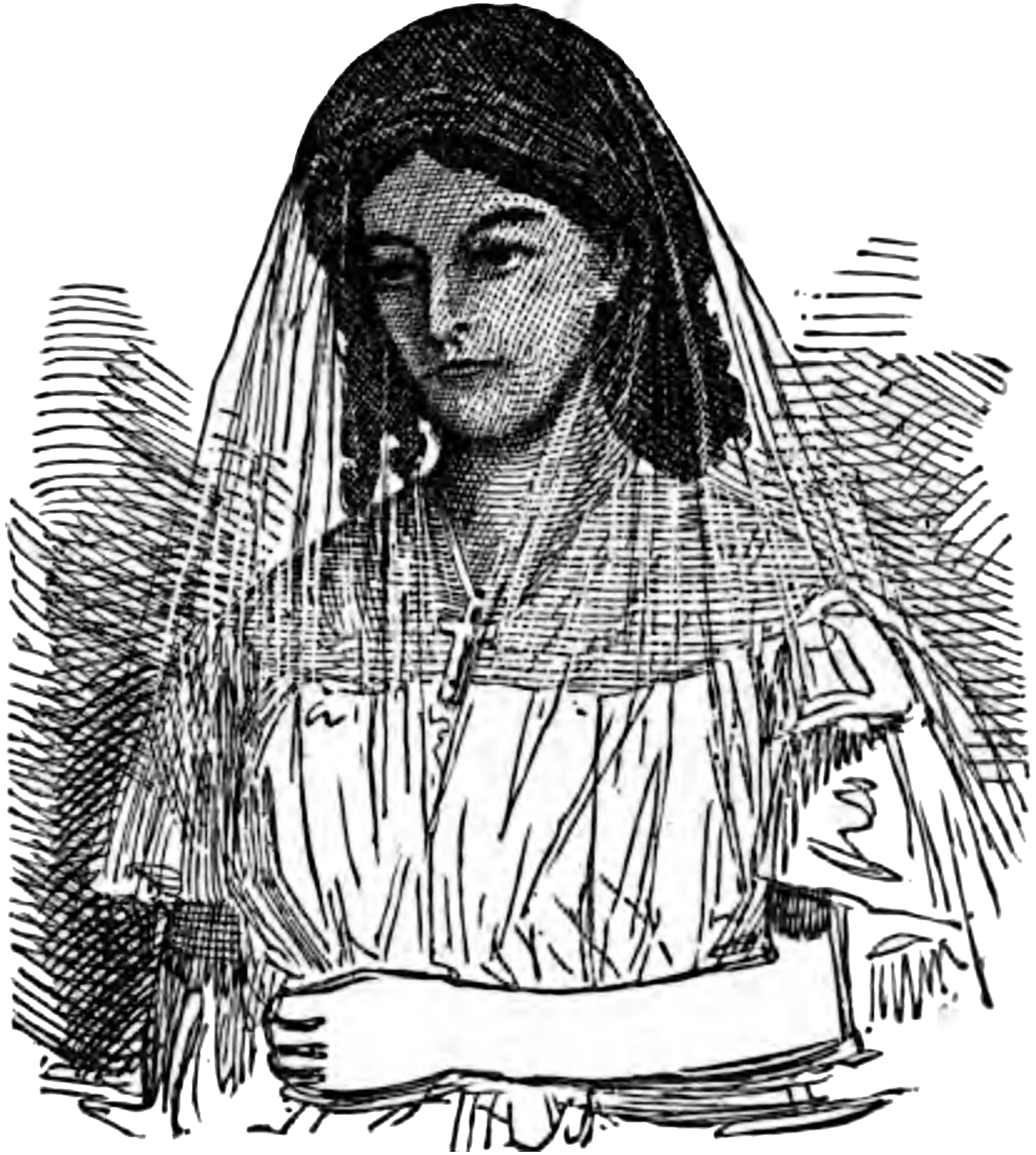
The occurrence of the phenomena in Blissfield, while Eliza was still in Philadelphia is, furthermore, attested by Doctor Child himself in a letter of Oct to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, and in this same letter he speaks of knowing the woman, and being able to declare that she was not Katie King.

It does seem as if there never was so tangled a skein as this to unravel.

In fact, when I review the whole of the evidence in this case—the assertions and counter assertions of Eliza; the contradictions of all her material statements by the Holmeses, and their plausible explanations of the suspicious sentences in Mr. Holmes' letters to her; the circumstantially minute descriptions given by Mr. Owen of things seen by him, which no theory of personation by Eliza, or any other mortal explains; the added testimony of General Lippitt; the recent confession of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to General Lippitt, that Doctor Child procured Mrs. White to stand for the photograph of Katie sold by him; the fact that this picture bears no resemblance to a portrait of Eliza in my possession, which was taken after the "Katie photograph;" the rash certificate of Doctor Child as to the identity of Eliza and Katie, after the fatal statements in his pamphlet, and his astonishing self-contradictions in his newspaper contributions—when I consider all these, I confess that I am completely unable to decide whether there ever was such a thing as a false personation of the spirit at all. Like the Comte de Gabalis, I am tempted to say; "In short I could make neither head nor tail on't." Nothing but a full confession by the Holmeses to the fact, *backed by corroborative proof*, will throw light upon the foggy subject. Their



THE WINSTED PORTRAIT.



THE "KATIE" PHOTOGRAPH.

unsupported assertion would not alone suffice to convict them, for we have all seen enough of mediums and mediumship to know that "lying spirits" may just as well now, as in Bible times, (See I Kings xxii, 19 to 23) control mediums, perhaps even to the denying of crimes they have committed, and the confessing to others of which they are wholly innocent.

Look at this very matter of the photograph. General Lippitt tells us in the *Banner of Light*, of February 6th instant, that the Holmeses confessed to him, on the 31st of January, that Eliza stood for the Katie pictures. Well, let the reader judge for himself whether this is so or not. Here we have a copy of that photograph, and, beside it, one given to me as a portrait of Eliza, and alleged to have been taken since the other was published by Dr. Child:

Do they look alike? Is there any resemblance between the two faces in the breadth of jaw-bone, prominence of cheek-bone, shape and length of nose, curve of nostril, length of lower jaw, or shape of head—in a word, in either of those salient features of a head and face which emaciation does not alter? If I had been permitted to see the shrinking affiant, I might better judge of the fidelity of the two portraits, or either, to the original. As it is, I can only say that the one which the public will now see for the first time, was given to me by one who has the best of reasons for knowing whether it is good or not, and who assures me that it is the woman herself. It was also identified by the Chief of Police, Mr. Sage, and by other citizens of Winsted.

The best we can do, under the circumstances, is to put the whole batch of contradictory testimony about this entire case in a pigeon-hole, and escape out of this quagmire of doubt upon the solid ground of fact, as demonstrated by the experiments and investigations to which I will now ask the reader's attention.

I reached Philadelphia, as before observed, on the 4th of January, and called upon Mr. Leslie, Doctor Child, Mr. Owen, Dr. Fellger and others. I took rooms at the private hotel of Mrs. Martin, in Girard Street, where our friend Madame de Blavatsky, was also quartered. My acquaintance with Mme. de B., begun under such interesting circumstances at Chittenden, has continued, and recently become more intimate in consequence of her having accepted the offer of M. Aksakow the eminent St. Petersburgh publisher, former tutor to the Czarowitch, to translate my Chittenden letters into the Russian language for republication in the capital of the Czar.

I gradually discovered that this lady, whose brilliant accomplishments and eminent virtues of character, no less than her exalted social position, entitle her to the highest respect, is one of the most remarkable mediums in the world. At the same time, her mediumship is totally different from that of any other person I ever met; for, instead of being controlled by spirits to do their will, it is she who seems to control them to do her bidding. Whatever may be the secret by which this power has been attained, I cannot say, but that she possesses it, I have had too many proofs to permit me to doubt the fact. Many years of her life have been passed in Oriental lands, where what we recognize as Spiritualism, has for years been regarded as the mere rudimental developments of a system which seems to have established such relations between mortals and the immortals as to enable certain of the former to have dominion over many of the latter. I pass by such of the mysteries of the Egyptian, Hindoo and other priestly orders, as may be ascribed to a knowledge of the natural sciences, and refer to those higher branches of that so-called White Magic, which has been practised for countless centuries by the initiated.

Whether Mme. de B. has been admitted behind the veil or not can only be surmised, for she is very reticent upon the subject, but her startling gifts seem impossible of explanation upon any other hypothesis. She wears upon her bosom the mystic jeweled emblem of an Eastern Brotherhood, and is probably the only representative in this country of this fraternity, "who, (as Bulwer remarks,) "in an earlier age boasted of secrets of which the Philosopher's Stone was but the least; who considered themselves the heirs of all that the Chaldeans, the Magi, the Gymnosophists, and the Platonists had taught; and who differed from all the darker sons of Magic in the virtue of their lives, the purity of their doctrines and their insisting, as the foundation of all wisdom, on the subjugation of the senses, and the intensity of Religious Faith."

After knowing this remarkable lady, and seeing the wonders that occur in her presence so constantly that they actually excited at length but a passing emotion of surprise, I am almost tempted to believe that the stories of Eastern fables are but simple narratives of fact; and that this very American outbreak of spiritualistic phenomena is under the control of an Order, which while depending for its results upon unseen agents, has its existence upon Earth among men.

The occurrence of the phenomena I am about to describe is calculated to arouse the deepest interest in the mind of every student in Psychology. They rob the episode of the buckle brought from the Russian General's grave to his daughter in Chittenden of the greater part of its appearance of improbability; and, taken in connection with the Compton mysteries, described in their appropriate place in this PART II, indicate that we are doing no violence to our sagacity to expect that before long we may witness in our American "circles" phases of "manifestations" worthy to be classed with the ancient and modern mysteries of the countries of the Orient.

The first evening I spent in Philadelphia, I had a very long conversation through rappings with what purported to be the spirit who calls himself "John King." Whoever this person may be, whether he was the Buccaneer Morgan or Pontius Pilate, Columbus or Zoroaster, he has been the busiest and most powerful spirit, or what you please to call it, connected with this whole Modern Spiritualism. In this country and Europe we read of his physical feats, his audible speaking, his legerdemain, his direct writing, his materializations. He was with the Koons family in Ohio, the Davenports in N. Y., the Williams in London. and the mediums in France and Germany. Mme. de B. encountered him fourteen years ago in Russia and Circassia, talked with and saw him in Egypt and India, I met him in London, in 1870, and he seems able to converse in any language with equal ease. I have talked with him in English, French, German, Spanish, and Latin, and have heard others do the same in Greek, Russian, Italian, Georgian, (Caucasus) and Turkish; his replies being always pertinent and satisfactory. His rap is peculiar and easily recognizable from others—a loud, sharp, crackling report. He objects to the application of tests, but after refusing them, will, at the most unexpected times, give such as are much more startling and conclusive than the ones proposed. He has done this with me, not once merely but dozens of times; and, really it became the most difficult thing in the world for me to hesitate a moment longer in giving up all reserve and acknowledging myself a Spiritualist *pur sang*.

I went to Philadelphia without a theory as to the Holmes imbroglio; the newspaper accounts had been so confusing that I dismissed the whole subject from my mind, and determined to start at the very bottom and build up my belief by degrees. But at my first interview with "John King," he rapped out the whole secret history of the affair, telling me the parties concerned in the pretended exposure, their names, the agents they employed, the sums of money subscribed, who carried the purse, who disbursed the funds, and who received the spoils. I was amazed beyond description, for the information given was the farthest possible from what seemed credible.

But each day's developments proved it more and more true, and if I could only have afforded to wait, I have little doubt but that documentary and parole evidence would have been forthcoming to substantiate the whole story! As it is, however, I will have to leave it only half told, for the bloody experience of 1692 stands as a warning for all time against relying wholly upon "spectre testimony."

It will be readily imagined that I early demanded of the supposed spirit some evidence of his supersensual existence. On the evening of the 6th, I said to him: "If you are in reality a spirit, as you pretend, give me some exhibition of your power. Make for me, for example, a copy of the last note from Eliza White to Mr.——that I have in the portfolio in my pocket." He made no reply, but rattled on about other matters, and did not recur to the subject that evening. On the evening of the 8th, however, as we were sitting by the table, Mme. de B. writing and I reading, John rapped loudly for the alphabet, and spelt out, "Hand me your dictionary, under the table, will you?" Mme. de B. did as requested. "The mucilage." She handed the bottle down. "Your penknife." She passed that down also. All was quiet for a moment, when he rapped that we should look. We took up the dictionary and lo! upon a fly-leaf in the back part, we found an exact copy of the note I had referred to two evenings before. The portfolio in which I carried it, with other documents relating to the case, I had taken out of my pocket a half-hour before, and laid upon the mantel-shelf. With this exception, it had not been out of my possession, and the whole time it lay on the mantel, it was under my eye and I sat within a few feet of it. It was impossible, therefore, for any trickster to have secretly transferred a duplicate to my friend's dictionary.

I crossed over, got the paper, and compared it, and here we have the two in fac-simile.

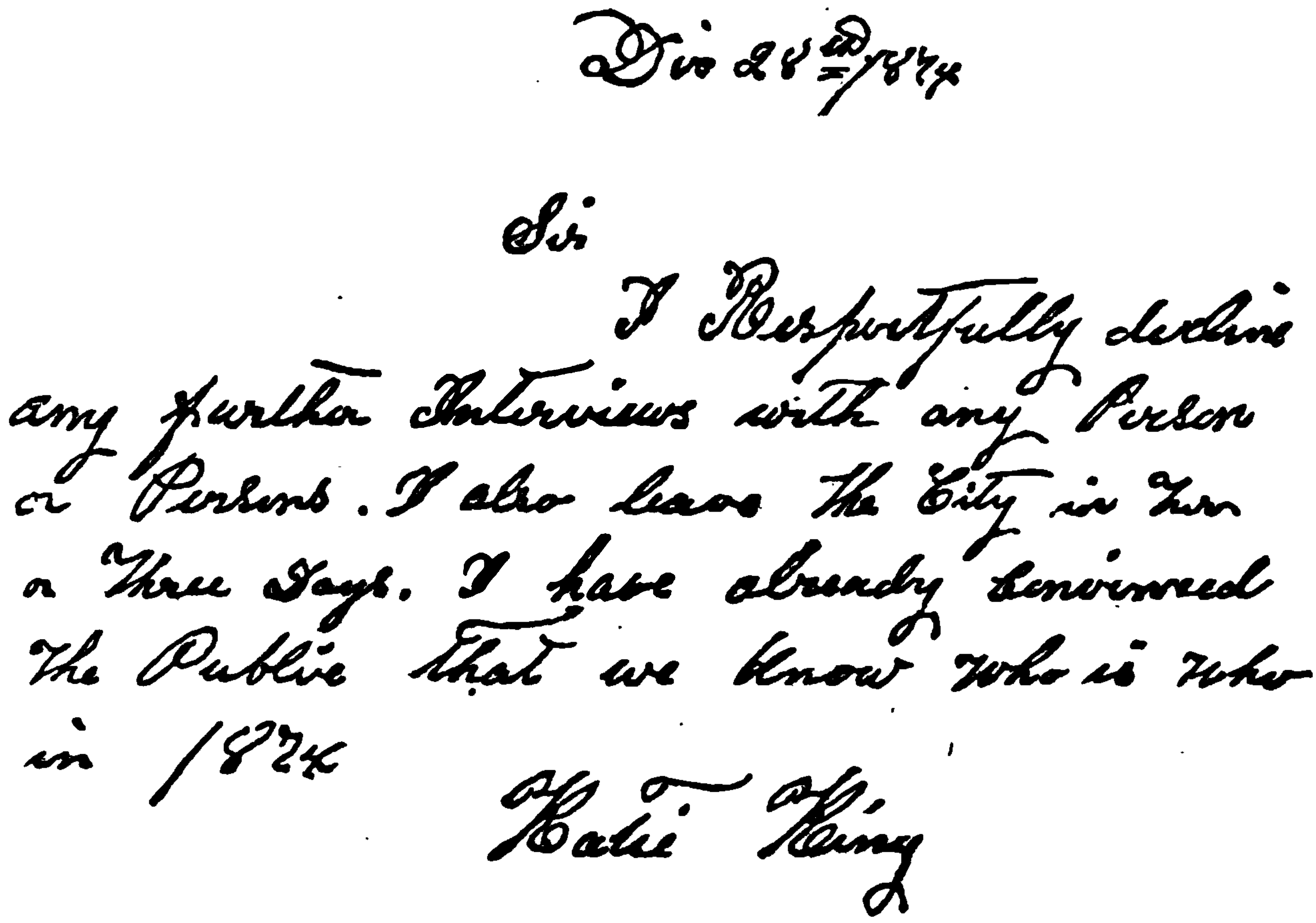
By placing the one over the other, I found that the duplicate was not a tracing, for, while the two fitted in certain places, they would not in others, and there were just such differences in the formation of the letters as showed that the duplicate might have been written by the same person as the other, but at a different time.

The reader will observe the very quaint writing in the foot-note of the duplicate, signed "J. K." This is supposed to be John's own autograph, and another example of it will be found on the communication of Katie King to myself.

It will be imagined that I awaited the fulfillment of his promise the next evening with great interest, not to say anxiety, but I said nothing for fear His Worship might be induced to postpone the matter indefinitely. Mme. de. B. and I were alone this time, occupied as before, when suddenly at John's demand, expressed through rappings, she took a sheet of Bristol-board drawing-paper, and showing me that both sides were perfectly clean, threw it under the table. I glanced under the cloth to see that there was nothing there but the one piece of paper, which was easily recognizable by its size and shape. John rapped that I should look at my watch, and note how long it took him to perform the experiment.

Madame de B. went on with her writing, and no sound was heard but the scratching of her pen and the ticking of my watch. When 30 seconds had elapsed John rapped "Done," and upon going beneath the table, and seeing the paper, I made an exclamation of disappointment, for the upper surface was blank. But as I lifted the sheet from the floor I saw, upon the face that had lain next to the carpet, a second copy of the same document.

The difference in the formation of the letters between the original and duplicate is not nearly so marked as those between this triplicate and the original. Mr. Betanelly came in at this moment and we compared



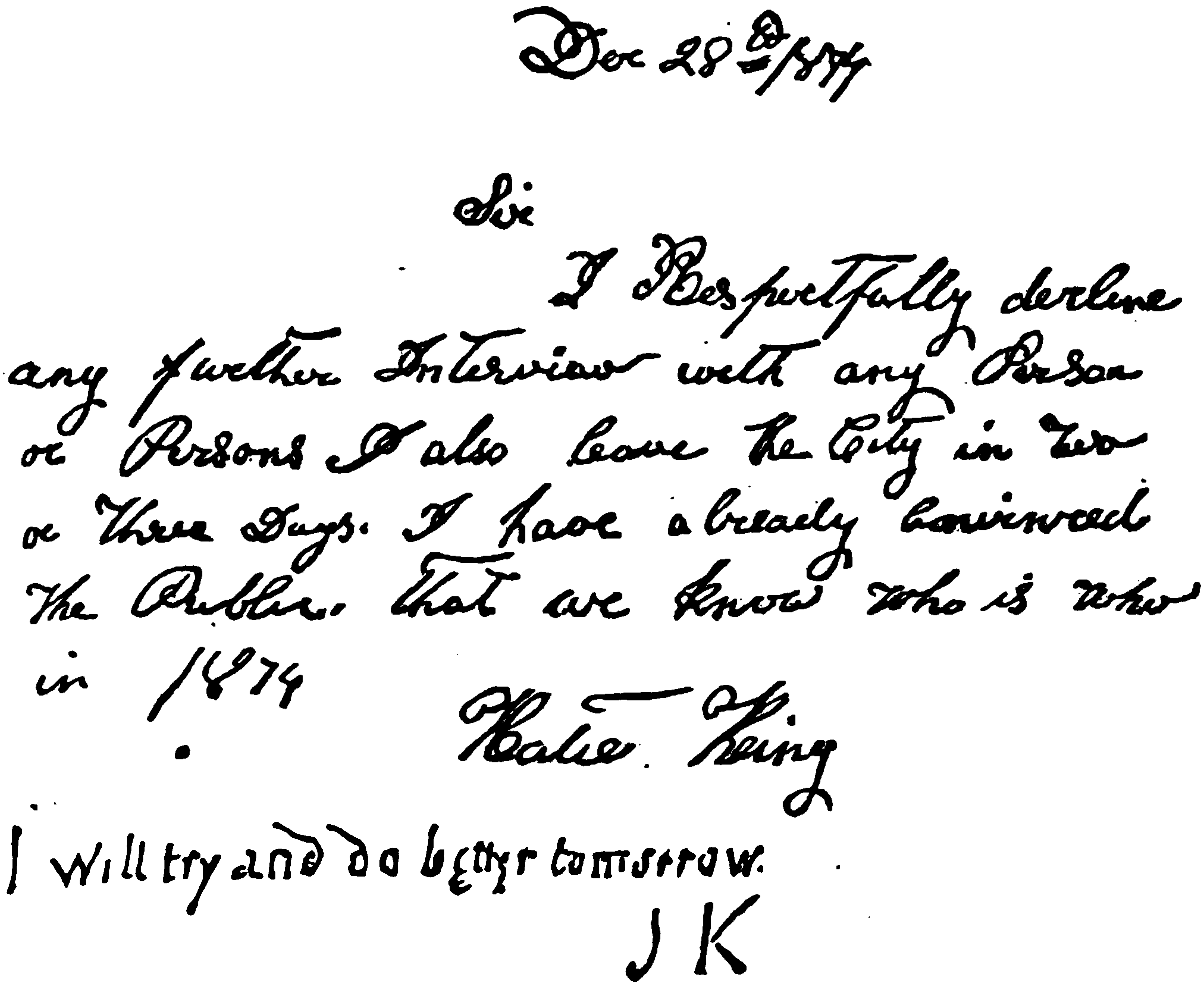
Dec 28th/1874

Sir

I Respectfully decline any furtha Interviews with any Person or Persons. I also leave the City in Two or Three Days. I have already convinced the Public that we know who is who in 1874

Katie King

THE ORIGINAL NOTE.



Dec 28th/1874

Sir

I Respectfully decline any further Interview with any Person or Persons I also leave the City in Two or Three Days. I have already convinced the Public. that we know who is who in 1874

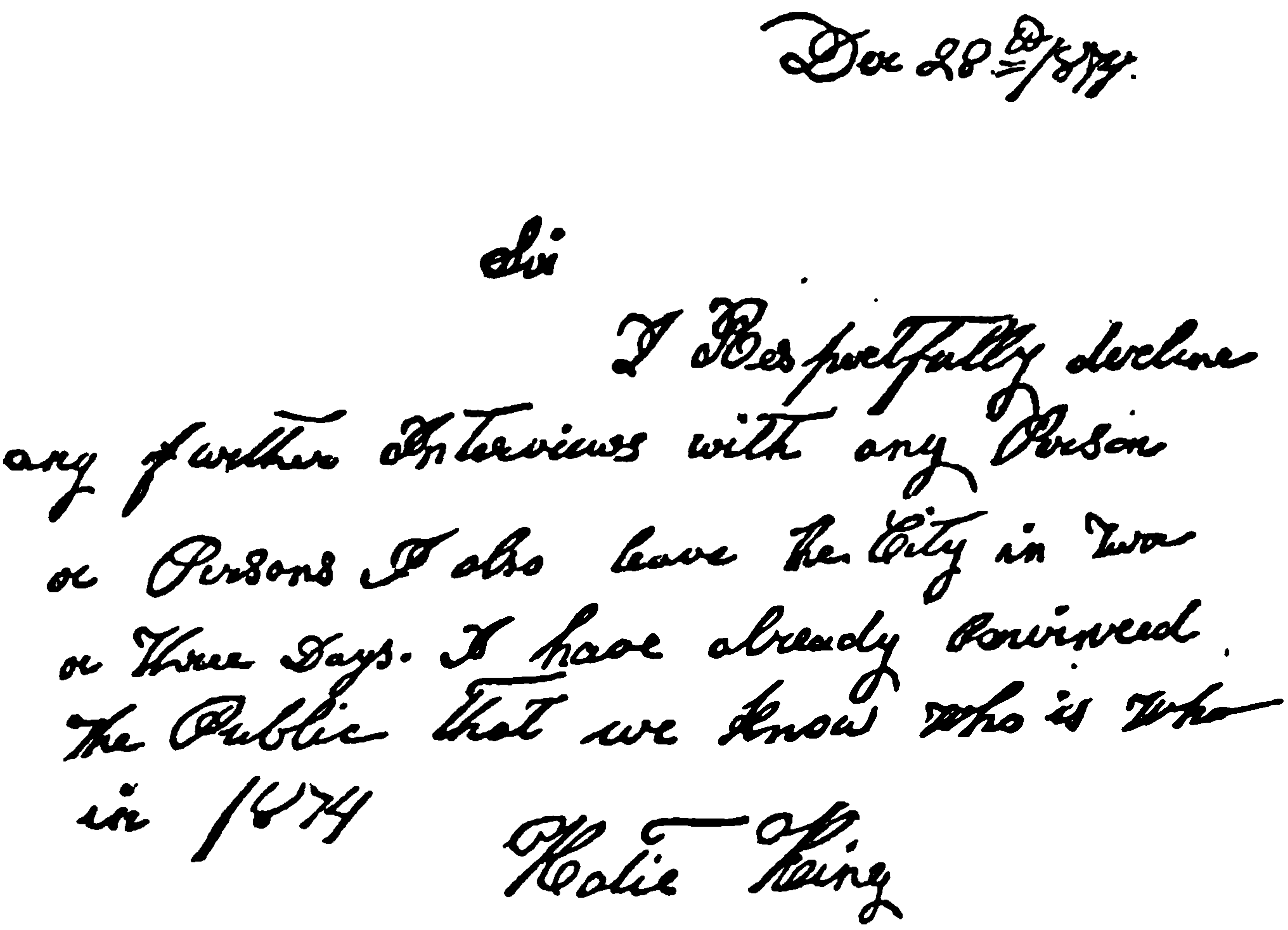
Katie King

I will try and do better tomorrow.

J K

THE FIRST COPY.

the writings with the greatest care, only to be more and more astounded at this fresh exhibition of the power of our invisible ally. Now let the reader turn to the story of the visit of the two Egyptian gentlemen to the old Sheikh, on page 414, and then to the fac-similes of the writings done for me by the spirits at Chittenden (which look so suspiciously like Horatio Eddy's autograph,) and decide whether the mere fact of such resemblances as all these, would be any proof positive that a medium had been committing fraud if he should give us communications in handwriting very much like his own.



Dec 28th/874.

Sir

I Respectfully decline
any further Interviews with any Person
or Persons I also leave the City in Two
or Three Days. I have already Convinced
the Public that we know who is who
in 1874 Katie King

THE BRISTOL-BOARD COPY.

The portfolio containing Eliza White's Katie-King-note and John's first duplicate was this time in my coat-pocket, where it had been constantly since the preceding evening. John broke in upon our expressions of surprise by rapping out: "Do you folks want me to commit forgery for you? I can bring you here the blank check of any National Bank, and sign upon it the name of any President, Cashier or other official." I thanked His Invisible Highness kindly and declined the favor, upon the sufficient ground that the Police did not believe in Spiritualism, and I did not care to risk the chance of convincing them in case the forged papers should be found in my possession.

I devoted an idle hour this same day to an interview with a very remarkable "impressible medium," named Miss Annie M. Bulwer, to whom I was recommended by Mr. Owen and Dr. Child. I went to her a perfect stranger, declined to give my name, and nevertheless, was more interested by what she told me than by anything I ever got in the same length of time from a person of her class. She told me my name, described the business upon which I had come to Philadelphia, spoke of the probable result (which, I may say, has been in great measure verified), and favored me with sundry prophecies, two of which I record as a matter of curiosity. Among other things she said that I would be invited to England before long, to act with Messrs. Wallace, Crookes, and Varley in an important matter connected with Spiritualism, to arise in the future; and that my present book would be translated into Russian, German, Polish, and other languages. Part of her prediction is already in a fair way of being verified, for the Russian translation is almost finished, and I am informed that the work is to be republished in German, at Leipsic. I pray the reader's indulgence for this digression, but so few prophecies from these mediums are placed upon record in advance, that I thought there would be no harm in breaking through the rule

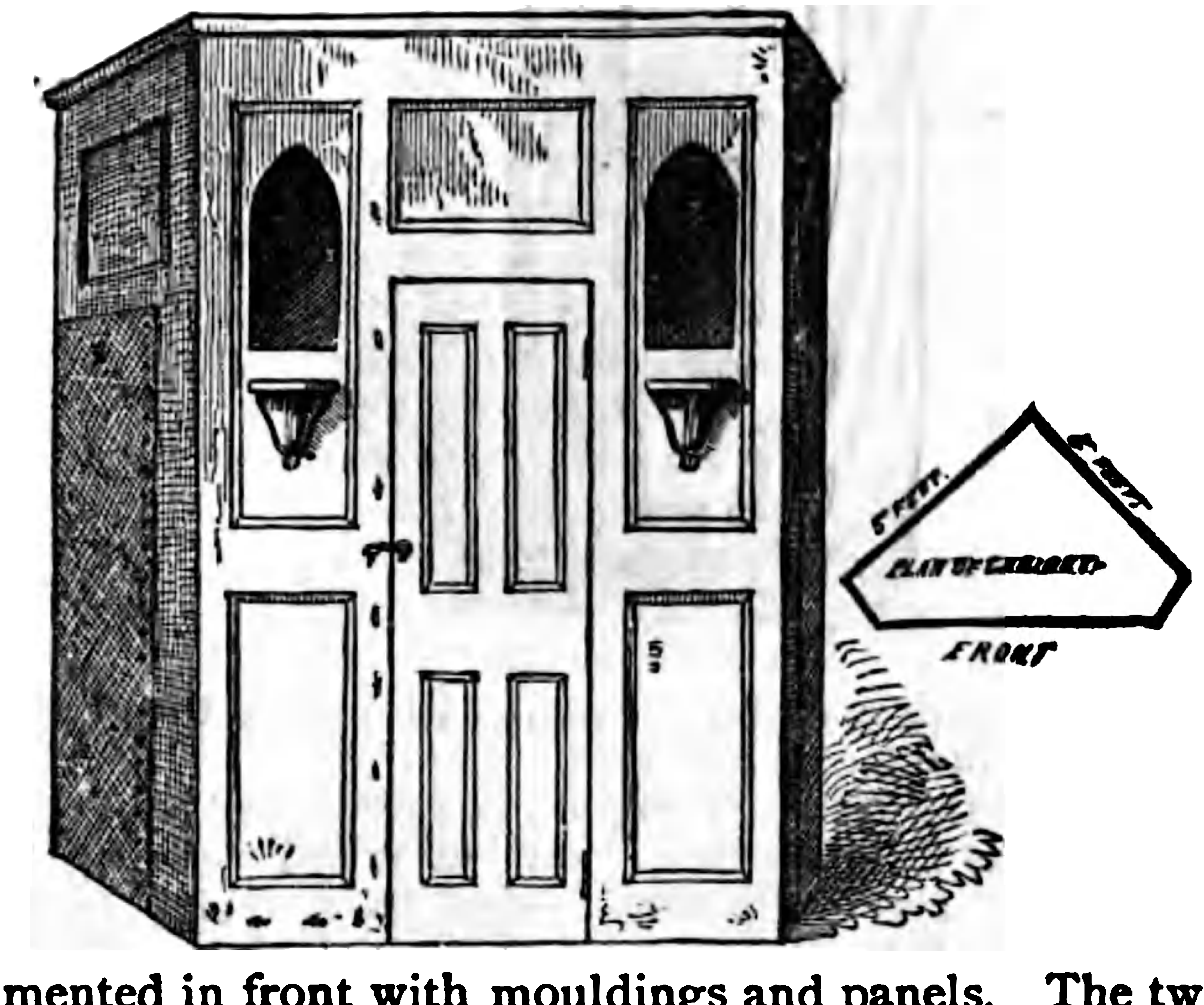
Mrs. Holmes returned from Vineland on the 11th, and that evening I attended for the first time a seance at her house. There were present fifteen persons. The first thing in order was a "dark seance," which I will not particularly dwell upon, as I afterwards had the opportunity of holding one in my own rooms, under test conditions, and will allude to it in its proper place.

I found the cabinet a triangular, bottomless box, standing in the corner of the room before a window, just as described in Eliza White's story in the papers; but I made no remark about it or any of the arrangements that evening, as I wished to see how things were done. Mrs. Holmes, of course, occupied the cabinet alone, her husband being in the country. She went in and sat upon a chair, closed and bolted the door from the inside, and somebody outside started a large music-box to playing.

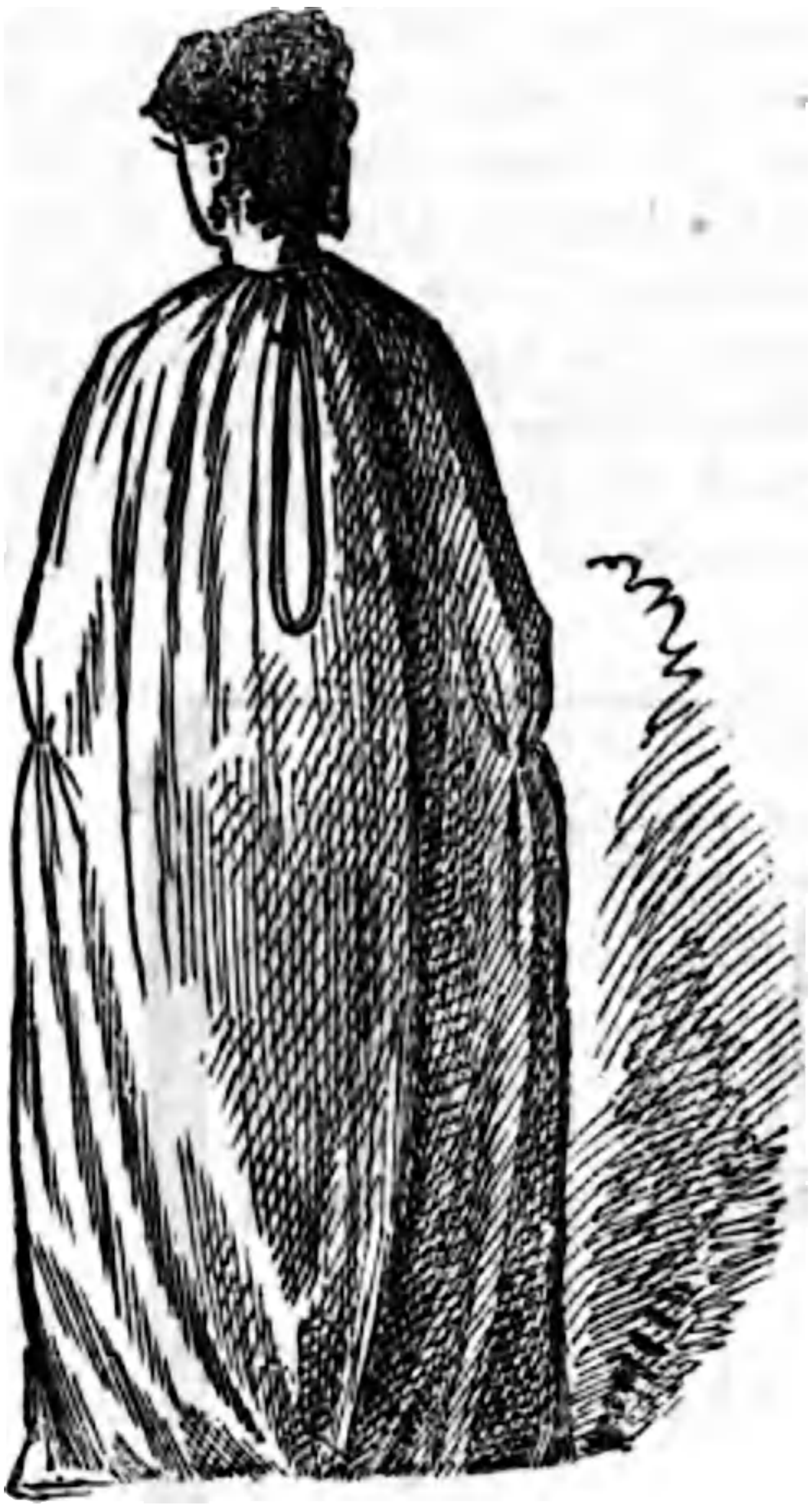
In a few minutes the short, black curtain behind one of the apertures was drawn aside, and a man's head appeared, as if floating in the air. It was ghastly pale, a heavy black beard and moustache increasing the unnatural pallor by contrast. I went up to the aperture, leaned my arm upon the bracket-shelf beneath it, and gazed into the face, which was not twelve inches from me. A more dreadful sight I had never beheld. The lower portions, including the wavy silky beard, were perfectly formed, as, also was the brow; but the eyes were not materialized, and the cavities they should have filled were edged with ragged rims, as though the face had been made of wax and the eyes melted out by the application of a red-hot iron. To see the thing floating in the air as buoyantly as a cork in water, and then gaze at the orbless sockets, was calculated to test weak nerves to the fullest extent. "Well," I said to the head, "you are a handsome young man, and no mistake! Do you think any damsel of taste would fall in love with such a face as that?" The lips smiled, and the head wagged from side to side to mark dissent. I asked many questions, and was answered by nods and shakes, to signify "Yes" and "No." A well-formed masculine hand, matching in color the ghastly face, came up and stroked the beard, and motioned to me to do likewise. I passed my hand inside, and felt the beard, and found it soft, silky, and as warm in temperature as my own. But I was not satisfied with the seance, for the medium was not under test conditions, and the cabinet stood where it did during the time when Eliza White's pretended comedy was being enacted. Moreover, I was not satisfied with the movements of the head—they were too stiff and constrained, and made me think I had possibly been looking at a cleverly made mask, or inflated rubber head, although I had never seen its like before.

The next morning I procured some stout unbleached sheeting, and had a capacious bag made with a draw-string at its mouth, It was large enough to take in Mrs. Holmes up to her neck, leaving her room enough to be comfortable. I also went to the house, and myself moved the cabinet from its place in the corner to the other side of the room, against a dead-wall. Around its two sides mosquito netting was tacked to prevent any possible admission of a confederate, through a movable panel. With a screw-driver I carefully tested every screw, and found that instead of any one or two being looser than the rest, (and so corroborating Eliza's story that she had screwed and unscrewed them at every seance) each was as solid in the wood as every other one. I found that Mrs. Holmes measured 5 feet 3 inches in height, while the lower edge of the aperture was 5 feet 5 inches from the floor. When she stood upon tip-toe, the top of her head was just visible from the outside, through the aperture.

Here we have a front-view and ground-plan of the cabinet. It is made of imitation black-walnut, ornamented in front with mouldings and panels. The two sides of the triangle are of matched pine boards, but the furnace heat has shrunken them so that in places the tongues have slipped out of the grooves, and light can be seen through the cracks. The sketch shows the mosquito-netting tacked around the sides:


5 FEET.
6 FEET.
PLAN OF CABINET
FRONT

Just as Mrs. Holmes was ready to enter the cabinet, I stopped her and said that as she had consented to submit to test conditions, I should now begin to apply them, with her permission. She assented; whereupon I produced the bag, and she got into it. I secured myself effectually I believed, against fraud by drawing the mouth around her neck, just tight enough to admit of her breathing, without its choking her. I then sealed the string, close up, with sealing-wax, and stamped it with my ring. Finally, I removed the chair from the cabinet, and left her to stand up.



MRS. HOLMES SECURED.

I pushed the door to, *and it was immediately bolted on the inside*, the light was made very dim, and we awaited results. In less than three minutes, a white hand appeared at one of the apertures. It had no rings upon the fingers; Mrs. Holmes had several on hers. Her hand moreover, is of a very peculiar shape, its outlines being full of curves, and the fingers long and bony, with the phalanges strongly defined. The hand shown was plump, well-shaped and large.

Then, after a few minutes there came into view a partially materialized female face, much worse to look upon than the male one of the preceding evening. I could not think of anything to compare it with except the face of a corpse, half eaten by rats or crabs. It was framed in a drapery of white muslin stuff, and, like the other, floated in the air, swimming towards the aperture now from one side, and now from the other, or rising from below; then remaining stationary for a moment or so, it gazed at us in a stiff, blank way, with its eyeless sockets, and its half-formed features, until it was enough to make one's flesh creep to look at it. But I went up, stared at it and talked with it by means of its nods and shakes, until it was able to tell me that it was the head of Katie King, herself, badly materialized.

Its peculiarities, aside from the dreadful raggedness of its half made-up features, were a preternatural narrowness of chin and forehead, and a marked redness of lips, as though they were stained with vermilion. I doubt if ever a late supper conjured a worse vision out of the realm of dreams to affright the dyspeptic withal, than this one; but it was in a measure, more satisfactory than a perfect visage would have been, for, the medium being helplessly confined within the bag, and no possibility of confederacy existing, it seemed to show that the face was neither that of a human being, nor yet a mask, for such masks are never made. It came several times within sight, and then disappeared for the evening.

Upon entering Mme. de B.'s rooms this evening, I found several ladies and gentlemen waiting to be introduced to me, and they were amusing themselves with some "mind-reading" tests given by a boy medium named DeWitt C. Hough. One gentleman mentally requested that an affirmative answer to his mental question should be indicated, by the lad's leading him across the room and placing his, (the gentleman's) hand upon a portrait of "John King," in a glazed frame, that hung upon the wall. This was done, when to our surprise it was found that the glass over the little picture had disappeared, although it had been noticed in its usual place the same day. This glass was not restored until nearly a week had elapsed, when, one evening, John rapped that he wanted a very small piece of white paper passed under the table, and presently said that he had brought the glass back again. Sure enough, there it was, with the small strip of paper gummed on it, and a line in John's handwriting to the effect that he had had it away with him.

In entering this circumstance in my note-book, I appended, by way of pleasantry, the slang expression

"Bully for John!" It will be seen further on how he returned the compliment.

The next morning, the 13th, Mr. Owen, Mr. Betanelly and I went to Mrs. Holmes' house without pre-announcement to hold a private seance. The windows were darkened, Mrs. Holmes was put into the bag, which was sealed as before, and the chair was removed. In 70 seconds from the time the door was closed, a hand was shown at the aperture. I approached the window, and laying my hand upon the sill, it was patted by a detached hand, which I found soft, plump, warm and moist. My hand was then gently pulled down inside the cabinet and pressed between two hands and caressed. I asked that I might be allowed to feel the two thumbs at once, and upon opening my hand the two thumbs were laid between my thumb and forefinger, and I pressed them. Mr. Owen's hand was then pressed and caressed. Passing my hand within again I felt and stroked the man's beard, as on the former occasion, and afterwards the turbaned top of a head was raised just up to the aperture, but the face was not shown. Finally, all three of us laid a hand each upon the sill, and each was patted by turns.

These were all of the materializations of the seance, but just before its close a whispering voice addressed me in German from within the cabinet, giving me the name "Katrina Gobe," and saying that she had died some years before, in Philadelphia. Mrs. Holmes is said to be unacquainted with any language but English.

John King showed himself very clearly at the evening seance, coming as many as twenty times in sight, and allowing a number of people to approach him and shake hands or stroke his beard. I stood at the aperture as long as I chose. His eyes were perfectly formed to-night, and moved about, and winked in a very natural manner. He smiled at me, shook hands, and talked quite at length. I requested him to float his head up so high that every one could see that it was not possible for Mrs. Holmes either to be wearing a mask, or holding one up; whereupon he rose to the extreme top of the window and thrust his head outside, at an elevation of 6 feet 7 inches from the floor.

One of the perplexing features of the Katie King affair was the supposed resemblance between the manuscript of Eliza White and that of the notes given by "Katie" to Mr. Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Fellger and others, at the

Holmes seances. I determined to attempt at least the procurement of a communication to myself from Katie; and so, thinking the moment propitious, I asked if Katie would favor me. The answer came in a whisper: "I'll do it, Colonel, if I can get power enough." I then passed through the aperture a sheet of note-paper that I had purchased on my way from my lodgings, and that was marked in a way to effectually prevent their palming off upon me a prepared communication, upon another sheet, as Eliza White avers Mr. Owen was deceived in the matter of the Fred. W. Robertson writing. Whatever became of my paper, it disappeared, for, as soon as the seance was over, I searched thoroughly all about and no trace of it could be found.

The next day at 2.30 p. m., I had a seance at my own rooms. A cabinet was improvised out of the short square passage between the sitting and bed-room, and a curtain of black paper-muslin, with two windows cut in it, and short curtains hanging over them inside, so as to be raised or dropped at will, was tacked over the sitting-room door.

Those present upon this occasion were Mme. de Blavatsky, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Fellger, Mr. Betanelly, the medium Mrs. Holmes, and myself. The rear door of the passage was sealed by Mr. Owen with strips of thin paper, after Mrs. Holmes had been sealed up in the bag. Mr. Owen also locked the bed-room door leading into the passage, and put the key into his pocket.

We then darkened the room and took our places close to the curtain. In half a minute hands were shown, and, almost immediately John King's face appeared and was thrust quite through the aperture. He was perfectly materialized, and came as near being a handsome man as he ever did, I presume, and that is quite near.

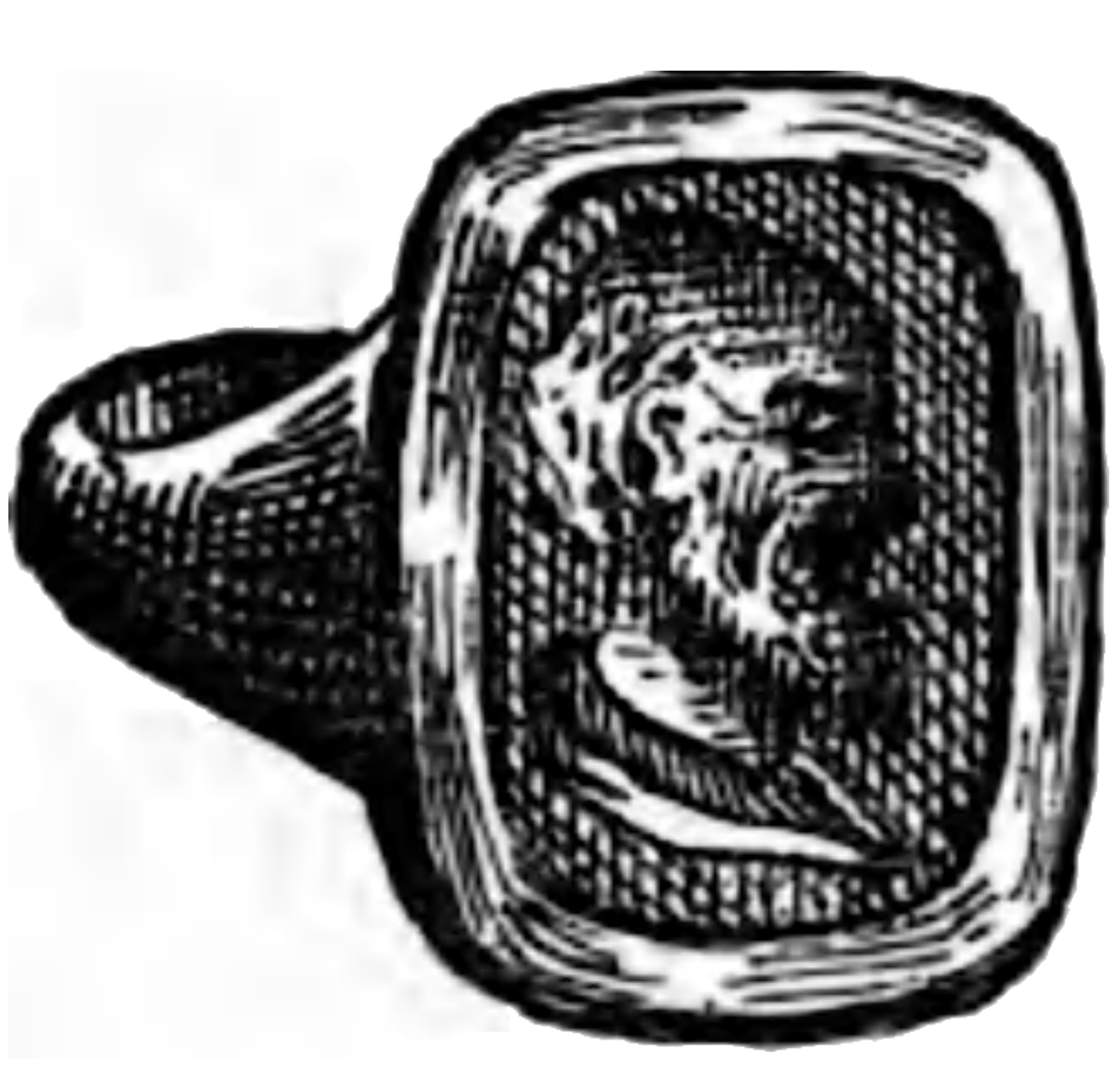
A voice, supposed to be Katie's, spoke to us, and calling up Mr. Owen and myself, she, or, at all events, a female hand patted our hands. I asked if she had written the communication to me yet, but she said she had not. I then requested that she would hand me the paper so that I might show it to Mr. Owen. In a moment it was thrust through the aperture, and Mr. Owen examining it by the light, found no writing except what I had written in French in the middle of the page. I passed the paper back, and it was taken from my hand.

John King allowed Mr. Owen to feel his hand [illegible] beard, and, altogether, the manifestations were quite as satisfactory if not more so than any I had thus far seen at Mrs. Holmes' house. They proved beyond question the fact that, whatever they may be, they depend for their production neither upon false panels, nor trap-doors, nor wire machinery. The seance terminated about 5 o'clock.

The public seance was held at 825 North Tenth Street, at 8 P.M., as usual. A gentleman present suggested that I should tie Mrs. Holmes' hands together before putting her into the bag, and I did so; but, to tell the truth, I thought the precaution so unnecessary that the tying was a mere pretence. I considered it perfectly impossible for her to get her hands outside the bag to use any masks, even if she had such concealed about her.

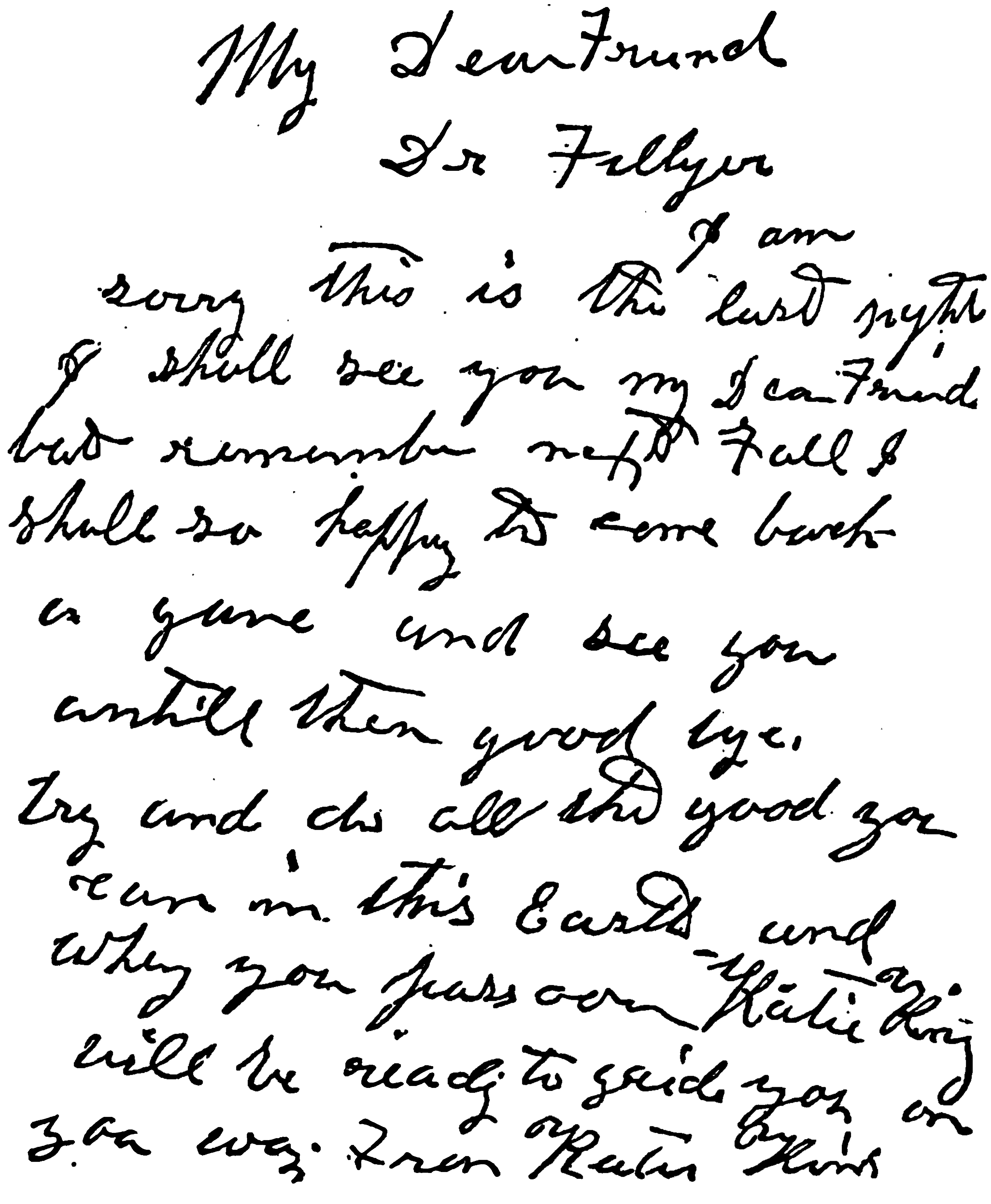
John King appeared as usual and allowed six or seven persons, beside myself, to approach and converse with him or shake hands. As I saw his head floating free in the air within a few inches of my eyes, I recalled Eliza's assertion that the faces were ten-cent masks manipulated by the medium, and the idea occurred to ask permission to satisfy myself in the most conclusive way that I was not looking at a mechanical contrivance. John assenting, I then put my arm in, *and swept the air in a semi-circle beneath his head*, coming into contact with neither stick, nor wire, nor medium's arm. The drooping ends of his white turban dragged over my hand as I withdrew it. I then requested him to depress his head, and passed my arm in like manner as before, completely over his head, thus finding that it was not suspended from above by string or wire.

I handed John my signet-ring and asked him to hold

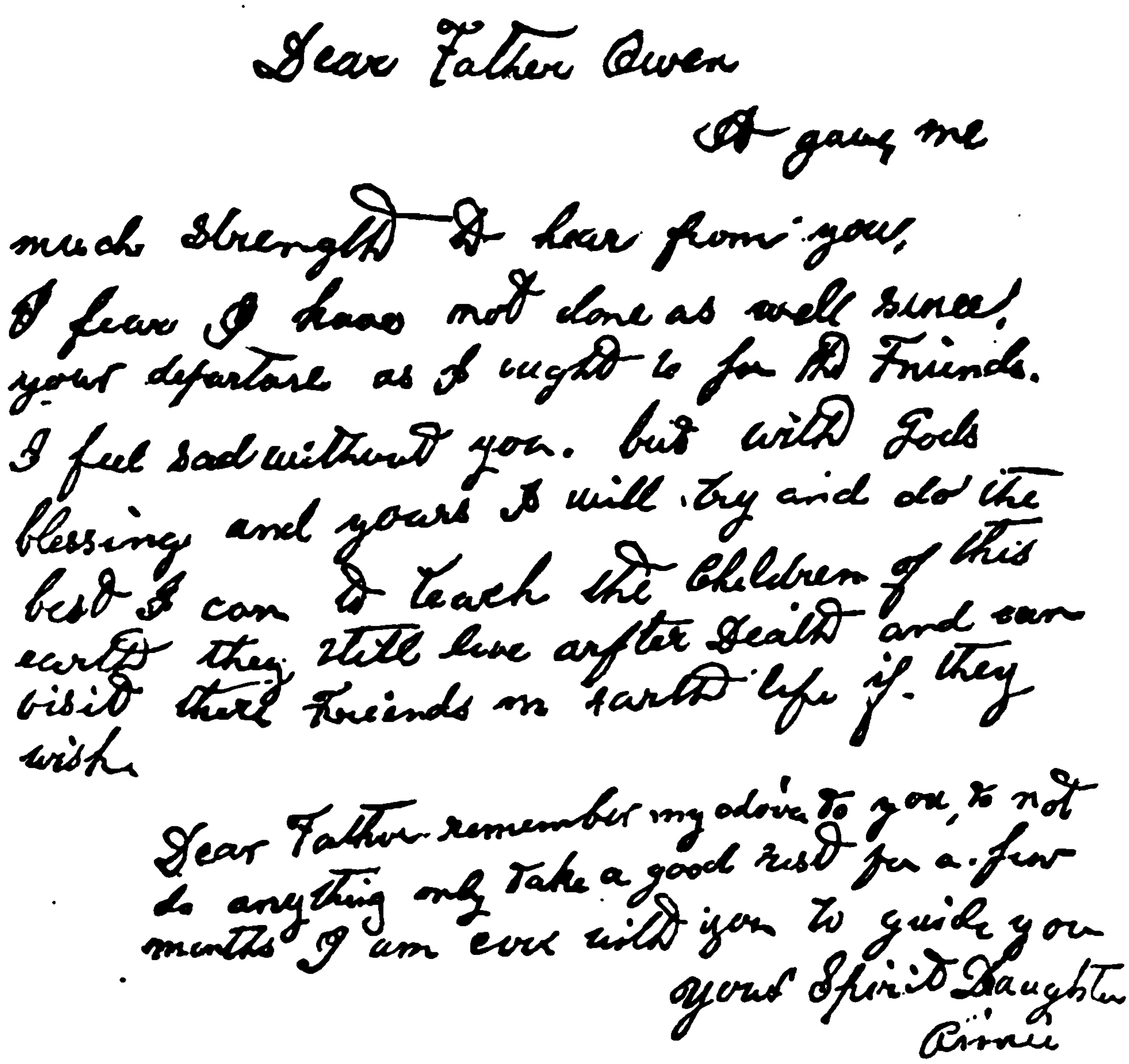


it for a moment so that I might hereafter have it as a souvenir of the evening's parley. One of the ladies handed him her ring also, for the same purpose. He soon returned the second ring, but said he should keep mine, which I must say I did not fancy, as it was an expensive intaglio, and I was not in the mood of making presents to detached heads and hands. Before releasing Mrs. Holmes from the bag at the close of the seance, I searched the cabinet in every part, but my ring was gone.

The voice of Katie called me up to the cabinet after I had resumed my seat, and a hand passed out to me the sheet of paper I had handled a few hours before. The previously blank surface was now covered with two communications to me, in a handwriting which seems to be identical with the Katie King notes of last summer, addressed to Dr. Fellger and Mr. Owen, here given. Let the reader judge for himself:



My Dear Friend
Dr Fellger
I am
sorry this is the last night
I shall see you my dear Friend
but remember next Fall I
shall so happy to come back
again and see you
untill then good bye.
Try and do all the good you
can in this Earth and
when you pass on Katie King
will be ready to guide you on
your way. From Katie King



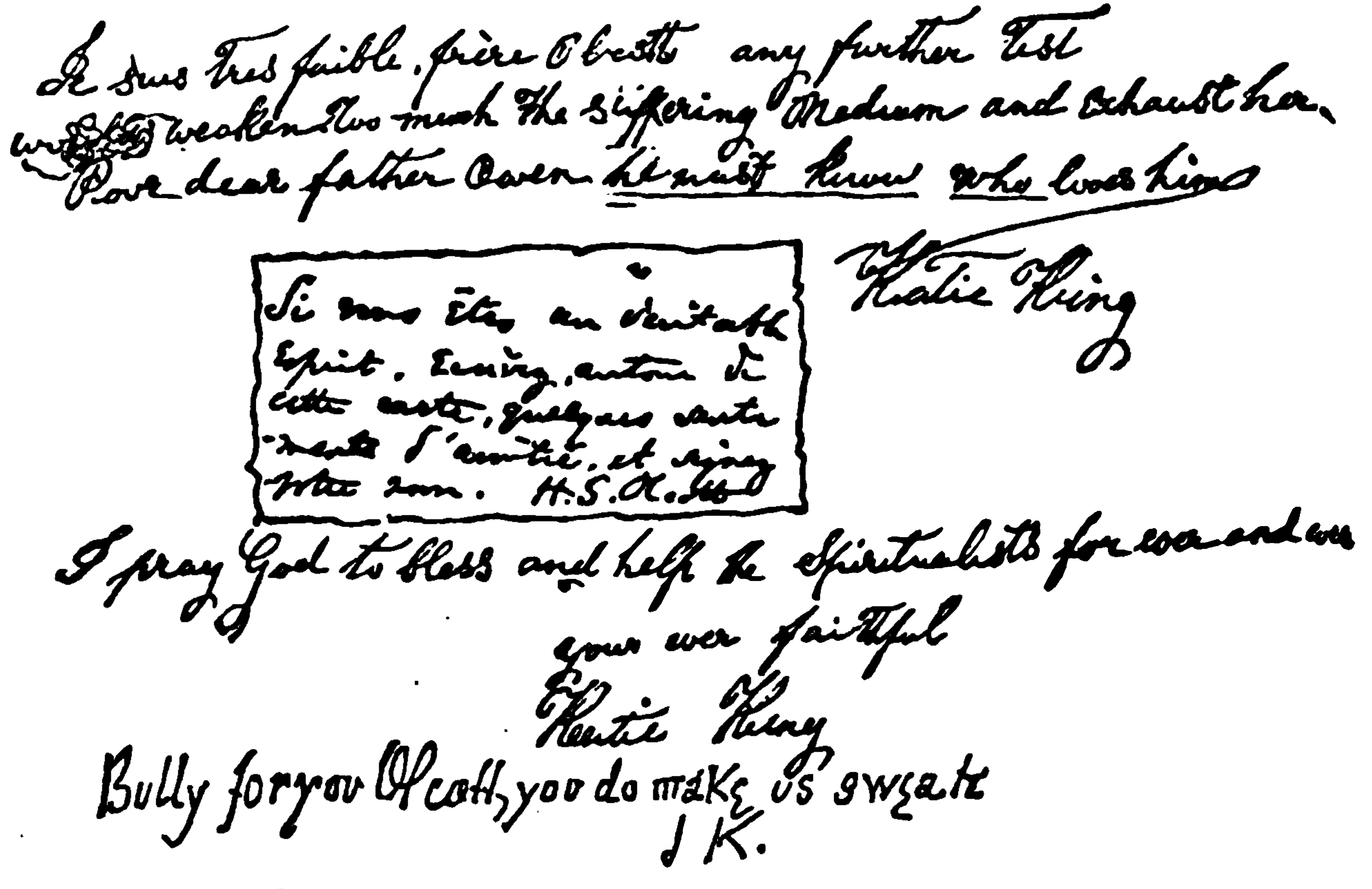
Dear Father Owen

It gave me much strength to hear from you,
I fear I have not done as well since your departure as I ought to for the Friends.
I feel sad without you. but with Gods blessing and yours I will try and do the best I can to teach the Children of this earth they still live after death and can visit their Friends on earth life if they wish

Dear Father remember my love to you, to not do anything only take a good rest for a few months I am ever with you to guide you

your Spirit Daughter
Annie

Compare the handwriting of these with that of the paper received by me from "Katie," here given. That in the center square is my own.



Je suis tres faible, frère Olcott any further test
would weaken too much the suffering Medium and exhaust her.
Poor dear father Owen he must know who loves him

Katie King

Si vous êtes un veritable
Esprit. Ecrivez autour de
cette carte, quelques autres
mots d'amitié, et signez
votre nom. H.S.O.

I pray God to bless and help the Spiritualists for ever and ever
your ever faithful
Katie King

Bully for you Olcott, you do make us sweat
J K.

Such of the persons present as witnessed the delivery of the paper to me then signed a certificate at my request, and the seance was brought to a close.

A fresh surprise was in store for me that night, for when I was about retiring, I turned down the pillow to put my watch beneath it, and *there lay my ring* uninjured. Its weight is 7½ pennyweights, and the distance it had been transported was perhaps three-fourths of a mile.

On Monday evening, January 19th, I returned from a short visit to Hartford, and attended the seance at the usual place. Mr. Holmes and his wife were both present this evening, the former having recovered sufficiently from his hemorrhages to bear traveling. Mrs. Holmes went inside this evening, and her husband sat outside. I placed a guitar inside the cabinet. Instantly after I closed the door, a hand was shown at the aperture. The guitar was played upon, floated about, bumping against the sides and roof of the cabinet, and was violently thrust through the aperture. The face of John King was shown, but none other, and nothing unusual occurred, except a violent altercation between some visitors and the Holmeses, as to whether it was possible for the former to pass their hands through the neck of the bag.

I determined that there should be no longer any doubt upon this subject, so the next evening I took special care in sealing the bag. I closed the mouth very tight and sealed the strings with wax to a silver coin in such a way that any attempt to open or loosen the mouth would break the wax. I had a friend present, an eminent inventor, who made a thorough examination of the bag and pronounced it impossible for any trickery to be resorted to. I also caused Mrs. Holmes to drop her arms by her side, and then pinned her sleeves to the bag in such a way that she could not raise her hands more than four inches from the perpendicular.

I had caused to be attached to the left-hand aperture, at the inside, a cage or basket of wire-cloth, with an arched crown and flat bottom; intending to have the faces or hands show themselves within it, if possible.

Before closing the cabinet-door I requested that the bolt should be thrown back instantly after being shot, so that I might see if Mrs. Holmes were moving from her position in the apex of the triangular box. This was done. I stood ready with hand upon the latch, and the moment the bolt was drawn I pulled the door open, and the medium was standing motionless in her bag.

Two guitars placed inside were now played upon simultaneously, and pushed out of the right-hand aperture. Within one minute a hand was shown at the same window. Then the curtain over the other aperture, and within the cage, *was drawn aside.* How? A hand was then shown there, so that all of the thirty persons present saw it.

Then John King appeared at the right window frequently, and sundry persons, including General Lippitt, (who was present for the first time to begin an investigation of the Holmes affair,) my friend the inventor, and others.

The wire-basket appearing to be too small to permit of the perfect formation of a head within it, I had the mechanics enlarge it the next day, by removing the flat bottom and carrying the sides down to the floor. I also had it permanently attached to the face of the cabinet by staples and wire ties that passed through the boards and were twisted and cut off on the front face. Here are the certificates of the workmen:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19th, 1875.

This is to certify that we have attached to the left-hand aperture of the cabinet in the parlor of 825 North Tenth Street, in this city, a wire basket with a flat bottom and curved sides and crown, the meshes of which are at a distance of 1-3 inch apart, or what is known in the trade as "No. 3 wire-cloth;" that the said basket is permanently attached to the said cabinet by staples; and that it would be impossible for any person to introduce a hand, face, or any other thing of greater diameter than one-third of an inch, within the said basket, without removing it by drawing the staples out of the wood. W. L. WILSON, WM. H. FENNELL,

With J. P. FENNELL, Wire Worker, No. 36 N. 6th St.

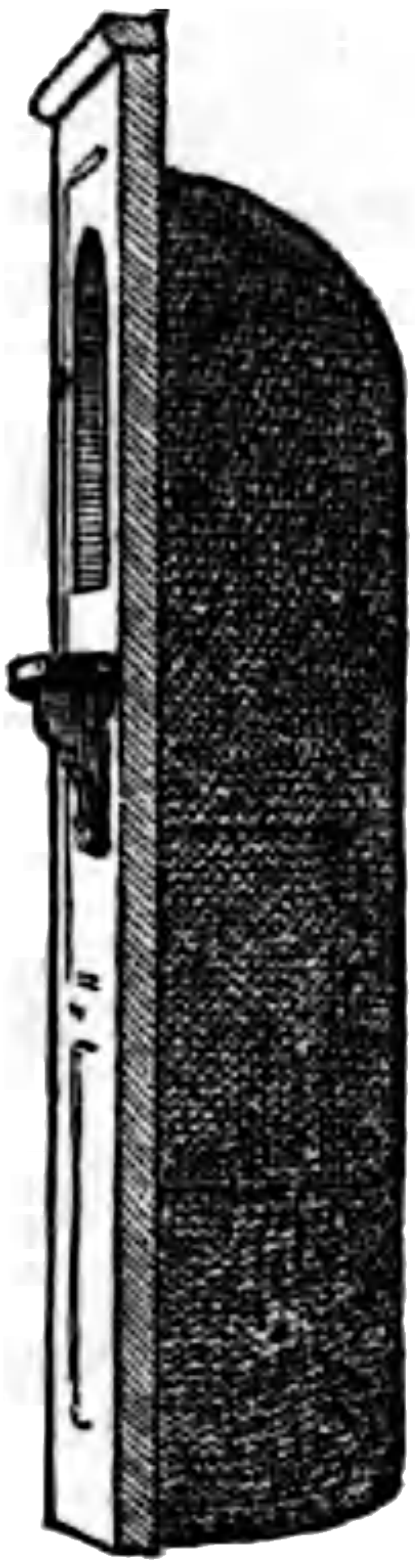
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20th, 1875.

I hereby certify that the above described wire-cage was this day altered by removing the bottom sheet, and extending the sides continuously down to the floor, making the whole height of the cage from floor to crown 7 feet 9 inches. In my opinion it is impossible to introduce a hand or head within the said cage without taking it apart. The two edges of the wire-cloth sheets are now permanently attached to the inner front face of the cabinet by staples driven home, and tie-wires passing clear through the boards and tied on the outer face of the same. JAMES P. FENNELL,

Wire Worker, 36 N. 6th St., Phil.

The cut affords a very good idea of the form, dimensions, and penetrability of the cage.

We held a seance at 5 P.M., but it was very unsatisfactory to me, as, relying upon the cage, I put neither Mrs. Holmes nor her husband in the bag, and both were inside the cabinet at the same time. I fancied I heard them working at my wire cage as if trying to effect an opening, but they did not succeed, and beyond the drawing of the curtain aside, nothing occurred at that aperture. At the other John King showed himself, and also a female face, purporting to be Katie's, but not satisfactorily identified.



THE WIRE CAGE.

At the evening seance, a hand and arm appeared within the basket, and swept across the window and back. John King's head also appeared there, rising from below and dropping again. It was not satisfactory, however, for I could not understand why, if it were genuine it might not stay as long and show itself as freely there as at the other window. I had a very clever juggler with me this evening, one who is famous as a maker of mechanical tricks for jugglers. He was introduced to me by Mr. Coleman Sellers, the distinguished engineer, President of the Franklin Institute, and the correspondent mentioned by Mr. Crookes, in one of his pamphlets, as an ingrained skeptic. Mr. Harding, the amateur juggler, thought, upon examining the wire-cage after the seance, that there was one spot sufficiently unconfined by the staples to permit of squeezing a hand through and manipulating a mask, so the next day I had this attended to.

At the seance in question two faces were shown at the right aperture—John King's and another. The former looked natural, and by drawing the curtain aside and peering in, I saw, at one and the same time, John's head high up to the left, behind the door, and Mr. Holmes sitting in the chair before me. John's head was, therefore, not a mask worn by Holmes.

On the 21st, I had a long consultation with another juggler of acknowledged skill and also a dealer in jugglers' apparatus, Mr. Yost by name, who explained to me the manner in which he fancied that Mrs. Holmes got her hands out of the bag, to work artificial faces. It is to make a slight rip or cut in the hem covering the draw-string, and then draw enough slack string through inside to enable her to slip out either her hands, or her whole bust if she chooses. This plan requires that she shall have one hand free while the bag is being sealed, so that she can pull on the slack, and make me believe I am sealing up the mouth effectually and tightly. The explanation did not seem satisfactory, but I determined that no such trick should be played upon me from that time forward, at any rate.

We held a test seance at 4 o'clock that day, at which, among others, Mr. Owen and General Lippitt were present.

At my last interview with John King, at Mme. de B.'s rooms, I requested him to give me a private sign when I should next see him at Holmes', and he consented. He came to the aperture at this afternoon seance, and looking at me, *he gave the sign* by turning his head from left to right and back again twice in succession. He also gave to Mme. de B. a certain sign known only to themselves.

A detached hand was shown inside the cage, and then we tried a very interesting test. Premising by saying that Mr. Holmes, like his wife, is unacquainted with any foreign language, I fancy the reader will share my surprise, when I state that at the request of Mr. Owen, Doctor Fellger, Mme. de B., Mr. Betanelly and myself, expressed in Italian, German, Latin, Russian, Greek, Georgian, Turkish, French and Spanish, this hand within the wire-cage gave signal after signal, as many times in each instance as we severally indicated in these various languages. The hand purported to be that of John King, and hence I said in another place that he seemed to understand every language, a second Magliabecchi. We were as much astonished as Appollonius himself was in India, where, he tells us, the sages have the magical power of understanding and speaking the languages of those who come to them from the most distant countries.

John also addressing me in English, said he would look after one of my sons, whose name is an unusual one, and one that certainly no person in the room had heard me mention.

Mr. Owen, General Lippitt and I very carefully scrutinized John's face as it appeared at the right window. It seemed perfectly natural, the eyes were thoroughly materialized, and were rolled about in every direction, by request.

Twenty-seven persons were present that evening at the public seance. I attended to the bag with unusual care, making Mrs. Holmes keep her hands by her side constantly; holding the mouth of the bag in such a way that there could be no slack; pinning her sleeves down further than usual; examining and testing the string in every way after that; and then calling up every person in the room by turns to see if it were possible for the captive medium to get a hand out to play tricks. I then closed the door, which as usual was bolted on the inside by somebody whose hands were *not* sealed up in a bag, and before I could turn down the gas, in the chandelier over my head, a detached hand was thrust out of the right aperture! John showed himself, and I had a long conversation with him in French, he replying correctly by movements of his head. Among other things, I asked him if it was his own voice that had spoken to me in English that afternoon about my son, and he answered affirmatively. He allowed a number to approach, and gallantly kissed his hand to several of the ladies. I saw the movement of his lips, and the sound of the osculation was so audible that all in the room could hear it. It was no mask.

There was a rattling and scraping on the wire-cage, as though something hard were being drawn over the meshes, but nothing happened inside, except that the curtain was drawn aside.

Another face beside John's appeared, but it was not recognized. A number of hands were also shown, of different sizes, among them one fair, well-formed, plump hand of a woman, so peculiar in its shape that I examined Mrs. Holmes' hands after the seance, only to again observe the thin, long thumb, and peculiar sickle-shaped curve of the outer edge of the palm.

The London *Spiritualist*, of February 1st, 1873, contains a bit of *prima-facie* evidence in favor of Katie King's having actually appeared through the mediumship of the Holmeses. It is a report of a seance at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, 21 Green St., Grosvenor Square, London, and the paper editorially certifies to the fact that "Katie King showed herself, and two old gentlemen, one with a white beard, and one old lady."

In a previous number of the same paper, Mr. J. C. Luxmoore avers that he saw at Mr. Holmes' rooms, at 11 Old Quebec Street, the identical Katie King whom he had seen three times before at Hackney in the presence of Florence Cook.

Finally, in the paper called *The Medium and Daybreak*, a correspondent reports, in a card dated March 24th, 1873, that he attended a Holmes seance "at which many spirit-faces were shown, among them that of the elder Katie King, who spoke in her usual whispers, and was very palpable and distinct."

I had now been so long in Philadelphia without seeing the full form of Katie King that, despairing of her appearance, and having accomplished the main object of my experiments—to test the "materializing" powers of the mediums, I was growing impatient to depart. At an afternoon test seance, both mediums sat outside at my request for a time. There were rappings inside the cabinet, and some scrapings upon the wire-cage, but the experiment was a failure, and as no faces appeared, I sent Mr. Holmes inside, and sealed him up in a new bag I had had made, and pinned his sleeves to it. In five seconds a hand was shown at the right window: then two hands were shown together, and then John King appeared, showing me his full head and shoulders.

At the evening seance, the usual precautions were taken, and as usual hands were shown and John appeared and spoke to me. A woman's hand and arm were thrust quite out of the window, and after an intermission of a few minutes there came a face which struck me as soon as I saw it as the Katie King of the Holmes photograph. If it was not the identical face, it at any rate seemed to be, and this impression was made upon the mind of General Lippitt, also. I scrutinized it very closely. The face was not smooth and well rounded, but seemingly roughly finished. The eyebrows were straight and black; the contour of face oval, rather long and thin; the dark hair lay smooth upon the brow. A gauzy white material, wrapped around it, framed the head, and made it look unnatural and ghastly.

Our test seance began at 4 P.M. the next day. John, and the Katie like the photograph appeared several times. The latter borrowed General Lippitt's pocket-knife, and cut off and handed him a lock of her hair, which, upon subsequent comparison with locks in the possession of Mr. Owen and Dr. Fellger, was found to be identical in texture, and color—the latter, a peculiar glorious shade of golden brown.

While looking at this head I saw something inside the cabinet that I would like to have some one more capable than myself explain: I saw the Katie King head, with the mouth of a bag drawn tightly about her neck as the bag was drawn about the medium's, and a hand, which was attached to an arm that came from another direction, took hold of and fondled mine. Now, one thing is perfectly clear: this hand and arm did not belong to Mrs. Holmes' body, for the seal on the bag's mouth was found unbroken after the seance. And again, if Mrs. Holmes had managed to get her hand and arm out, what bag was that which I saw drawn tightly about the neck of the "Katie King" there? for the bag could not be both closed and open at once. I leave the Philadelphia Editors to display their preternatural shrewdness in explaining this riddle. I will help them so far as to say that the bag had no false lining nor slack string; there was no duplicate bag in the cabinet; no confederate could either have been in there before the seance or got in at any time while it was progressing; and I have not exaggerated or falsified the fact.

On the evening of the 24th, I had the circle at my own lodgings, a different suite of rooms from that in which the former seance was held. A cabinet was improvised in the same manner as before, the black muslin curtain with apertures hanging over the front door, and the other door being sealed by General Lippitt to prevent the admission of any person or thing from behind.

Nine persons were present, including the two mediums. Mrs. Holmes was put into the bag, and Mr. Holmes sat outside the cabinet with us. I completed the sealing of the string, and then began to drive in a few tacks to hold the curtain to its place, but before I could drive the second tack, a detached hand was thrust into view from the upper aperture, quite a distance above the medium's head.

John King showed himself very distinctly, and calling up Mr. Betanelly communicated to him, in his own language (the Georgian), a secret that he supposed none knew except himself. He kissed his hand several times, by request, and also saluted the cheek of a lady, who offered it for the purpose. I stood at the aperture and talked much with him, he addressing me in a voice audible to all, and I not a foot distant from his face. Katie, or what purported to be she, also showed herself, but badly materialized, her eyes being not more than half-formed. With her permission, I thrust my arm through to feel the medium, and Katie, whom I saw at my right as a dim, indistinct shape, guided my hand to the place by taking me by the coat sleeve. This was necessary, as the aperture was so high that I had to stand upon tip-toe to get my arm through, and could not look in Mrs. Holmes' direction while my arm was inside. I repeated this experiment to make assurance doubly sure, and this time carefully felt the medium's head, neck, shoulders, and passed my hand down her arm, which was unmistakably inside the bag, the spirit-hand clutching my sleeve the whole time! Mrs. Holmes' eyes were tightly closed, her face was deathly cold, and her forehead covered with a clammy dew.

General Lippitt was permitted to do the same thing, and has published an account of the seance in the *Banner of Light*, of date February 6th, 1875. General L. noticed in Katie's accent this evening certain dialectic peculiarities which were associated in his memory with the Katie he had seen last May in the Holmes seances.

After this satisfactory experiment, I requested Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to favor us with a "dark seance," and, this being agreed to, the nine persons in the company drew their chairs together and joined hands, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes being separated from each other. Under these circumstances, we were all touched by invisible hands, myself often and in various places, sometimes three or four of us were touched simultaneously, a pair of hands were laid upon my head, a bunch of plumes was swept across our faces, and then a cloth of some light fabric, and, finally, at Mme, de B.'s order, some beautiful lights danced in the air over her head and then disappeared. These phenomena were similar to what had occurred almost every evening in Mrs. Holmes' "dark-circles," but in this instance there was absolutely no possibility of trickery, and this account will suffice for all.

The next evening my last test seance was held, and it was a very notable one. While my experiments had demonstrated beyond doubt the fact that many phenomena occur in the presence of the Holmeses, which are not due to trickery, yet I had seen neither Katie King nor any other spirit, in full form, and I was not entirely satisfied with the results of my labors. It was here that Mme. de B. brought her wonderful power to the test. Summoning John King, she intimated her will that Katie should step out of the cabinet that evening, and he wrote her with his own hand a message to the effect that her orders should "be obeyed." This communication is in my possession, and General Lippitt has seen it.

A select company of six persons, besides the two mediums, met at Mr. Holmes' residence at 8 o'clock, and after taking the usual precautions against fraud (including a strange exercise of Mme. de B.'s power, which threw Mrs. Holmes into a death-like trance, and so made her perfectly incapable of resorting to trickery), the light was dimmed, and we sat in silence waiting for the working of the mystic spell.

Phenomenal disturbances soon began: raps were heard all over the cabinet, various voices addressed us from within its recesses, and *a detached hand, coming out of the right aperture, and gliding down the face of the cabinet,* clutched a small hand-bell that stood upon a table, and, ringing it all the while, rose again to the aperture and disappeared with it, within.

This last manifestation was calculated to startle one out of all his preconceived notions of both anatomy and gravity, and it really gave to the seance a most uncanny aspect. But the crowning test was to come. We heard the bolt drawn inside, and in breathless silence watched the cabinet door swing slowly open. I sat within a few feet of the entrance, and plainly saw at the threshold a short, thin, girlish figure, clad in white from crown to sole. She stood there motionless for an instant, and then slowly stepped forward a pace or two. By the obscure light we could see that she was shorter and much more delicately built than the medium, and her dress with its trailing skirt, and the long veil that completely enveloped her form, were as crisp as though just from the hands of the *modiste.* Who she was or what she was, I do not know, but one thing I do know,—she was not Jennie Holmes, nor any puppet or confederate of hers. And I know, further, that Mme. de B, who sat next to me, uttered one word in a strange tongue, and the spectre immediately withdrew as noiselessly as she had entered.

When the meeting broke up we found Mrs. Holmes in her bag, with its unbroken seals, and in so deep a catalepsy as to alarm Dr. Eellger at first. It was some minutes before she had either respiration or a pulse; and as she is recovering I leave her and the case with these conclusions:

(1). While it may be possible that either Eliza White or somebody else assisted the Holmeses to deceive the public, by personating Katie King, the evidence hitherto attainable does not enable us to designate any one of the phenomena observed and described by Mr. Owen or General Lippitt as probably fraudulent. The accuser of the Holmeses is apparently successfully impeached; and her indorser, Dr. Child, shown to be incompetent to testify.

The decision of the moot question being, therefore, of necessity made to depend upon the issue of my own course of experiments:

(2). The real mediumship of both Nelson and Jennie Holmes, and "especially the appearance of materialized spirit-forms through the same," seem to be demonstrated.

(3). The Philadelphia experiments have a most important bearing upon those of Mr. Crookes, in London, and of myself, at Chittenden, Vt., and Havana, N. Y.

(4). The very grave question whether the visits and behavior of spirits are within human control, is forced upon our attention. Its examination, moreover, involves the verification or rejection, by modern scientific processes, of the Biblical, historical, and traditional accounts of intercourse between man and the angel world; the definition of the laws of so-called Magic and Sorcery; the formulæ of evocation and exorcism; and the moral effects of this intercourse upon humanity.

We cannot afford that another day shall be lost. The Hour is come: let the Man step to the front.

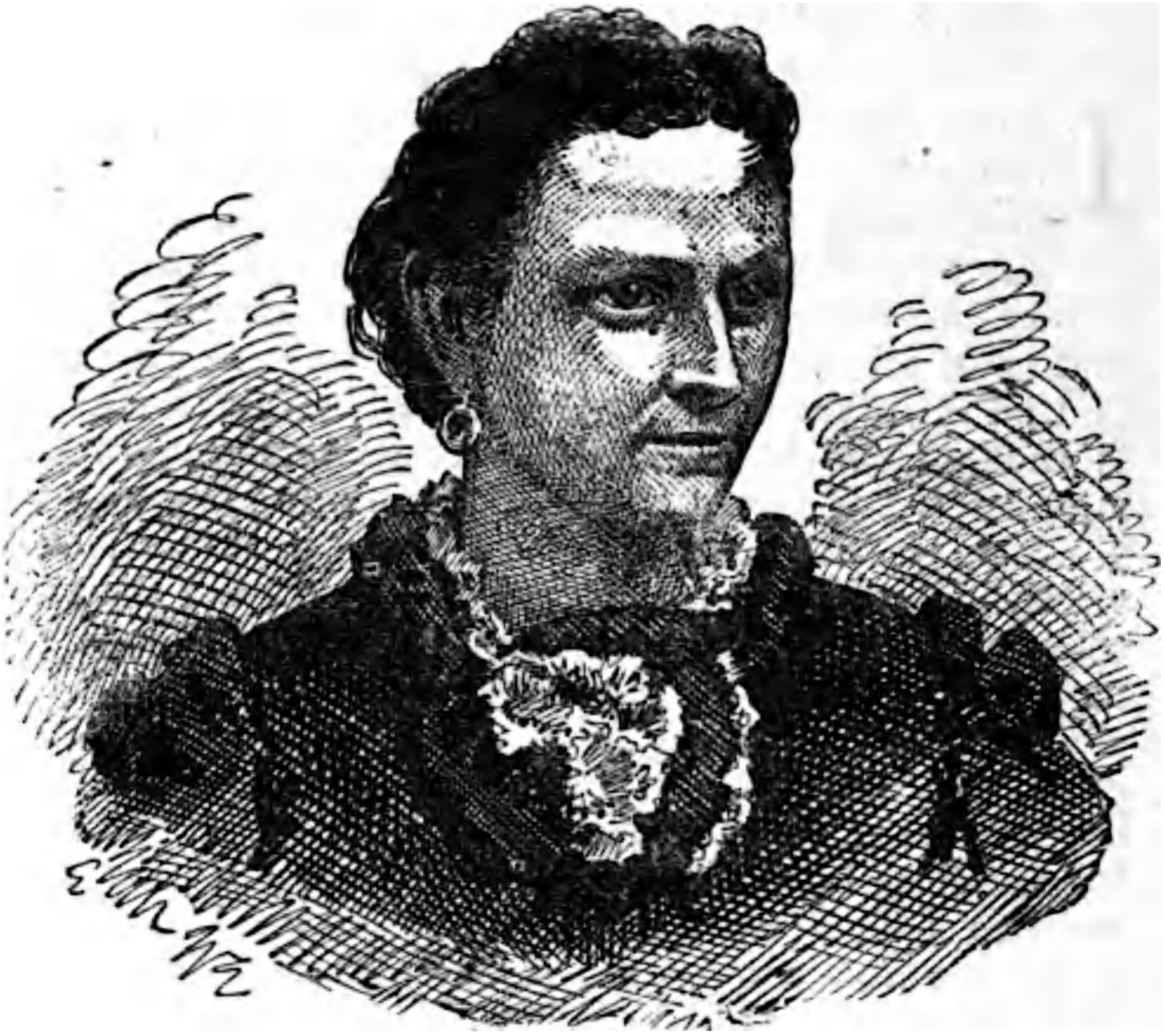
THE COMPTON TRANSFIGURATION.

I DO not know of any author who has defined the position which the student of science occupies in our day, better than Professor Huxley himself. In a recent essay, he says: "The only opinion he (the votary of science) need care about, if he care for any—and he is all the wiser and better if he care for none—is that of about a dozen men, two or three in these islands (Great Britain), as many in America, and half a dozen on the continent. If these think well of his work, his reputation is secure from all the attacks of all the able editors of all the "influential organs" put together."

With such encouraging words as these before me, I shall proceed to tell the story of my remarkable experience at Havana, N. Y., hoping at least to deserve the good opinion of their author, and the dozen colleagues whom he had in mind while penning the sentences above quoted. If Mr. Huxley is not now willing to follow the theory of Evolution to its legitimate conclusions, and discover to us man as he exists in the spirit-world, there is satisfaction in knowing that the time is not far distant when he will be compelled, by the accumulation of phenomena similar to those hereinafter described, to acknowledge that his immortality is a demonstrable scientific problem.

At one of my last interviews with the alleged spirit John King, in Philadelphia, he told me that if I would go to the village of Havana, Schuyler County, New York, I would see a phase of manifestation entirely new to this country, and the precursor of a whole series of unprecedented interest and importance. In short, he gave me to understand that we were about to witness the advent of the psychological mysteries which, for many ages, have been confined to the temples and pagodas of Egypt and Hindostan.

Acting upon this information I found myself in the village designated, on the evening of the 29th of January, of the present year (1875). The medium I sought was a poor woman, named Elizabeth J. Compton, living with a second husband, and the mother of nine children, of whom five girls and one boy are alive.



MRS. ELIZABETH J. COMPTON.

Her maiden name was Houghtenning, and she was born August 16th, 1829. On September 3d, 1848, she was married to George W. Souls, in the town of Barrington, Yates County, N. Y. Her husband, Souls, was for many years an invalid, and she supported the whole family by the hard labor of washing. Her rounded shoulders, angular frame, horny palm, and the fingers bent out of shape by constant immersion in the hot suds of the wash-tub, abundantly corroborate the story of her faithful exertions and honest toil.

Coming of laboring people, marrying in her own class, and having the cares of a large family so soon thrust upon her, she had no time to obtain an education, and she can neither read nor write.

Like the Eddys, she inherits mediumship, her paternal grandmother and an aunt having been known as "witches," and reported to possess the evil-eye. Her maternal grandmother, an Indian squaw, was brought up among the whites, but was not unfamiliar with the rude sorceries that prevailed among her people. Like the case of the Eddys, also, the medianic power descends to her children. I sat at a table alone with the youngest, a pretty little girl of five years, and with my hand laid upon her tiny little hands, the rappings occurred all over the table. This child is also said to be clairvoyant, as well as several of her sisters.

Mrs. Compton first saw a spirit when a child of nine years, and after that her lucidity was frequently demonstrated. The exceedingly limited space at my command forbids mention of many instances, related to me by herself, of visions, prophetic warnings, and encounters with spiritual beings that occurred in her experience. Suffice it to say that they were of a character similar to those which have been fully described in this book in connection with the psychological history of the members of the Eddy family.

Her mediumship for physical phenomena dates from March 1873, when a neighbor, calling in one evening, proposed that they should "form a circle" in the chamber where Mr. Souls was lying sick. She was so little familiar with Spiritualism that she supposed the circle meant was the "praying-circle" of the Methodists, and readily consented. A table was drawn up near the bed, and, taking their places at it, she says she was astonished to hear rappings under their hands, and still more so when a communication was spelled out, purporting to come from a young man named Melville Barton, who had been murdered a day or two before, and for whose body search was then being made. The spirit described the murder, and indicated where his body would be found; which information the next day proved to be true.

Sittings of a similar character were held frequently after this, and the rappings grew louder and louder. Mr. Souls finally died, and then he, too, began to manifest his presence in the spirit, One night a slate belonging to Mr. Souls was lying upon a projecting timber in the room, and she heard the noise of the pencil moving over its surface, although no person was near it. Upon examination, it was discovered that a communication had been written upon the slate by an invisible hand; and after that this form of manifestation was repeated very frequently.

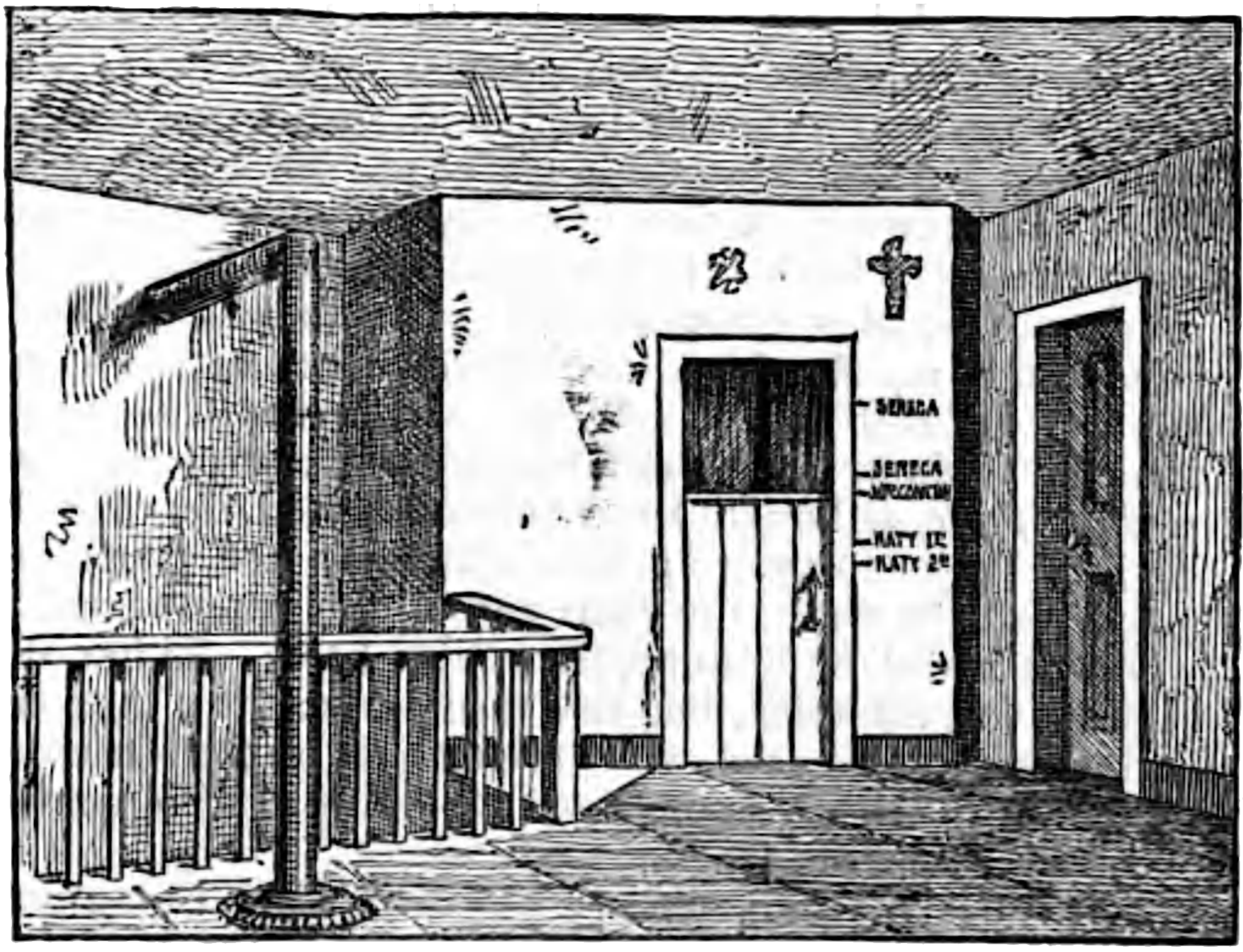
On the evening of the 12th of February 1874, her present husband, Mr. Compton, being at the house, it was proposed that they should try to get "materializations," and accordingly a blanket was tacked over a door-way for the experiment. Six spirit-hands were shown around the edges of the blanket, and the affair becoming known, the experiment was repeated in many houses in Havana and the adjacent village of Watkins, with uniformly satisfactory results. Before long, the figure of a spirit-child appeared, and then faces and busts of various persons were shown. In April, the spirits began to talk in their own voices, and flowers and other material objects were displayed.

On the 6th of September, a young girl, calling herself Katie Brink, an Indian warrior of the Seneca tribe, and a squaw named "Starlight" stepped out of the improvised cabinet, in full form. Since the date mentioned, only six different spirits have walked out, viz: Katie Brink, the Seneca, Starlight, Katie Weaver, a Mrs. Rhodes and the Rev. Gardiner Crum. No more than three have appeared upon any one evening, and usually only two—Seneca and Katie Brink—are seen.

Such are the statements made to me by Mrs. Compton and corroborated by other persons. I repeat them without comment.

The seances are now held in a second-story chamber, fifteen feet square, and devoted exclusively to this purpose. Across one corner, a plastered partition has been run, forming a triangular cupboard, or closet, just large enough to admit of a person sitting in the apex of the triangle. There is no window, trap or outlet, the walls being all solid, and the floor securely fastened down, with the boards running under the mop-board, except one which is badly matched; but this is nailed to the joists by a dozen nails, and cannot be pried up without breaking it into pieces. The angles of three rooms join directly underneath this cabinet, and the ceilings of all are perfectly solid. The following sketch gives an idea of the external appearance of the cabinet.

It will be observed that there is no aperture in the wall, but an open space is left by sawing off the upper portion of the door; across this opening a curtain of black muslin stretches upon a wire inside the frame.



MRS. COMPTON'S CABINET.

My first seance with the medium was on the evening of January 30th. The spectators, numbering a half-dozen sat upon chairs in the room, about eight feet from the cabinet. Mrs. Compton took her seat on the chair inside, the lamp in the room was turned down very low, and for a long time nothing interesting occurred. Finally the door opened and the figure of an Indian appeared on the threshold, spoke to us, greeted me cordially, but did not emerge, as he said the medium was in too weak and prostrated a condition to afford him the power requisite.

The following evening, the girl Katie Brink showed herself, and walked about, touching various persons, patting their heads and cheeks. Clad in a flowing robe of crisp white muslin, her head covered with a bride-veil that fell down to her knees, gliding about with velvet footsteps, speechless, and half-seen in the obscurity, she reminded me of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*:

> "By the waning lamp's uncertain gleaming
> There he sees a youthful maiden stand,
> Robed in white, of still and gentle seeming,
> On her brow a black and golden band."

Passing from the other spectators, she came to me, sitting apart and with one hand laid against the cabinet wall, and first gently stroking my head, she sat upon my knee, and passing an arm over my shoulder kissed me upon my left cheek. Her weight seemed scarcely as much as that of a child of eight years, but her arm felt solid upon my shoulder, and the lips that caressed me were as natural as life. By pre-arrangement, I passed into the cabinet, while the girl was outside, and *found no medium there*, although I not only examined every nook, but, the better to assure myself that I was not 'psychologized,' felt the chair, the walls and all the space about.

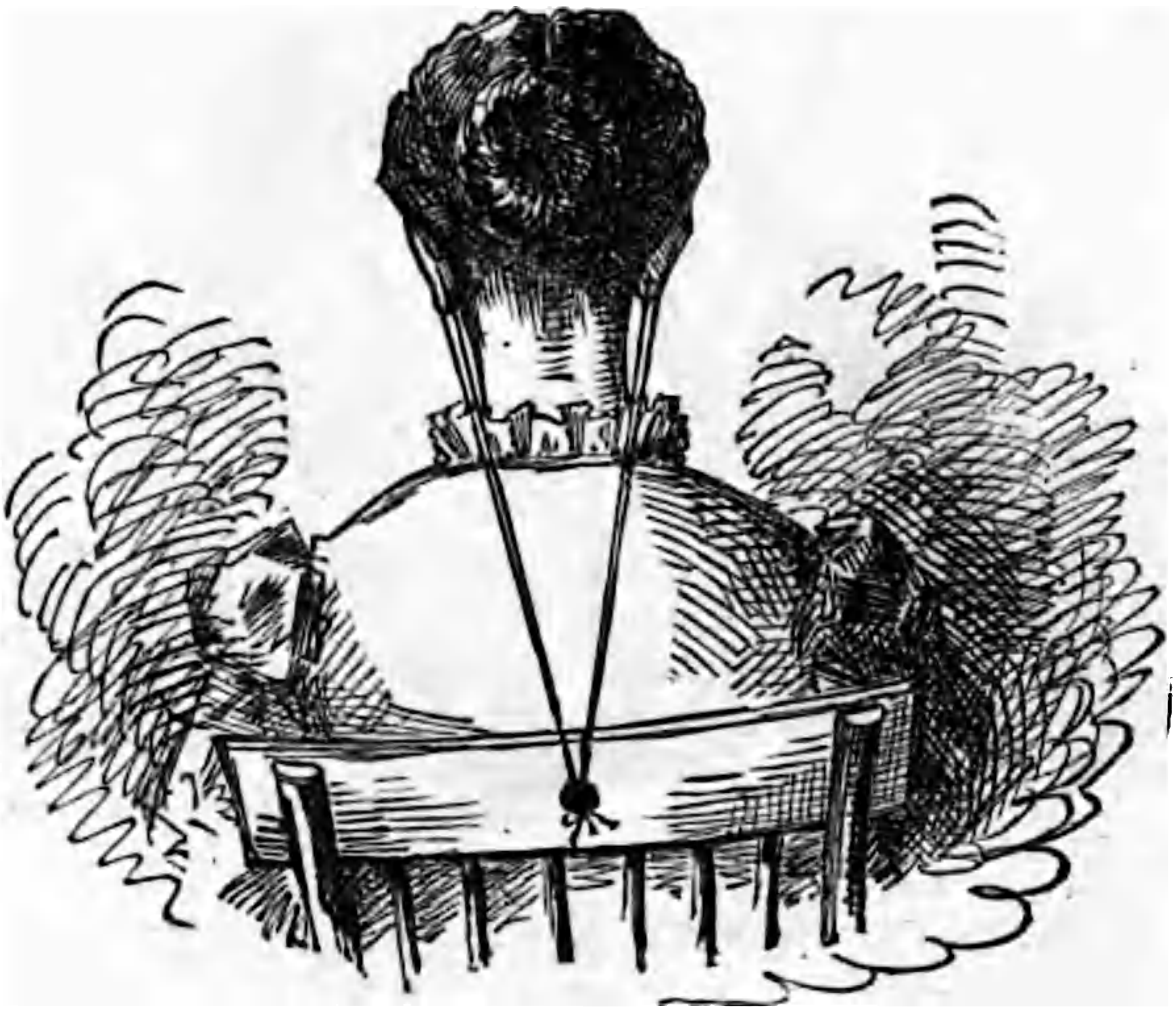
There could be but one alternative here: Either the 'spirit' was no spirit, but the medium, or, the medium had been transfigured, after the fashion of the Oriental thaumaturgists. I determined to settle that question conclusively before leaving town.

The next evening, having obtained Mrs. Compton's cheerful consent to submit to my tests, I removed her earrings, and seating her in the chair in the cabinet, fastened her in it by passing some "No. 50" sewing-thread through the perforations in her ears, and sealing the ends to the back of the chair, with sealing-wax, which I stamped with my private signet. I then fastened the chair to the floor, with thread and wax in a secure manner.

Observe, in the sketch, how impossible it was for her to move an inch from her place: she could not have been more firmly fixed to her seat, if irons had been passed through her flesh, and riveted in the wood. A slight pull would suffice to snap the frail thread, and betray her attempt to cheat.

The persons present, beside myself and the medium, were John S. Smith, and J. H. Hardy, of Elmira, N. Y; Mrs. Florence Beardsley, of London, Canada; Benjamin Wickes, of Havana, N. Y; David Lee, of Washington; Mrs. Margaret Compton, of Havana; William Anderson and friend, of Watkins; Mr. Peter Compton; and two of the medium's little girls. All but myself sat upon chairs placed in a double row opposite the cabinet door; and I took my place near the railing of the stairway, not more than five feet from the same. In front of me stood a Fairbanks platform-scale, which, in hope of verifying the Chittenden weighing experiment, I had procured for the occasion.

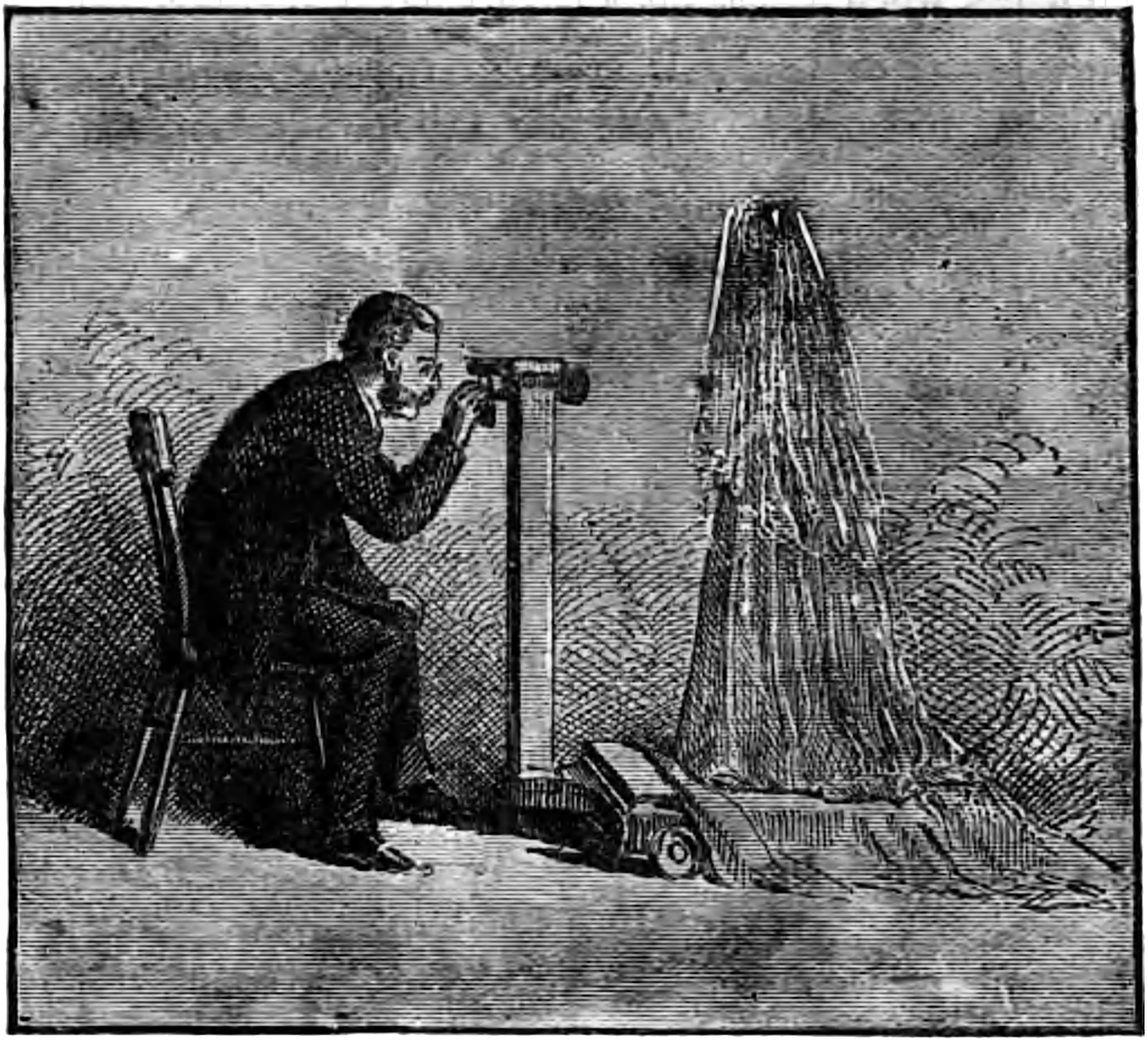
The light being lowered, as is usual in these seances, and the cabinet-door closed, we sang vigorously for some minutes, when across the aperture above the door *floated a pair of hands*, from left to right, and then disappeared. Then came another pair of larger size; and then a voice, (which, if not that of the late Daniel Webster, was its counterpart in depth, sonorousness, and fullness of tone as I recall it to memory), addressed me, giving me full instructions and cautions as to how I was to proceed. In entering the cabinet while the spirit was outside, I was at liberty to feel everywhere, and satisfy myself that the medium was not there, but I must be careful not to actually touch the chair. I might pass my hands as near it as I chose, but actual contact with its substance I was requested to avoid. Then, again, I was to lay upon the platform of the scale a covering of some kind so that the



MRS. COMPTON SECURED.

spirit need not come into contact with the wood or metal.

I promised compliance, and soon had the satisfaction to see the white-robed girl in the open doorway. She stepped out, moved around, touched several persons, and then approached the scale. I sat ready with one hand upon the poise and the other at the end of the beam, and as she stepped up, took her weight without the loss of a second. She then retired into the cabinet; whereupon, lighting a parlor-match, I read the figures. She weighed only seventy-seven lbs., although she had not the stature of a child. Can the reader imagine my feelings as I sat there in the gloom, not more than a foot-and-a-half from a speechless and veiled figure, a supposed visitor from the other world, who had gathered unto herself an evanescent corporeal body, of which my scales could now take cognizance, and the next moment would be dissipated into a vapor more unsubstantial than the electric fluid itself? This was, indeed, being face to face with the dead, or rather with the quick who had tasted death, and



WEIGHING THE SPIRIT-GIRL.

passed on into an immortal life where death is known no more, and the grave is regarded as the birth-bed of the human race.

The spirit came out again, and then I entered the cabinet, looking carefully everywhere, and feeling cautiously but thoroughly all about, but, as before, *finding no vestige of the medium.* The chair was there, but no bodily presence sat in it.

I then asked the spirit-girl to make herself lighter if possible and she stepped again upon my scales. As rapidly as before, I got the beam at poise, and, she retiring as before, I read the figure—*fifty-nine* pounds.

She appeared yet again, and this time passed from one to another of the spectators, patting this one's head, the other's hand, sitting upon Mr. Hardy's knee, laying her hand gently upon my head, stroking my cheek, and then mounting the scale for me to make my final test. This time she weighed only *fifty-two* pounds, although from first to last there had been no apparent alteration in her dress or bulk.

The scientific reader will now recall the weighing of Honto by Mr. Pritchard, and be pleased to see the figures in comparison with those above:

SPIRIT "HONTO."		SPIRIT "KATIE BRINK."	
1st weighing,	88 lbs.		
2d "	58 "	1st weighing,	77 lbs.
3d "	58 "	2d "	59 "
4th "	65 "	3d "	52 "
Average,	67½ lbs.	Average,	62⅔ lbs.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of these experiments as opening up a most remarkable field of scientific inquiry. It is to be regretted that I was prevented, (by the necessity of completing this volume to fulfill publishers' engagements), from pursuing the subject; but a beginning has, at least, been made. I should add that the ascertained stature of Honto is 5 feet 5 inches; while that of the Havana spirit, as by actual measurement, varied within ten minutes, from 4 feet 10½ to 4 feet 8¾. These measurements were not taken upon the same evening as the weighing, but at the preceding seance. Upon this occasion I found Mrs. Compton's height to be 5ft. 4 inches, and the Indian chief's 5ft. 5⅞ inches.

After the weighing "Katie" appeared no more; but after a few minutes had elapsed we were addressed in the guttural base of the Indian chief, and he showed himself at the door. A colloquy ensued in the Indian language between him and Mr. Hardy, who lived some years among the Western tribes, and who certified to the reality of the speech uttered by the spectre chief. The Seneca again could not come out because of alleged lack of power, but before retiring he gave a terrific war-whoop that made the rafters ring agaln, and then a peace-whoop as an adieu. This "manifestation" alone would seem to indicate that the poor, nervously fluttering medium had no part in the appearance of at least this one spectre.

After the brave's retirement, we had some more conversation with sundry spirit-voices, and then the light being turned up, various faces floated into sight above the door and faded away, and then the circle closed.

I went inside with a lamp, and found . . . the medium just as I left her at the beginning of the seance, with every thread unbroken and every seal undisturbed! She sat there, with her head leaning against the wall, her flesh as pale and as cold as marble, her eyeballs turned up beneath the lids, her forehead covered with a death-like damp, no breath coming from her lungs, and no pulse at her wrist. When every person had examined the threads and seals, I cut the flimsy bonds with a pair of scissors, and, lifting the chair by its back and seat, carried the cataleptic woman out into the open air of the chamber.

She lay thus inanimate for eighteen minutes; life gradually coming back to her body, until respiration and pulse and the temperature of her skin became normal. . . . . I then put her upon the scale. . . . . She weighed one hundred and twenty-one pounds!

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It will be noticed that in consequence of lack of space the departments of Astrology, Mythology, Folk-Lore, Speculative Philosophy, Theology and many others cognate to our subject have not been entered. For the same reason, I omit very recent works upon Spiritualism.

H. S. O.

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20.	Plutarch.	Moralia.
A. D.		
50.	Cicero.	De divinatione, de fato, etc.
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Note. The above list, imperfect as I have been forced to make it, indicates in a slight degree the attention which has been given by writers, during the past twenty-four centuries, to the subject of man's relation to the other world. But orientalists can quote to the student a list, almost as long, of works of a like character, among the Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, Egyptian, Arabs, and other "Heathen" nations, the authorship of which is, in many cases lost among the mists of antiquary. Without recourse to these, however, enough titles are herein given to show that spiritualism is "modern" only in name; while, upon consulting their pages, the reader will be astounded at the multitudinous prototypes, which exist of every "manifestation" reported as occurring in these latter days in the presence of mediums.

THE END.